Collier's

DECEMBER 6, 1941

FIVE CENTS

SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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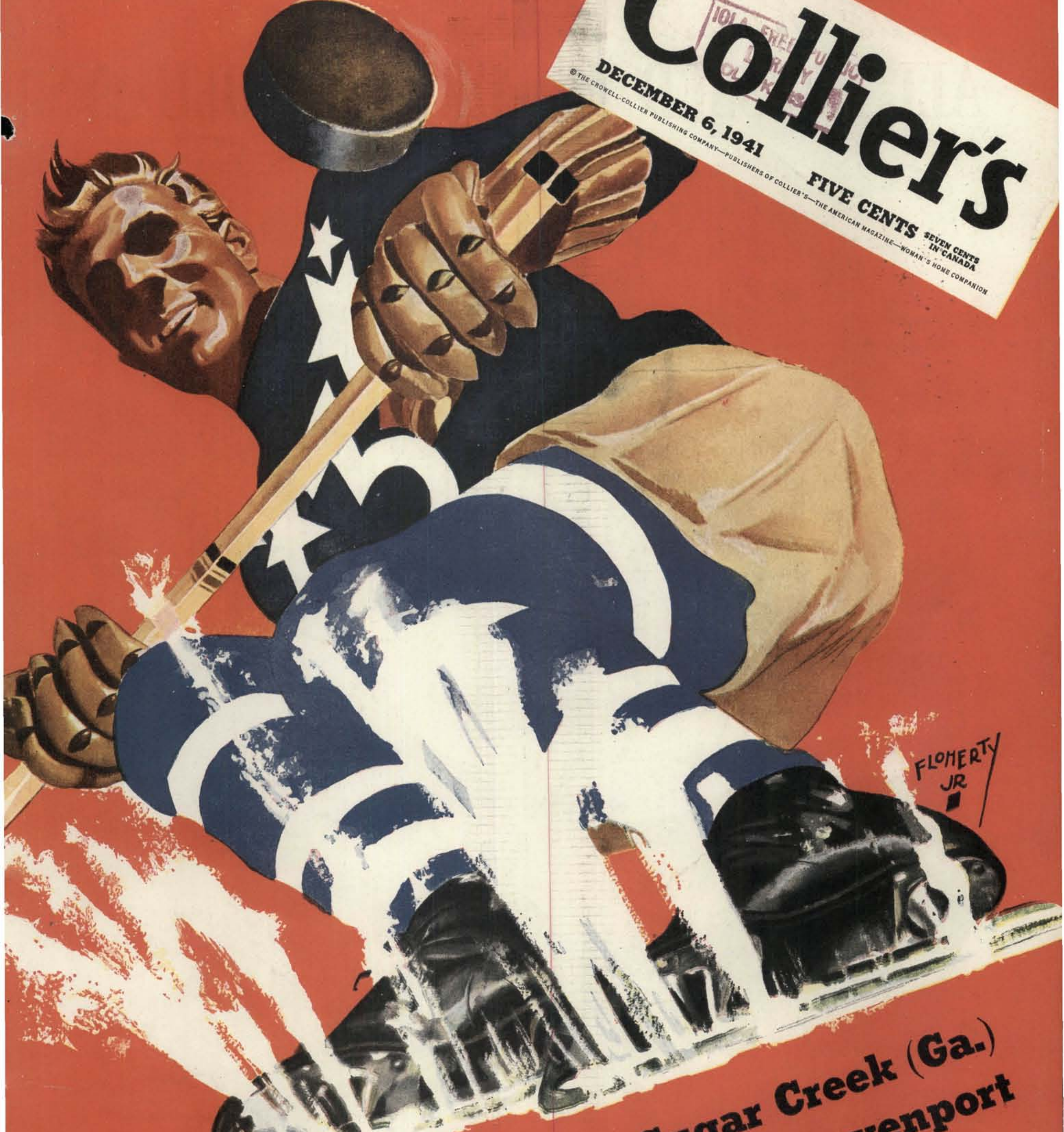

The Fuehrer of Sugar Creek (Ga.)

By Walter Davenport

J H HENDERSON
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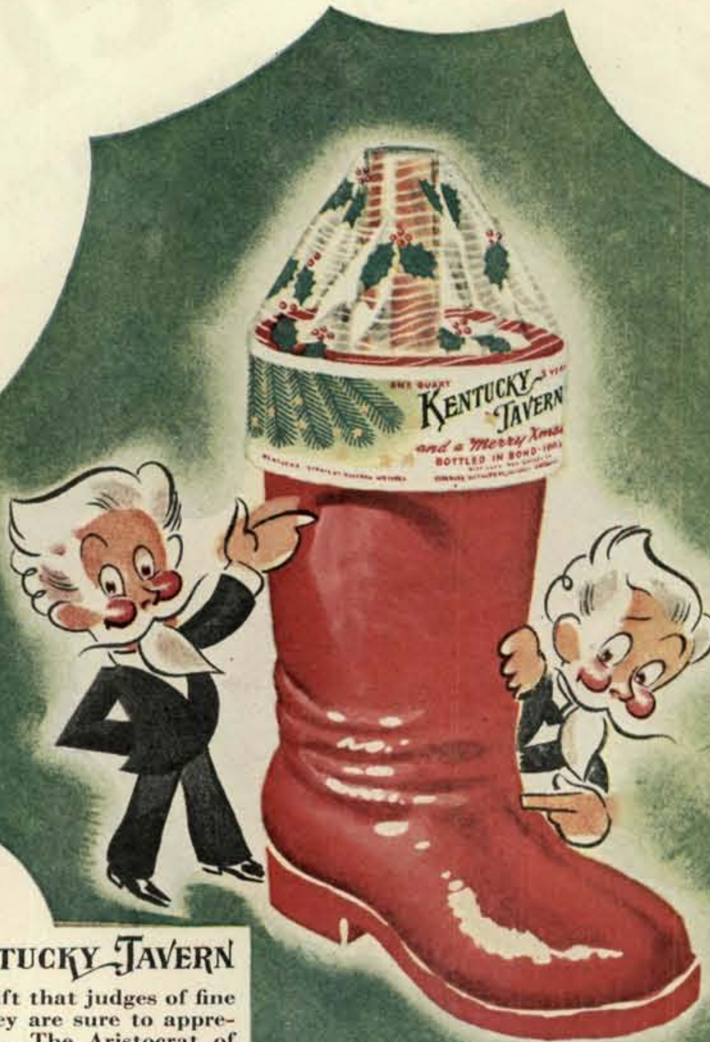
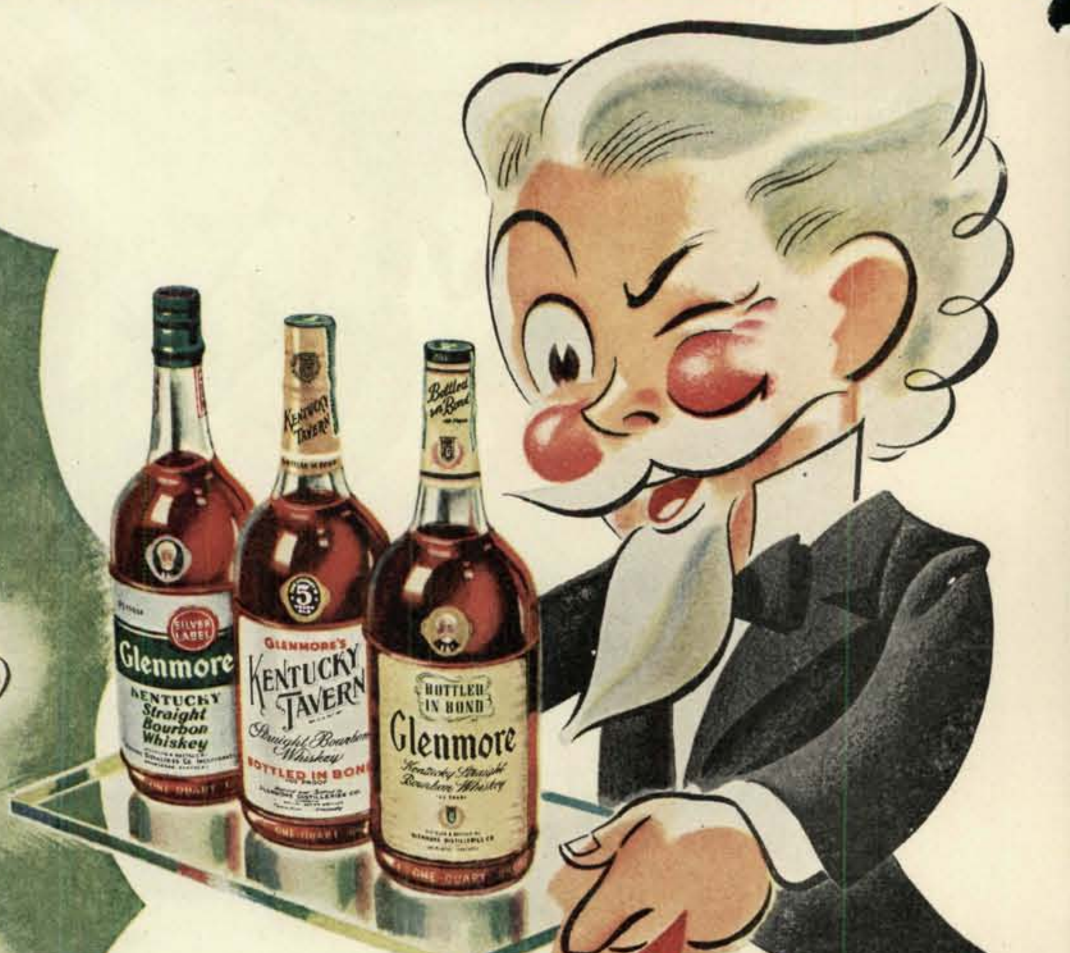
Dec. 6 '41

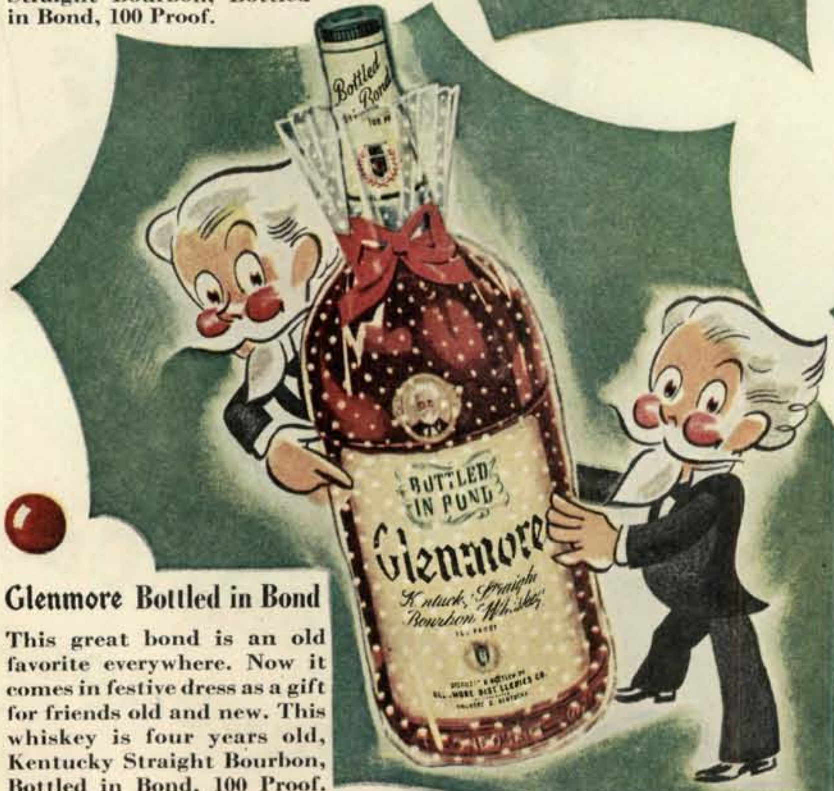
Give Kentucky's Finest...
ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS!


One Quart
Kentucky Tavern
and a Merry Xmas
Bottled in Bond


Silver Label
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Glenmore's
Kentucky Tavern
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Bottled in Bond
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

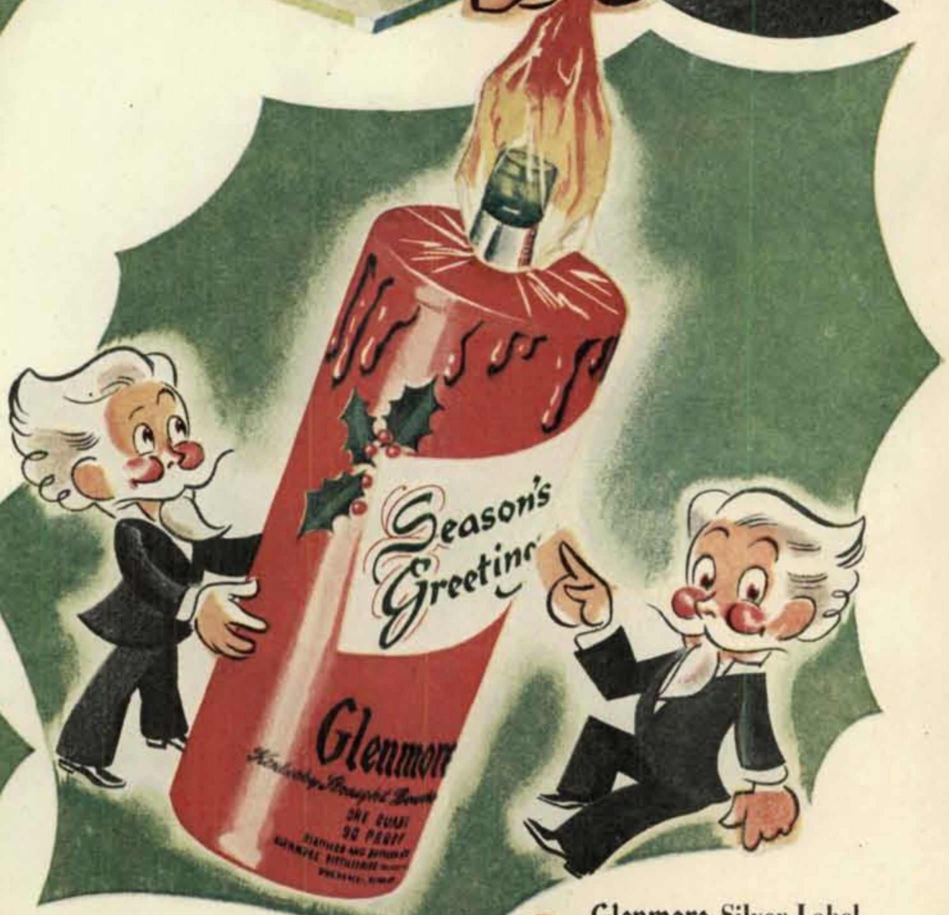
KENTUCKY TAVERN

The gift that judges of fine whiskey are sure to appreciate... The Aristocrat of Bonds neatly tucked in a gay boot. This whiskey is five years old, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof.


Bottled in Bond
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Glenmore Bottled in Bond

This great bond is an old favorite everywhere. Now it comes in festive dress as a gift for friends old and new. This whiskey is four years old, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof.


Season's Greetings
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon
One Quart
90 Proof

Glenmore Silver Label

Choose this fine liquor in the clever candle package for those who prefer the light mildness of a 90 proof whiskey. Glenmore Silver Label, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, 90 Proof. This whiskey is four years old.

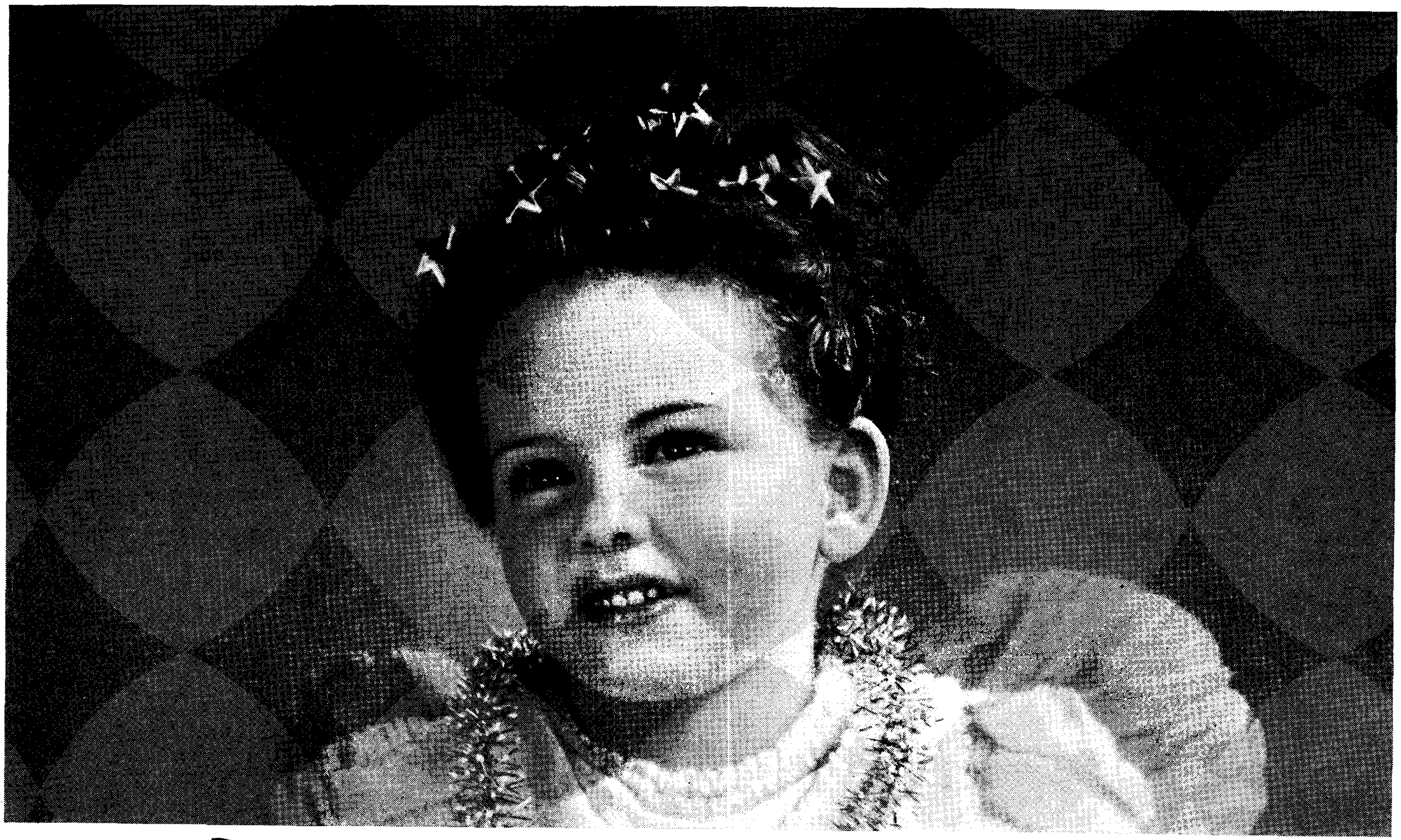
Copr. 1941
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky

POUR GLENMORE... YOU GET MORE

Do You See a Girl in a Pageant?
No. I see a Future Star of the Stage.

Is She Beautiful?
No, but She has Charm and Personality.

It's her Smile that's so Appealing—a Smile she has always given the Daily Care of Ipana and Massage.



MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT.
WAS USED ALWAYS REPLA

A Product of
Bristol-Myers Company

Your smile is what you make it! Let Ipana and Massage help you to have healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth

Q. *What have healthy gums to do with a brighter smile?*

A. Just this: many modern dentists tell us that firm, strong gums are vitally important to sound, sparkling teeth...that weak, sensitive gums tend to make teeth dull and dingy.

Q. *What can be done to help gums?*

A. Regular, daily gum massage—that is what most dentists recommend. For today's soft, creamy foods do not give our gums sufficient work and stimulation. Gums are apt to become weak, tender...and frequently flash a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" a dangerous condition?*

A. "Pink tooth brush" is a warning that may or may not mean serious trouble ahead. But only your dentist can decide that. He may merely say that your weakened gums need more work and resistance. And, like thousands of dentists, he may well suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Q. *How should Ipana be used for most effective aid?*

A. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Do this faithfully, every day! For Ipana not only cleans teeth brilliantly but, with massage, it is specially designed to help make gums firmer and stronger. That is why you'll find the modern dental health routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage so effective in helping you to ward off "pink tooth brush"... in helping you to have healthier gums and a brighter, more sparkling smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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DECEMBER 6, 1941

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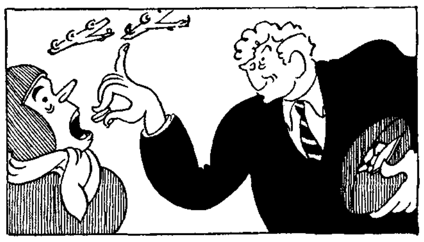
COVER JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

ANY WEEK

MR. JEFF DAVIS of Hollywood, California, recently sat in at a conference called by a patent-medicine maker. Present too were representatives of the radio chain over which the gentleman's product was to be advertised. The announcers, whose velvet voices would do the selling, sat in. The sponsor said that radio plugs lacked spirit and that he intended to supply it. "We shall open the program with important headlines," said he. "They'll be spoken sharply. Each will arouse this country from coast to coast. For example, we'll start like this: Hitler Takes Over Europe! South America Invades U.S.A.! Tidal Wave Submerges All Japan! Take Paingo-Paingo for That Headache!" The sponsor paused. "Then, gentlemen," he concluded, "I suggest a waltz."



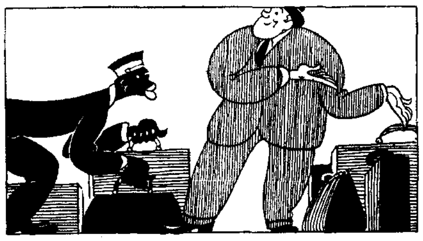
BEFORE he flew to Russia, Quentin Reynolds may have been seen any evening at one of the take-off points from which the R.A.F. flies to drop devastation upon the Nazis. Under Mr. Reynolds' arms was a football, sent to him recently by Brown University, from which Mr. Reynolds was graduated in 1923. As each British flier took off, Mr. Reynolds may have been seen to thrust his hand into the football, extract a small pellet and flip it into the open mouth of the lad at the controls. In the football Brown had poured a large quantity of tablets into each of which had been squeezed vitamins A, B1, B2, C and D plus generous helpings of iron, calcium and phosphorus in case of a tie. Along with the vitaminized football (which Brown needed badly that day she played Columbia) two of Mr. Reynolds' classmates, Mr. Bruce Bigelow and Mr. Ed Place, sent a collaborated cablegram: "Sending gift football from Brown University team to Eagle Squadron. Will recall memories to you and should bring luck. Ball packed full of new vitamin and mineral ration for you and Eagle Squadron. Great All-Americas all." But Mr. Reynolds reported that the Eagle Squadron did not need vitamins. In fact there's no telling what the Eagles might do if anything propelling or extraenergizing were added to their diet. Just to demonstrate to the R.A.F. lads, Mr. Reynolds took several of the tablets himself. The combination of Reynolds and vitamins was rather violent, which is all that the English censors will release on that particular phase of the experiment.

AND while we have no intention of sticking our battle-bruised chin further into the British-American relations controversy, we're compelled to by Dr. E. Black Jeremiah of Carmel, California. Doctor Jeremiah laments that Englishmen coming to our shores officially on war business are not being received with acclaim, that many of these Britons are less than popular, thus failing to promote the kindest feelings on this side. "I am writing to President Roosevelt telling him precisely what to do about this. It's exceedingly simple. All we have to do is to import some Nazi missionaries, giving them all the freedom the British commissioners have. And if that doesn't make the Britishers popular by contrast we may as well give up."

A LETTER from the Reverend Grady (Bulljine) Jones of Driedup, Georgia, asks us to lend a hand to his latest crusade. He calls it Eat By the Wayside and wishes it understood that he isn't plugging for barbecue, hot-dog or hamburger stops. The Reverend Bulljine says that he hasn't eaten a meal indoors in twenty-eight years save once when "the floodwaters of the Lord were so high that fish of the sea drowned of immersion." Otherwise the Reverend (Help Yo'self to Glory, Folks) Bulljine plucks sustenance from field and stream as he strides the Southern plain and highland "hightailin' for heaven whilst hitch-singin' the Psalms." We quote the good man even though we don't quite understand "hitch-singin'." The long-delayed point is, however, that he urges that our armies follow his dietary example, thus saving the taxpayer a great deal of money. "Also," writes he, "it will make retreat from the face of the enemy foolish and vainglorious because there will be nothing left to eat coming back." The Reverend Bulljine has written all this to General Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army. One of the general's aides replied saying that the Army was very grateful to Mr. Jones for his interest and that his letter had been forwarded to the Quartermaster Corps.

AND the Honorable George H. Watson, mayor of Romantic Alta, Utah, sends us a report of the latest meeting of the Great American Prospectors' Association of which he is scribe. The meeting was held as usual in Tim's Tavern, Roaring Gulch, 22½ East 1st South Trail, No. 2 Level, Romantic Alta. Between refreshments they adopted resolutions which, somewhat condensed, follow: "Whereas, altogether too many people are getting hit by drunken drivers and whereas if you must take a few shots on such occasions as Congress voting for sound money at fourteen ounces of silver to one ounce gold, or hearing Mr. Morgenthau recommend taking the tax off hard liquor to beat the bootlegger or on going to a wedding or wake and coming home, that in such case you drive with the windows open and heater off after calling up the insurance man and learning whether you're all paid up and the Little Woman is provided for in case of accident notwithstanding."

ALSO we've just received a letter containing a government publicity handout (forty-four pages) and a letter from the sender, a departmental publicity director: "Dear Sir: Herewith another wastebasket load of completely useless ballyhoo. I get paid for writing it. Unless you use some of my stuff pretty soon I shall have to discontinue sending stuff to you at all. In fact, unless somebody uses my tripe, I shall have to discontinue sending any to anybody. In that event I shall have to stop writing it because already all available storage space here is overflowing with duplicates of stuff nobody has used. That adds up to the loss by me of my job which, while it would arouse little public indignation, would be extremely embarrassing locally. I admit that this handout contains nothing of public interest and that it contains plugs for a gentleman whose services are less than necessary to this government. However, I insist that this eyewash is as well written, as important, as truthful and as necessary to the public welfare as the rest of the garbage your government's self-exploiting agencies deliver on 800,000 pounds of paper every month. If you cannot use this stuff, use my letter but not my name. I insist on getting something in your publication."



EVERY train stopping in Washington these days disgorges anywhere from fifty to a hundred ladies and gentlemen who are about to go to work for the government. Two months ago one such arrived from the West bearing a large, moist gentleman who apparently had come to stay. He had five bags, two trunks and six large packages. In excellent spirits as befits one who is about to dash into the thick of bureaucracy and straighten things out, he commanded the porter as follows: "Keep all my baggage together, porter. *I don't want to clutter up the whole place.*" Whereat the porter reassured him: "Don't worry about us, Cap'n. Just watch out and take it easy. Befo' you been here not more'n a week we'll clutter you good." . . . W. D.

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Proud GIFTS

These are gifts that do the giver proud! First—because they're useful daily, bringing the giver to mind daily. Second—because their high finish, speedline beauty of design, and attractive packaging are sure to bring a sparkle to the recipient's eyes when opened under the Christmas tree. And the first impression lasts because these are newest in design, with genuine 12K gold points and one-stroke fillers in lever or vacuum style, which keep the pens in prime writing condition because they are cleaned forcefully each time they're filled. Give the **WASP CLIPPER** pen, and matching pencil with 39% smaller point. You'll never regret it—for these are gifts that last!

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$1.95 $2.95 $3.95 $5.00

ALL HAVE GENUINE 12K GOLD POINTS!
PENS: $1.25 to $5
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NOW 144% MORE *Skrip* CAPACITY THAN OLD-STYLE PENS

MADE IN THE PEN CAPITAL OF AMERICA

THE WASP PEN CO., Inc. • FORT MADISON, IOWA • U.S.A.

"Look folks! I bought these toys with money saved on oil and gas since we put a set of Sealed Power Rings in our car six months ago."

but saving, too!

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

WHEN your car starts using too much oil, ask your service man to inspect it. If piston rings are needed, insist on a Sealed Power Set engineered especially for your own make and model of car. Then you will enjoy extra power and pick-up as well as substantial savings in oil and gas. The builders of four-fifths of America's leading cars and trucks have been using Sealed Power Rings for 30 years. This is your assurance of the finest engineering, materials and craftsmanship when you buy Sealed Power Piston Rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ont. *Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Airplane, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines.*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

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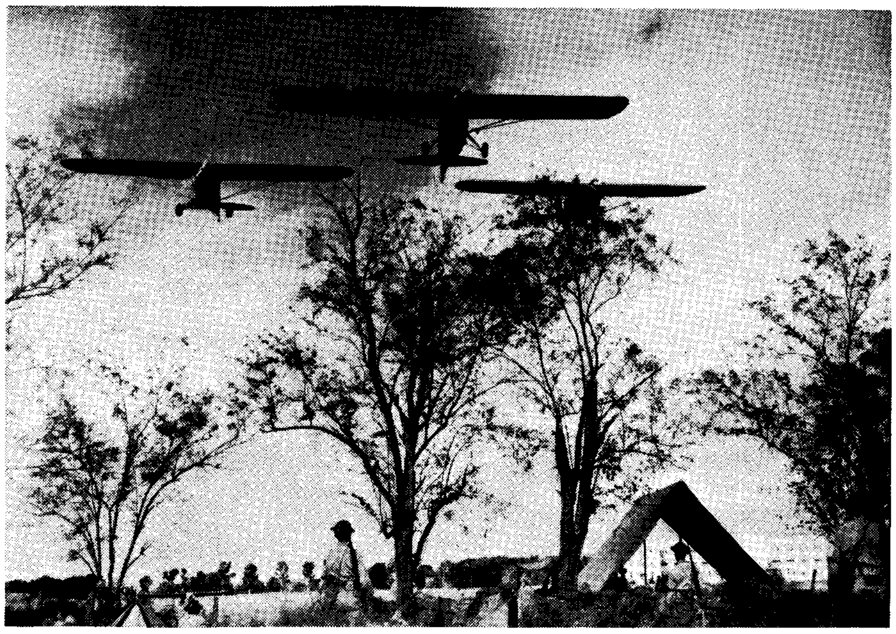
WING TALK



HANS GROENHOFF

They're in the Army now: Small planes are proving their military value

THERE are many hundreds of middle-aged men in the United States with thinning hair and rotund fuselages who will testify that the greatest airplane ever built was the old Curtiss JN-4 or Jenny. That's because they soloed it back in the days of the last war. Today there are many thousands of young men and women who left the earth for the first time all alone in Aeroncas, Piper Cubs, or Taylorcrafts and similar types, and who will always feel about these ships as the old-timers do about the Jennies. Now something has happened that causes the Puddle-Jumper Alumni Association to burst with pride—their ships have become Army airplanes!

Bearing the official Army designations of YO-57 (Taylorcraft), YO-58 (Aeronca) and YO-59 (Piper Cub), these little jobs are now dressed in the official Army drab camouflage paint, with red, white and blue stars, just like a hot pursuit ship or a terrific bomber. The YO prefix isn't an abbreviation for "Young Observation" plane, as one waggish Air Forces officer suggested. The Y stands for the service order, which means an order of 13 of each has been bought, to be tested, along with other tactical planes, for suitability in the field. The O means observation. The numerals following mean they are the 57th, 58th and 59th types to be acquired by the Army since the present system of designation was adopted nearly two decades ago.

The little putt-putts, or grasshoppers—all sorts of outrageous yet endearing names are hung on them—are to work with troops in general courier and observation operations. Some were used in the Louisiana maneuvers and experienced no difficulty in operating from highways, small fields and other areas not usually associated with aircraft take-offs and landings. What appealed to the troops was the ease with which they could be repaired in the field—any saw-and-hatchet mechanic with some haywire could put them back in operation after they had decapitated a tree or made a hard landing. And in the Army today are hundreds of pilots who were trained on these little 50-horsepower types in the Civilian Pilot Training Program and who can fit right in with their operations, whereas it would wound the pride of a bomber or fighter pilot, used to thousands of horsepower, to be assigned to the extremely important work these little ships are capable of doing.

OUR modern high-performance airplanes owe a great debt to the invention and development of the controllable-pitch metal propeller, the two chief producers of which are Hamilton Standard Propellers of East Hartford, Connecticut, and Curtiss Electric Propellers of Caldwell, New Jersey. The propeller, which converts engine power into the thrust that makes an airplane fly, must be designed to operate at maximum efficiency under the many varying conditions of altitude, speed and engine power. To do this, the propeller is designed to permit the pitch or angle setting of the blades to change either manually or automatically as those flying conditions change. And the changes take place while the blades are whirling at 2,000 r.p.m., or faster.

Before the days of the controllable-pitch prop, the blade, made of wood or metal and fixed in its pitch, had to be designed so that it would afford good performance on take-off. That meant sacrifices in cruising and top speed, once the ship was in the air. Now the controllable and constant-speed props give maximum performance for take-off and maximum performance at cruising and high speeds, and that's one of the important reasons for the good performance we get out of our planes.

ONE index into the capabilities of a pilot is his number of hours of solo-flight time. That total in the log book is the pilot's greatest asset. Hence pilots with a low hourage total are egged on by their consciences to acquire more and more time and that's why you're awakened early Sunday mornings by some bird boiling away in the sky overhead. He's shooting for a legitimate 500 or 1,000 hours in his book. There's no real double check on this flight time logged in the pilot's book and an unwritten code exists among airmen to put down only the actual time they spend in the air at the controls. (Provision is made for copilots on airlines and student instructors to log as solo flight time a percentage of the time they are not actually at the controls, because they are in a responsible capacity.)

(Continued on page 82)

What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

WHEN you start to sniffle . . . when you feel a chill . . . or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to act—and act fast! *A cold may be getting you in its grip.* What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had *fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.*

Kills Germs Associated with Colds

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . so called "secondary invaders" which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic . . . up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will *always* head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

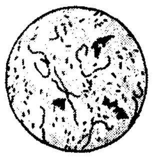
LISTERINE

for COLDS and SORE THROAT

1 **Go to bed** at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.

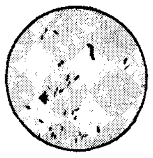
2 **Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic,** full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

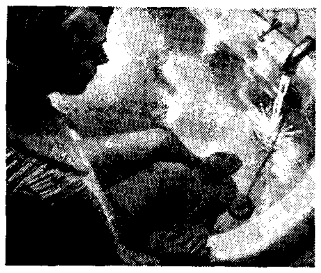


BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER



3 **At night, take a hot bath,** or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to "sweat the cold out of your system."

4 **Don't blow your nose too hard.** It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.

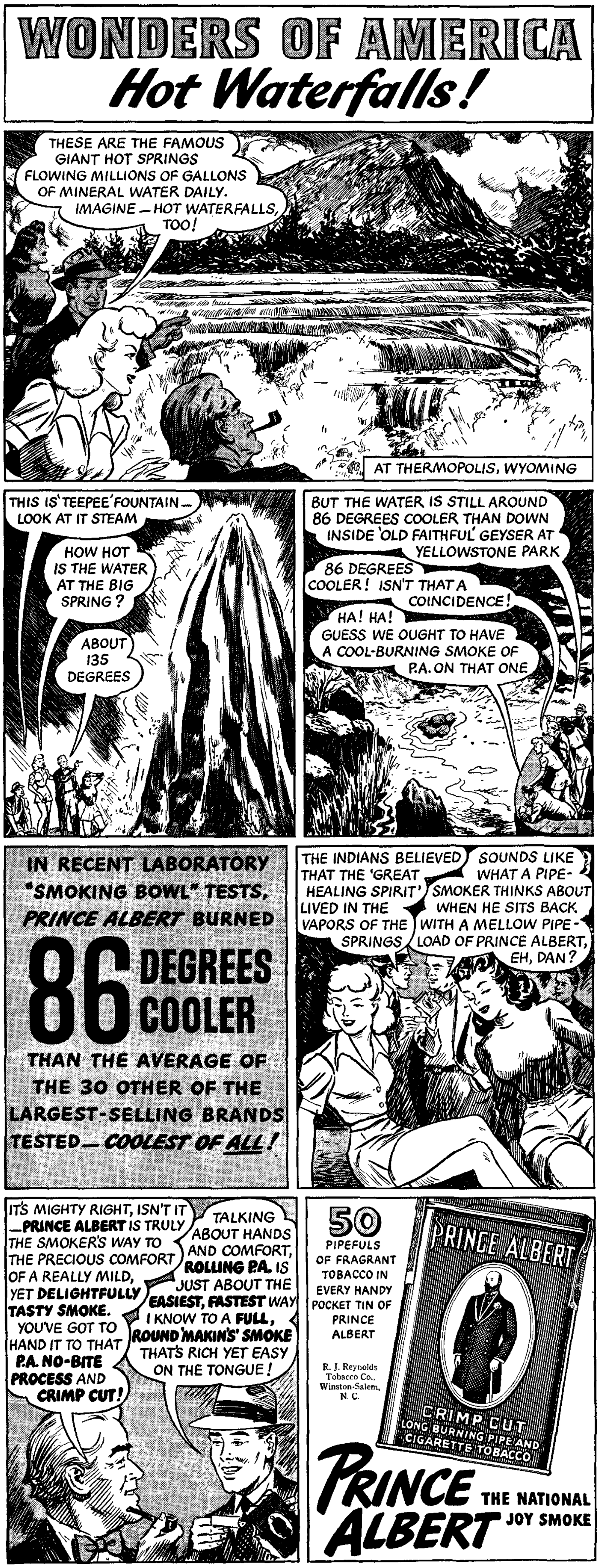
EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A

LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE" ILLUMINATOR

ONLY 75¢

Batteries Included



WONDERS OF AMERICA
Hot Waterfalls!

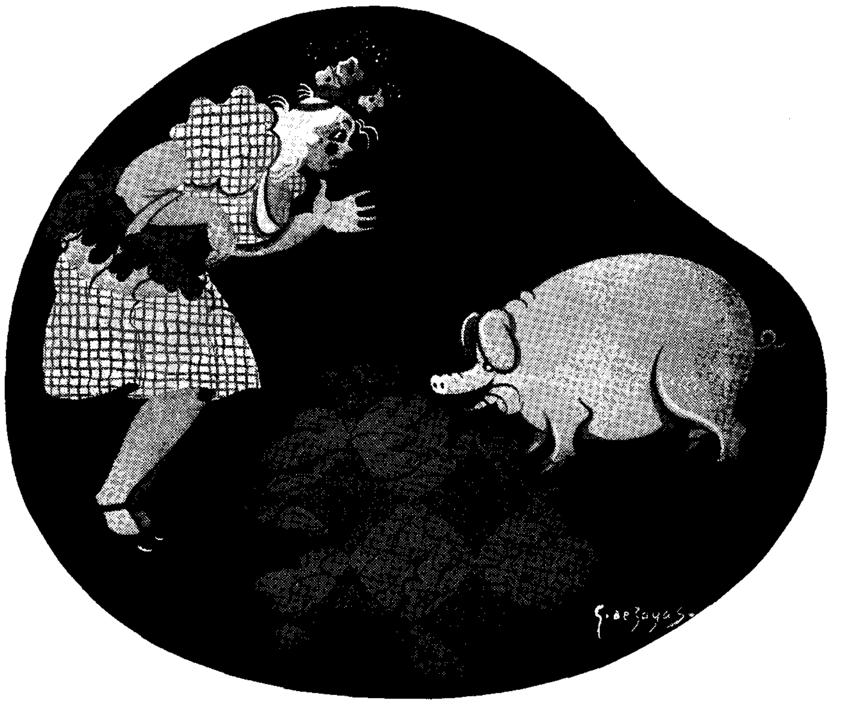
THESE ARE THE FAMOUS GIANT HOT SPRINGS FLOWING MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF MINERAL WATER DAILY. IMAGINE — HOT WATERFALLS, TOO!
AT THERMOPOLIS, WYOMING
THIS IS 'TEEPEE' FOUNTAIN — LOOK AT IT STEAM
HOW HOT IS THE WATER AT THE BIG SPRING?
ABOUT 135 DEGREES
BUT THE WATER IS STILL AROUND 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN DOWN INSIDE 'OLD FAITHFUL' GEYSER AT YELLOWSTONE PARK
86 DEGREES COOLER! ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE!
HA! HA! GUESS WE OUGHT TO HAVE A COOL-BURNING SMOKE OF P.A. ON THAT ONE
THE INDIANS BELIEVED THAT THE 'GREAT HEALING SPIRIT' LIVED IN THE VAPORS OF THE SPRINGS
SOUNDS LIKE WHAT A PIPE-SMOKER THINKS ABOUT WHEN HE SITS BACK WITH A MELLOW PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT, EH, DAN?
IT'S MIGHTY RIGHT, ISN'T IT — PRINCE ALBERT IS TRULY THE SMOKER'S WAY TO THE PRECIOUS COMFORT OF A REALLY MILD, YET DELIGHTFULLY TASTY SMOKE. YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT P.A. NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT!
TALKING ABOUT HANDS AND COMFORT, ROLLING P.A. IS JUST ABOUT THE EASIEST, FASTEST WAY I KNOW TO A FULL, ROUND 'MAKIN'S' SMOKE THAT'S RICH YET EASY ON THE TONGUE!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A number of obesity cures contain bladder wrack, a black seaweed which grows along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and is frequently used as a fodder to fatten hogs. —*By Mary Fosdick, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.*

Crystal Helen, a Toggenburg goat in Wanaque, New Jersey, holds the American record for having given more milk for its weight than any other animal. In 1939, this 135-pound goat produced 4,219.1 pounds, which exceeds by 33.5 per cent, on a weight comparison, the record of Carnation Ormsby Butter King, the 1,650-pound cow that once produced 38,606.6 pounds in twelve months.—*By Mrs. Wilmont Higenbothum, Hollidays Cove, West Virginia.*

Every summer since 1935, records have been made of the numerous flashes of lightning that strike the Empire State Building, New York City. The intensity of each flash is recorded on oscillographs set up in the tower and these readings are correlated with photographs taken with three special cameras from a building eight blocks away.

More people contribute money to combat tuberculosis than any other disease. In normal times Christmas seals are sold annually in more than forty countries to carry on this work—*By Dorothy Tuggle, Charlotte, North Carolina.*

Quebec, Canada, has no compulsory education; Turkey prohibits any person from appearing on the street in clerical garb; and Chile has a law that requires property owners, in cases of fire, to prove themselves innocent of arson.

The only monument ever erected by American Indians to commemorate an event in their history stands at the foot of the Bear Paw Mountains, fifteen miles south of Chinook, Montana. Constructed in 1928, it is a memorial to the Nez Percé War of 1877.

Only three times in American history has Congress given two extensions of protection on a design patent. Covering insignia, these second renewals were granted to the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1930, the United States Daughters of 1812 in 1936 and the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1941.—*By Dolores Knoerzer, Calumet City, Illinois.*

For a long time after their arrival in this country, the Plymouth Pilgrims refused to celebrate Christmas because England observed it with a gaiety that they considered irreligious and because it was a feast day of the Established Church from which they had fled. Christmas did not become a legal holiday in Massachusetts until 1856, or only 85 years ago.

As late as the Civil War, zoologists had recognized and described only about 450 of the 3,500 North American mammals that are known today.

America's first novel, entitled The Power of Sympathy or The Triumph of Nature and published in Boston in 1789, caused such widespread denunciation that all sold and unsold copies were ordered destroyed. The book met its fate not only because, as fiction, it was "forbidden fruit," but because the volume was written anonymously by a lady and dealt with illicit love.

The Supreme Court of the United States, for two and a half years after it was established in February, 1790, did not have an opportunity to try a single case. Almost two decades later, the court still had so little prestige that it once held its sessions in a tavern while a room was prepared for it in the basement of the Capitol.

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A CHEER for a package you can put on the table

A CHEER for its spic and span cap

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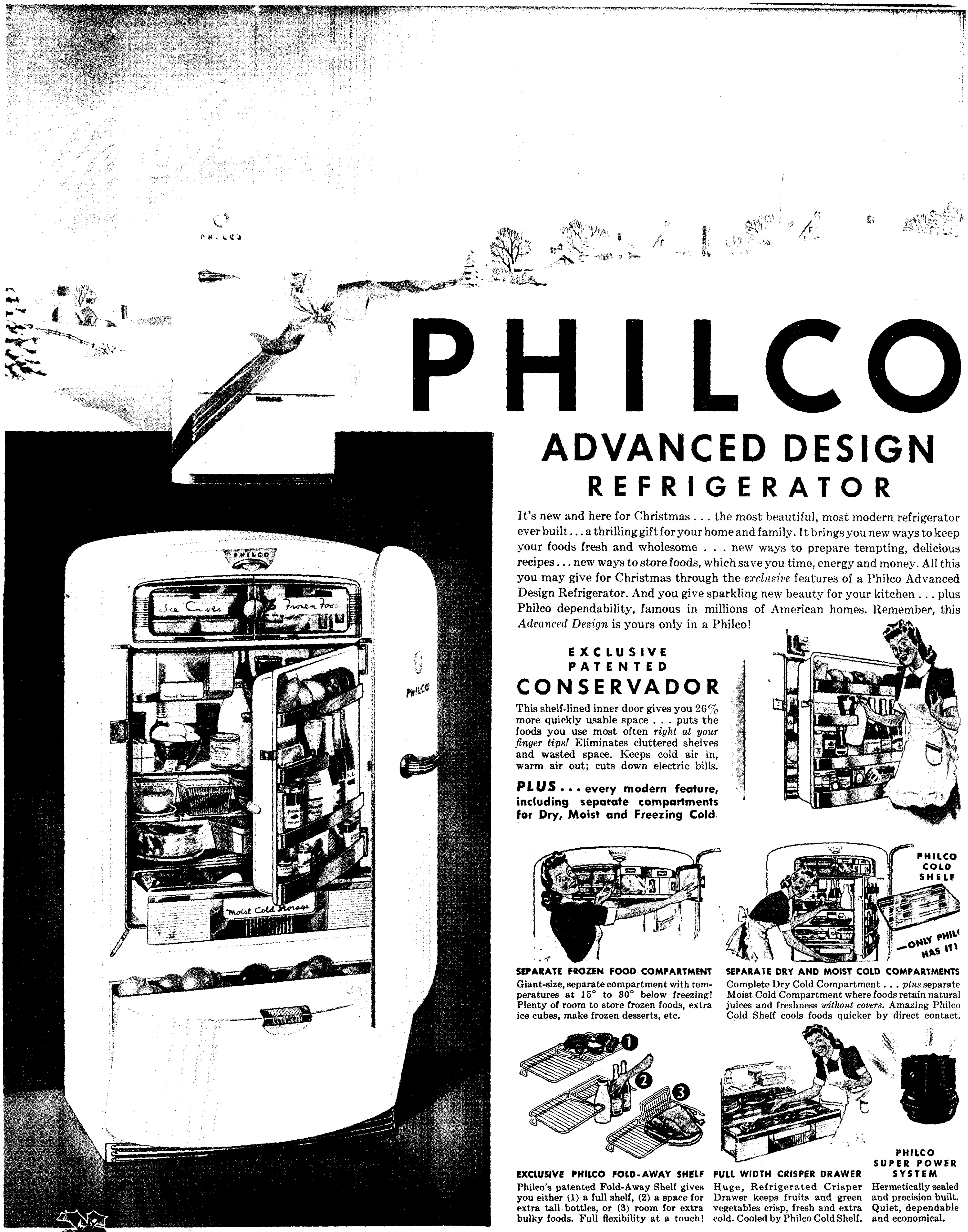

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SEPARATE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT
Giant-size, separate compartment with temperatures at 15° to 30° below freezing! Plenty of room to store frozen foods, extra ice cubes, make frozen desserts, etc.

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Complete Dry Cold Compartment . . . *plus* separate Moist Cold Compartment where foods retain natural juices and freshness *without covers.* Amazing Philco Cold Shelf cools foods quicker by direct contact.

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MODELS FOR EVERY NEED. FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY, SEE THEM NOW AT YOUR PHILCO DEALER

Beyond the Game

By Edward Shenton

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

How to make touchdowns and how to influence the kind of people you meet on the way to the goal line

THE excited voice issuing from the radio said, "Fourth down coming up. Eastern's ball on Southern's thirty-five-yard line, nine to go. Just about time for one more play. Neither team, as you know, has been able to score. If this is a tie, it will be a moral victory for the boys from below the Mason-Dixon line. Eastern goes back to huddle. This is a big moment, folks, a big moment. What will Eastern do? Run? Pass?"

"Eighty-two," Clifford Davis pleaded. "Eighty-two."

It was a beautiful play. It began like a pass with the tailback fading and faking to spread the secondary defense. Given good line work and split-second timing, it was a touchdown play, designed for the desperate minutes near the game's ending.

The radio announcer continued, "Eastern's up on the line. The ball's passed. The tailback is fading . . ."

"Okay," Clifford said, and breathed again.

"He's going to pass. Ends are downfield. There goes the ball . . ."

Clifford stiffened, his eyes distended in unbelief.

"There's a receiver in the end zone. He goes up in the air like a jack rabbit. He has it . . . He . . . No, he dropped it. There's the ball bobbling away. And there, ladies and gentlemen, goes the gun and the ball game. Too bad for Eastern, but a great day for . . ."

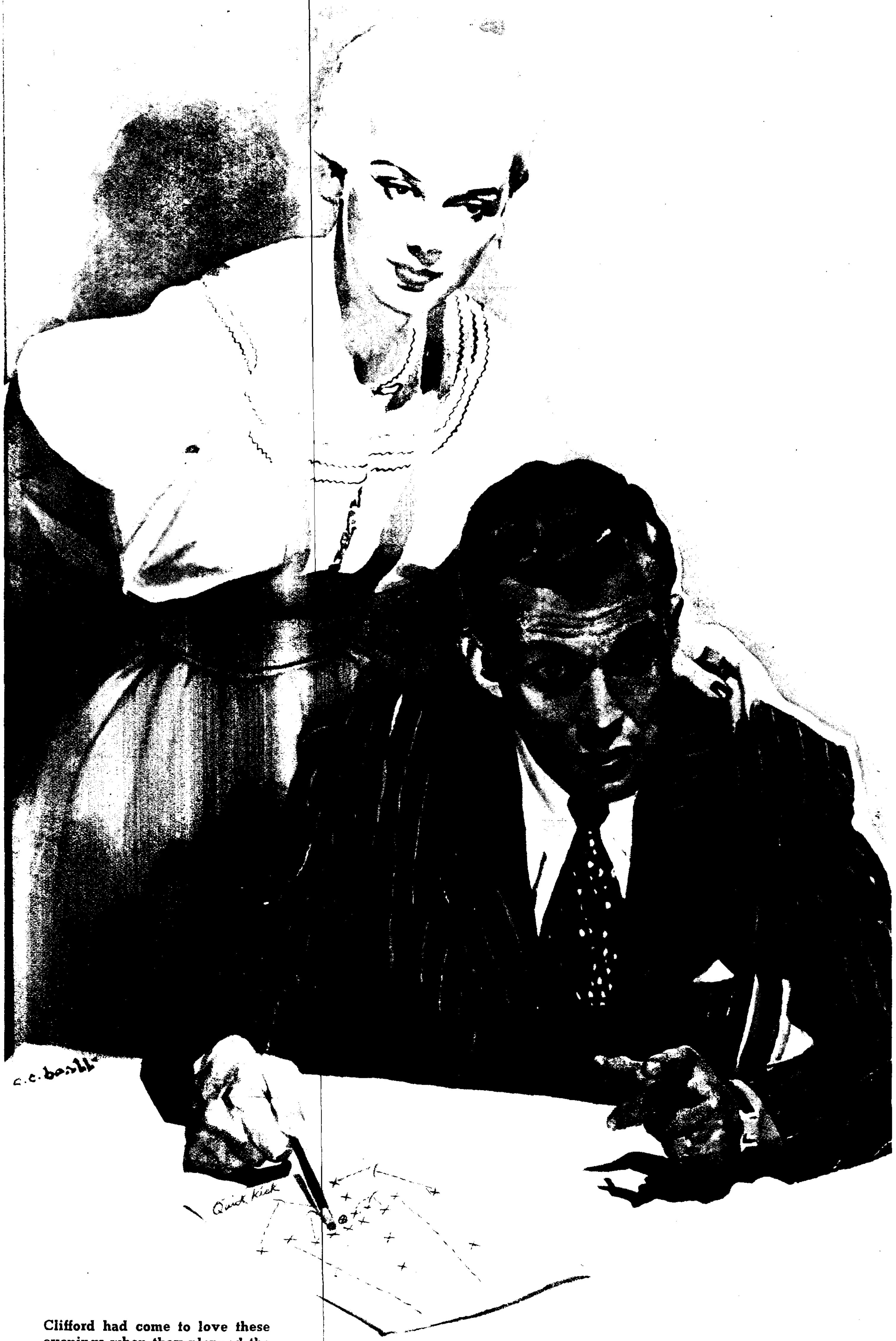
Clifford snapped off the radio with a vicious click and sank back limply.

Eighty-two would have done the trick. Southern was all set for that pass. Every man was covered. Eighty-two was one of those almost perfect plays to be used when least expected, like Columbia's famous KF-79. Against a team like Southern it was a sure bet.

And Grant "Flash" Reynolds, Eastern's quarterback, was being touted as the brainiest field general on the gridiron.

"Phooey!" Clifford said aloud.

He hoped Julie Wentworth had been in the stands to see Reynolds toss away victory over an opening-game setup. Not that he disliked Reynolds particularly, Clifford thought, even if Julie seemed to have gone off the deep end over him. He knew Julie. She had to be in the center of things; share the hero's spotlight. It was a normal human impulse. Underneath, she was all wool,



Clifford had come to love these evenings when they planned the strategy for the next week's game and a yard wide. He had always imagined that some day he would marry her.

His feeling about Reynolds, Clifford decided frankly, was not jealousy but envy. Reynolds had everything—size, speed, durability, yes, and brains, in spite of this afternoon. He had gotten from college all that Clifford had yearned for and missed, just because he never could get his weight over one-forty. Small bones, he thought bitterly. No heft to his substructure. That he stood five feet ten didn't help any. His features were thin and delicate; his face missed being feminine only because of the bold brow and clean jaw line. He couldn't take the physical punishment of football, no matter how bold his spirit. That was the reason he had never risen beyond third-string quarterback at Eastern.

But he loved football. Even now he could spend happy evenings with circles, squares and arrows, building unbeatable paper offensives, defenses to check his own winning strategy.

For what? So he could sit in a deserted office on Saturday afternoons and gripe about the playing of boys out there in the heat of the battle? Not a very generous attitude.

Clifford walked to the window of the office and scowled at the ugly shapes of coal breakers looming on the dull sky, the vast black mountains of slag, the shafts above the mine entrances. Coal country, desolate and depressing. On the bare hillsides, shabby houses hung in precarious huddles. What a landscape to gaze upon for three or four long years, maybe a lifetime. Clifford hated every moment of the three months he had spent there. After he had graduated last June, his father had said:

"If you're going to be head of an anthracite company, you've got to understand all of it—mines, men and business. Especially how to handle the men."

An enlightened philosophy of labor, Clifford thought, in an industry noted for its medieval treatment of workers. He approved of it absolutely, as theory. Practically, it was difficult. The men, he admitted to himself, intimidated him. They growled in a half-dozen Slavic tongues as he passed. They got drunk and fought with knives, feet and shovels. "They're children," his father said. "If they work well, slap them on the back. If they get tough, slug them." His father stood six foot three, weighed two hundred and twenty pounds; he could break a pick handle over his knee.

There it was all over again. He hadn't gotten what he wanted out of college, and now he wasn't fitted to get along with these people.

A KNOCK on the door interrupted his miserable reverie. "Come in," he said, surprised.

The door swung back and the space was completely filled by a huge miner. Clifford strove to fit a name to the broad Slavic face and failed.

"Hello," he said with a lame attempt at heartiness. "What's the trouble?"

The man took off his cap and moved awkwardly into the office. Clifford saw that he was young. Behind him came a small, hard-faced older man wearing a suit with a belted coat and a derby hat.

"Afternoon, Mister Davis," this man said. "You don't know me. I'm Buck Wilson, manager of the 'Moles.' "

"Oh, yes," Clifford said. The "Moles" was a professional football team, its members drawn entirely from the anthracite regions, he recalled vaguely. He'd never had any interest in pro football. "Sit down, won't you?"

The young miner sat on the edge of his chair. He squeezed his enormous hands together and cast a pleading glance at Wilson.

"This here's Stan Polansky," Wilson said; "captain and right end of the Moles. He's got a bee buzzin' round in his noggin. Tell it, kid."

An apologetic expression crossed Stan's face. He spread his hands in a foreign gesture. "We got okay team, Mister Davis. We got beeg guys."

"Line averages two hundred pounds from end to end," Wilson interrupted. "Backfield, one ninety-five."

Clifford whistled.

"Fast, too," Stan said. "An' we don't win no games to speak of last season."

"Dropped the first this year," Wilson said.

"We ain't got no brains," Stan said. "We get the ball up to scoring and loosit."

"Last week," Wilson said, "they was inside the five-yard line eight times and never put it over."

"Pete Maciek's dumb," Stan said.

"He can carry the ball like hell," Wilson said, "but he can't call plays."

"Why don't you get someone else?" Clifford said, wondering where it was all leading to.

"Sure. We gotit. We want to get you, Mister Davis."

Clifford straightened up with a gasp. "Me? Whoever told you I played football?"

"My sister," Stan said.

CLIFFORD stared at him in amazement. An infectious grin lightened up the impassive face.

"Sure. Manya Polansky. She was at college where you was. Now she goes around and sees that people lives good. Everybody's crazy about her, see. She's got yellow hair an' don't talk much."

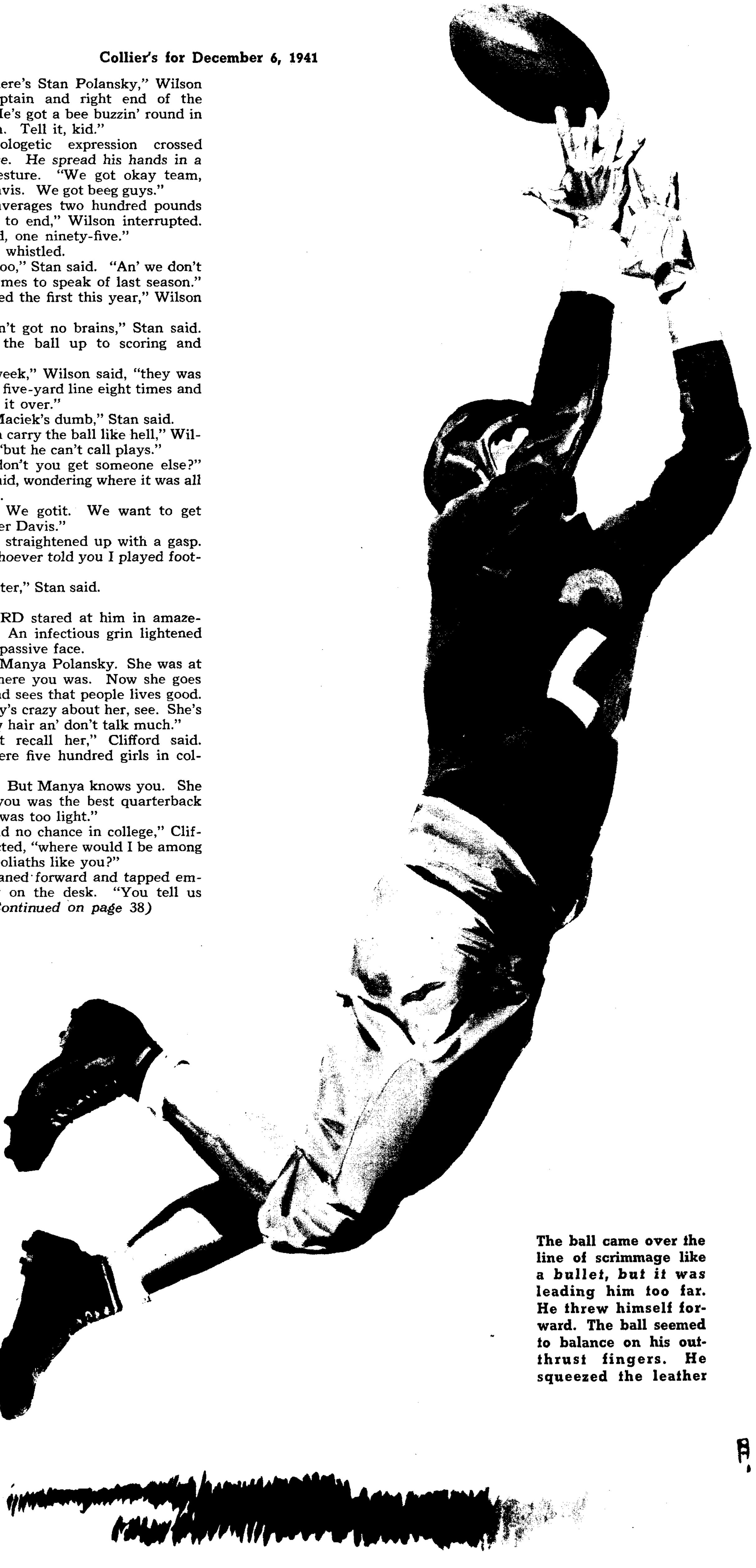
"I can't recall her," Clifford said. "There were five hundred girls in college."

"Yeah. But Manya knows you. She tells me you was the best quarterback only you was too light."

"If I had no chance in college," Clifford objected, "where would I be among a lot of Goliaths like you?"

Stan leaned forward and tapped emphatically on the desk. "You tell us

(Continued on page 38)



The ball came over the line of scrimmage like a bullet, but it was leading him too far. He threw himself forward. The ball seemed to balance on his outthrust fingers. He squeezed the leather

BY HUGO SPECK

INTERNATIONAL NEWS
CORRESPONDENT
RADIOED FROM BERLIN

Here is an eyewitness report by one of the first American correspondents to visit the devastated Ukraine behind the German wave

ED

EUROPEAN

Sad Ukrainians and gra soldiers make an elo ture as, according to old peasant woman e they are glad to be

MOST of German-occupied Russia is in rags and ruins; huge sweeps of European Soviet territory have been systematically destroyed, partly by the Russians themselves and partly by the devastation of Stukas, panzers, guns and fire. I have trailed the smoking whirlwind of war several thousand miles by car and bus.

Bialystok, perhaps, stands out as the epitome of it all; you may add the name of this city in what was Poland to those of Waterloo and Gettysburg. It was there the first great death struggle between the world's two strongest military powers took place. The town, with its 95,000 people, lies on the edge of the fine forests to the south and east. To the west, from which I came, were open fields and parklike groves.

Long lines of concrete bunkers, some still unfinished, were backed by shattered artillery emplacements. Already, cattle were grazing peacefully around the bomb craters. Women and children were peering, still frightened, through the doorways of their little straw-covered houses. Everything had been shelled and blasted. Smoke smudges around the loopholes of concrete ramparts told how their defenders had been burned out by flame throwers. On a near-by meadow lay the remains of thirty Soviet fighter planes. Near by, a bearded peasant was cutting grass for a scraggly horse.

At a crossroads on the outskirts of the town two machine gunners sat behind their weapons, muzzles pointing into near-by woods. Wandering Russian bands still were in those woods, coming out at night to raid traffic on the dusty highway.

The battlefield of Bialystok was a huge circle a hundred miles in diameter. The German pincers came around the edges and closed in to trap thousands of Red army fighters. As we drove down the long road across the battlefield, we first saw burned-out trucks and cars here and there. People from the shattered town already were salvaging what they could for their own use. Farther along came straggling refugees—dirty, unshaven, barefooted men, little children limping along, tired women with frightened eyes carrying babies with dusty, tear-smeared faces. All their belongings were in sacks over their shoulders.

Some of the refugees got back to find their homes, or the remains of their homes—or the bomb crater where the home used to be. Deep craters lined the road along which the peasants walked. Every type of war material, twisted, shattered and burned almost beyond recognition, was scattered in the fields and through the woods. Long-barreled guns still pointed skyward. Scores of munitions trucks stood abandoned. There were bales of printed propaganda, field radio sets, rolling kitchens, range finders—everything used in the grim business of killing—some unharmed, some burned to a crisp. Heavy and light tanks crouched in broken and crushed heaps. One fifty-two-tonner had been split wide open by a direct hit and its halves lay on opposite sides of the road. The bodies of artillery horses, still in harness, lay where they had fallen.

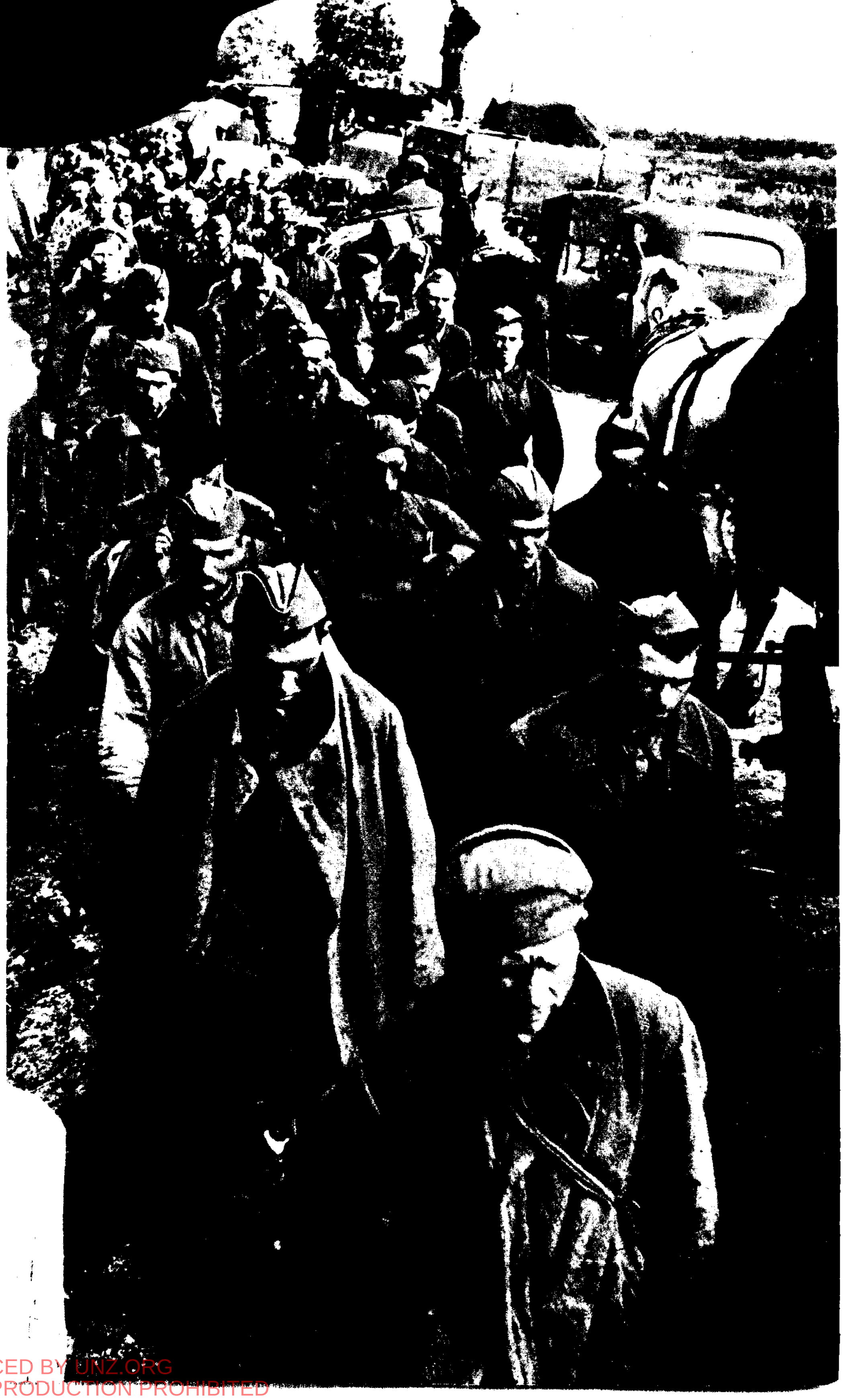
The Price of Defeat

In the forest—into which we were told not to step too far for fear of unexploded mines and uncaptured Soviet soldiers—were smashed barriers of felled trees, blasted tanks, crushed artillery to show where the panzers had passed.

Farther on, the wreckage of defeat stood silent in the wheat fields. White flags still waved from farmhouse windows. A steel bridge hung, a twisted lacework of metal, from its riverbank supports; beside it was the hastily built pontoon bridge the German engineers had thrown across the stream. We rolled through villages—or what had been villages and were now heaps of rubble. In one hamlet I counted nineteen Soviet tanks, some wrecked, others untouched.

In Bialystok itself every building bore a mark of war. Every open space was an army camp, with the soldiers'

(Continued on page 76)



BLACK STAR

Disheartened and forlorn, the prisoners of war are marched to the rear. In this column there were 10,000 Russians, most of them captured in the Kiev fight

COCK 'N BULL

The stars help to serve themselves at Jack Morgan's Hollywood Cock 'n Bull, where the food of old England is eaten with a relish seldom seen in those parts

FOOD tastes good. It also looks good and smells good. They are on to this at the Cock 'n Bull restaurant in Hollywood—hence the serving table. You don't decide in cold calm between roast beef and roast turkey. You yearn over roast beef, red-rare in the middle and beautiful brown around the edges, dripping delectable juices. You're distracted by turkey, crusty and golden, plump with savory promise. Your dither of indecision mounts with the rising, fragrant aroma of beefsteak and kidney pudding, bubbling in its copper casserole. You glimpse joys to come—bowls of luscious fresh fruit, hunks of mellow-ripe cheeses, the heaped-up richness of English trifle. Before ever you put fork in mouth, you are eagerly and thoroughly enjoying your dinner.

They know another thing, too. That peace and privacy are welcome with a meal—even in Hollywood, even on the neon-bright Sunset Strip. Therefore, no news photographers, no bulletins sent out to gossip columns, no fanfare over celebrities in quest of nourishment. The result is a guest book to make an autograph hound roll over and over in a frenzy of begging.

Shielded in this fashion, the guests expand, very much at home. Eddie Goulding, director, and Miles Mander, actor, carve their own meat and dish up their own dinners, though there are waitresses back of the serving table to do the job, once you've done the pointing.

Leopold Stokowski spies a corner where he would prefer to sit. Hanging on the wall in another part of the room is an etching of Christ Church, London, where he one time played the organ. So he moves the etching over to what henceforth is his corner, tacitly reserved for him, where he lunches every day he is in town. He generally eats alone, savoring his rack of lamb and fresh, thick mint sauce and his crisp green salad, with an air of leisurely contentment that is a pleasure to observe.

The originator of this small and informal, but populous and sophisticated, restaurant is Mr. J. Ainsworth Morgan, whom you might take for a top-drawer Englishman when you first talk with him. His father was English but he is American, born in San Francisco, and better known as Jack Morgan. Educated in California and England, he is a writer given to southern Pacific settings. Universal is even now previewing his most recent celluloid opera, called South of Tahiti, set in the ever-romantic South Seas and expected to launch into stardom a glamorous and tropical young lady.

The Cock 'n Bull started as a hobby, Mr. Morgan being an Anglomaniac devoted to everything English, even the food. If your idea is that English food, before the war gave it any excuse, was something terrible, then Mr. Morgan thinks you simply have not been fed the right English food. Four years ago he set out to remedy this situation.

Finding a suitably small, intimate, dark-paneled place, he fitted it out as a proper English tavern. On the walls his own collection of original English prints, and framed items of interest like Queen Victoria's royal signature on parchment, letters from Robert Browning, Mark Twain, Lord Kitchener. Fine old Toby mugs, and 17th-century pewter tankards. The serving table is on the idea of the English hunt breakfast, everything kept hot and tempting in casseroles, for you to choose.

He searched out the best bartender he could find in Hollywood, and a woman cook, trained in home cooking, on the theory that home cooking is best. He handed her his English great-grandmother's cookbook, penciled out in a ruled copybook in her own girlish hand, as a family-tested source for Cock 'n Bull recipes. And then he threw a party.

Sixty-two invited guests, straining capacity. They all came—citizens of Santa Barbara, Pasadena and Los Angeles and Hollywood celebrities, Harpo Marx twanging his harp. Then, knowing his Hollywood, Morgan closed the place for three days till word could get around. Opening night it was a sellout. And instead of a hobby, Morgan had big business on his hands.

Everything's Booming Now

He fled for a year and a half, on a yacht trip around the world, while his lawyer handled the business and did away with such nonpaying flourishes as the Morgan office, paneled with old masters, gardenias to the ladies every Sunday and red carnations to the gentlemen. Now everything is booming and businesslike, as well as relaxed and friendly.

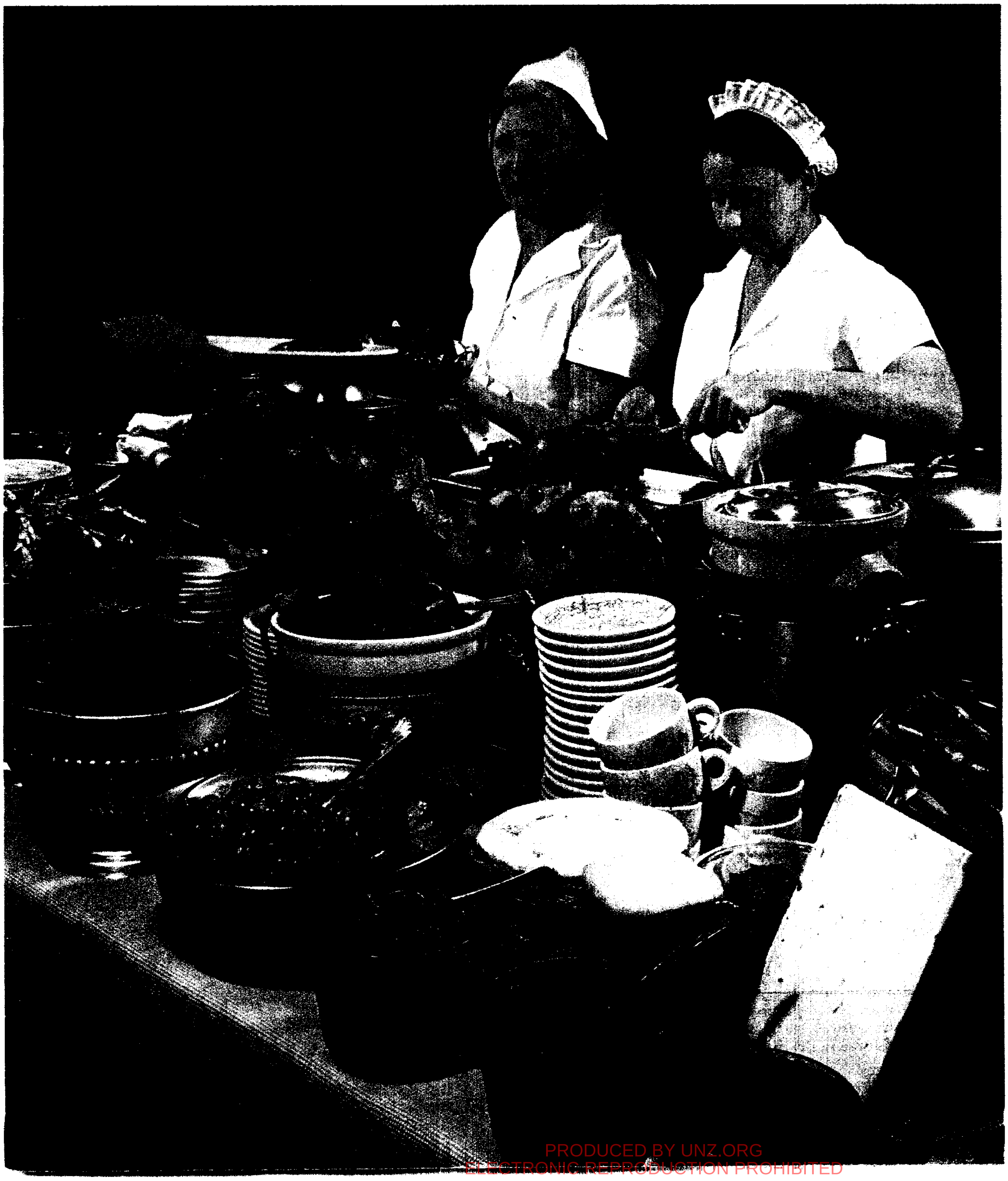
There are no reserved signs on the best tables, and no waiters with their noses in the air. Miriam, the pretty young hostess, will greet you as graciously if you are alone and unknown as she would if you were a big name. More so, perhaps, because she appreciates how you feel. Nobody much minds where he sits, anyway, the food he totes back from the serving table being his main concern. Even Stokowski isn't unhappy if someone beats him to his corner.

When the stars don't come in to dinner, sometimes a Cock 'n Bull dinner goes home to them.

When Basil Rathbone gives a dinner party at home, he will climax it with English trifle sent in, mountainous and quivering, from the Cock 'n Bull. Why this confection should be called a trifle is hard to tell, because it looks like no trifle and your waistline and pocketbook could never consider it such. But there are times when the party is more to be considered than the diet or the purse. The process of preparation is divided into two steps, for two days.

(Continued on page 63)

FRANK SCHERSCHEL



Mrs. Tiffin, head of the kitchen, and one of the waitresses dish up. No room here for table decorations, but delectable-looking food does the job

The water of the harbor leaped up under the pressure of a fresh east wind, and the shallop danced

Appointment in Martinique

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

She was a dutiful daughter, but when the time came she knew just what she wanted—and got it

FOR most people, now, the names are forgotten, and the difficulty that arose between Henri Thiers and his daughter Amandine in that summer is a distorted legend spoken only by a few very old West Indian women who remember tales their grandparents told. It was not important at the time and now is less than nothing—a personal thing touching only Henri Thiers, his daughter Amandine, and the man his daughter loved. There were, in any season, more exciting incidents and affairs in Tortuga: duels, stabbings, the inevitable whispering under dark balconies. And these have been, for the most part, forgotten, too.

The years have changed Tortuga. In Henri Thiers' day it was a young place alive with rude energy, rich from its trade with France; planters grew good tobacco and indifferent but valuable sugar, and they lived well, and almost none of them saved any money. Their houses were fine, according to the West Indian understanding of grandeur, which is to say ostentation; and they ate five times a day but rarely drank brandy before noon. Many worked very hard with their hands for long hours in the sun. They spoke of themselves as pioneers, and indeed they were—pioneers with good incomes. Of their labor there is no trace today.

Today Tortuga, rising precipitously from the sea a few miles north of the mainland of Haiti, is dark, wild, alone. The world has passed by it. The high frame warehouses have long since rotted, the gravestones of the colonial Frenchmen have tumbled. Of what was Cayona, the main town, the busy and notorious port, not even foundation stones remain; they are—like the Frenchmen who knew Henri Thiers and his daughter Amandine—buried in the black, hot, tropical earth.

But in 1698, on a certain day in July, there was the usual activity in the harbor, the usual excitement in the streets. Linen shops hummed. Cafés were crowded. The market was a hive of barter. And on stone walls at the deep-guttered street intersections, hand-lettered placards, placed prominently for those who could read, announced the scheduled sailing of the four-hundred-ton ship Duc d'Anvout, Captain Tobie Gautier.

SHE did not say, "I will not go." She was more subtle than that; but in the end her subtleties came to nothing, and she did go.

Amandine Thiers sat tensely in a deep chair in her father's cool library. The light that filtered through the heavy shutters was dim; shadows rippled on the walls, caressing the high shelves of old books. In the pearl-colored half darkness the girl in the chair seemed frail; her face was an unrelieved white, the whiteness accentuated by the shining, intense black of her hair, of her delicate eyebrows. But the illusion of frailty was dispelled when she moved and when she spoke. Her body was slender, yet there was strength in it. And her voice was firm. She was very young—not twenty.

"Yes, Father," she said, her voice low. "I am listening to you."

Henri Thiers stood before her, his barrel legs wide apart, his red beard, cut like a spade, thrust out at a defiant angle. He was a big man, Thiers; and a successful one. His massive, thick-walled house on the green hill above the port offered a material and irrefutable statement of his shrewd industry. It was a matter of doubt whether rugs as rich as his were laid elsewhere in the West Indies; certainly nowhere else in the French island of Tortuga, nor in the growing colony of Saint Domingue across the turbulent channel, was there such a garden. The lanes of hibiscus, the bowers of scarlet flamboyant, the restful expanses of sweet, green grass—these gave Henri Thiers a constant thrill of accomplishment, though a gardener from the château of Fontainebleau

(Continued on page 53)

The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN SIDNEY HOWARD, a retired English barrister, is notified that his son—his only son, whom he idolizes—has been killed while flying with the R.A.F. No longer interested in anything, he leaves England and goes to the placid French village of Cidoton. There, he tries to forget the war.

The Germans drive into France. Feeling that, although he is nearly seventy, he may be of some use to his country, Howard decides to return to England. When he leaves Cidoton, he is accompanied by two children—Ronald and Sheila Cavanagh—whose parents, English, are unable to take them to their homeland.

The journey toward the Channel proves to be both difficult and hazardous. Most of the trains have been, or are being, taken over by *the army. The roads—which, from time to time, are bombed—are* crowded with troops and refugees. Nevertheless, although the little party is forced to walk part of the way, Howard and his charges finally arrive at Angerville.

But Howard does not escort two children into Angerville—by the time that place is reached, the young people in his care (all of whom he proposes to take to England). number five; they are (in addition to Sheila and "Ronnie") Rose, a little French girl whose father is in London; Pierre, a lad whom Howard had found terrified, speechless, beside a road, following a bombing attack; and a tiny Dutch boy, who, somehow stranded in France, had been in peril because the French suspected him of being a German—and a spy!

Following a series of misadventures, the old man finally leads the children into Chartres, where he has friends: the Rougerons (Colonel Rougeron, of the French army, his wife and his daughter). The Germans have occupied the town. Knowing that if he, an Englishman, is caught, he may be sent to a concentration camp, the old man goes to the Rougerons' address. He finds that they are living in a second-floor flat, on a simple street. He climbs up to the flat, rings the bell.

After a time, he hears women's voices. Then the door opens, and a young woman peers at Howard, in the darkness of the hall. "What is it?" she says, nervously.

"Mademoiselle," the old man replies, "I have come to see your father, M. le Colonel. I do not know if you will remember me. We have met before—at Cidoton."

VI

THE young woman did not answer for a moment. The old man blinked his eyes; in his fatigue it seemed to him that she was holding tight onto the door. He recognized her very well. She wore her hair in the same close-curled, French manner; she wore a gray cloth skirt and a dark blue jumper, with a black scarf at the neck.

She said at last, "My father is away from home. I—I remember you very well, monsieur."

He said easily in French, "It is very charming of you to say so, mademoiselle. My name is Howard."

"I know that."

"Will Monsieur le Colonel be back today?"

She said, "He has been gone for three months, Monsieur Howard. He was near Metz. That is the last that we have heard."

He had expected as much, but the disappointment was no less keen.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I had hoped to see Monsieur le Colonel, as I was in Chartres. You have my sympathy, mademoiselle."

She drew back from the door. "Will you not come in and sit down?" she said.

He turned and motioned to the children. Then he glanced at the girl, and caught an expression of surprise, bewilderment, upon her face. "There are rather a lot of us, I'm afraid," he said apologetically.

She said, "But I . . . I do not understand, Monsieur Howard. Are these your children?"

He smiled. "I'm looking after them. They aren't really mine." He hesitated, and then said, "I am in a position of some difficulty, mademoiselle."

"Oh . . ."

"I wished to talk it over with your father." He wrinkled his brows in perplexity. "Did you think that it was something different?"

She said hastily, "No, m'sieur—not at all." And then she swung around and called, "Maman! Come quickly; here is Monsieur Howard, from Cidoton!"

The little woman that Howard remembered came bustling out; the old man greeted her ceremoniously. Then for a few minutes he stood with the children pressed close round him in the little salon of the flat, trying to make the two women understand his presence with them. It was not an easy task.

The mother gave it up. "Well, here they are," she said, content to let the why and wherefore pass. "Have they had lunch? Are they hungry?"

THE children smiled shyly. Howard said, "Madame, they are always hungry. But do not derange yourself; we can get lunch in the town, perhaps?"

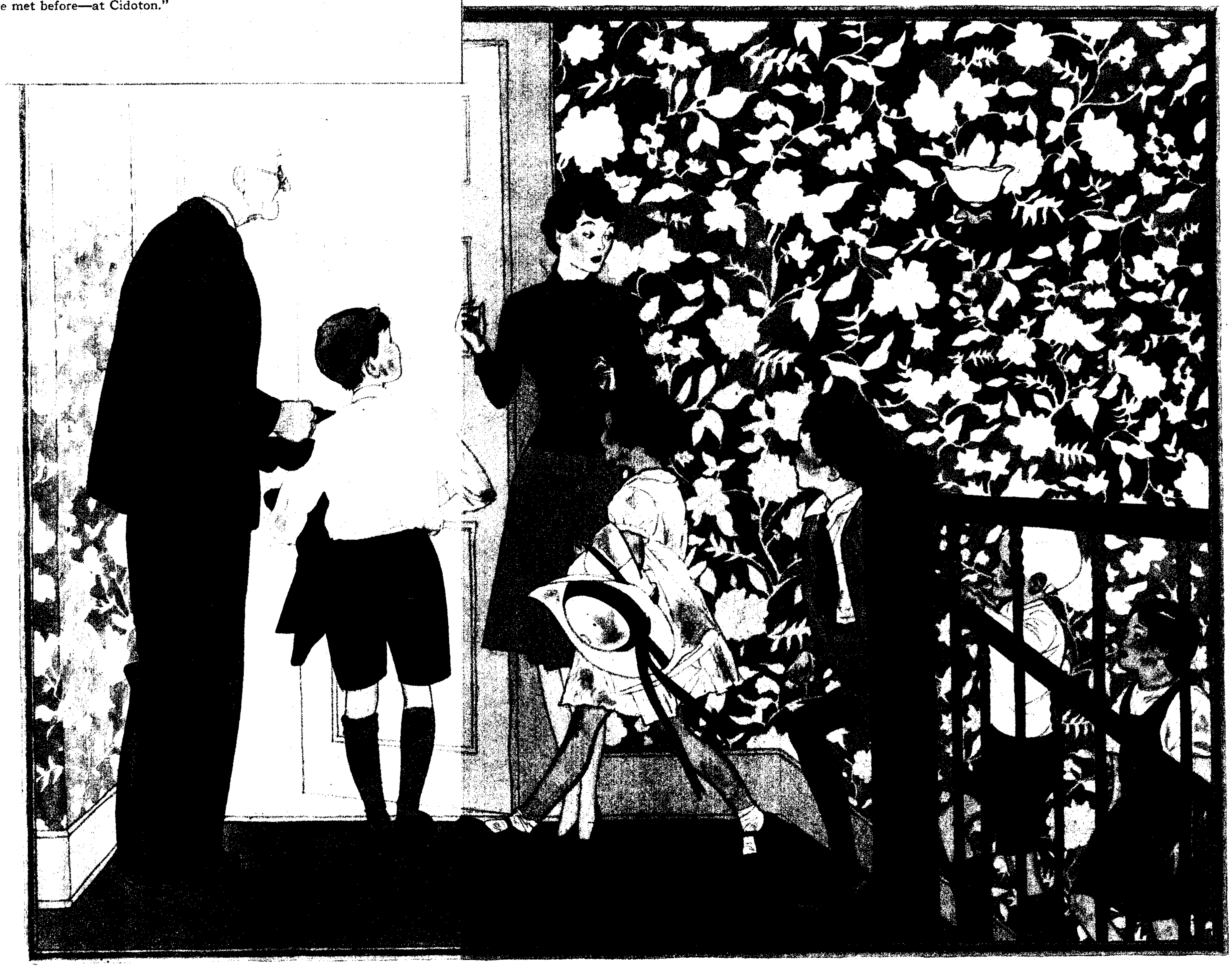
She said that that was not to be thought of. "Nicole, stay with M'sieur for a little, while I make arrangements." She bustled off into the kitchen.

The girl turned to the old man. "Will you sit down, and rest a little?" she said. "You seem to be very tired." She turned to the children. "And you too, you sit down and stay quiet; lunch will be ready before long."

The old man looked down at his hands, grimed with dirt. He had not washed properly, or shaved, since leaving

(Continued on page 47)

"There are rather a lot of us, I'm afraid," he said apologetically. She said, "But I . . . I do not understand, Monsieur Howard. Are these your children?"



THE FUEHRER OF SUGAR CREEK

By Walter Davenport

So you think Hitler's a menace. And you're prepared to fight Japan. Well, while you've not been looking, carpetbagger schoolteachers, with Yankee millions to spend, have been breaking down White Supremacy in the South. And they'd have got away with it, too, had not Gene Talmadge caught them black-handed. It's a tale of pure-white heroism—and how to work up a political issue

BUGLER
CIGARETTE TOBACCO 5¢

Admirers gather around to shake hands and talk politics with Georgia's Governor Eugene Talmadge as he stops at a small-town gas station

The White Man's champion looks over a cotton crop

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

IT WAS just short of nine on an Atlanta morning when Gene came to work. The governor's huge reception room—big enough, Gene says, to swing a whole faculty of furrin, nigger-lovin' professors in if he's a mind to—was already stale with an indoor mingle of man and beast. It was a smell half convention hall, half barnyard. Since half past eight they'd been pushing in, waiting for Gene. And now he'd arrived. You could hear his flat, mouthy south-Georgia voice in the rotunda and the crowd piped down to listen.

"Thankee. Thankee, ma'am. Thankee sir. Thankee." Gene Talmadge, white-folks governor of Georgia, was just outside now. The hearty politicians, the all-fawning job-moochers, the brief-cased contractors, the busy fountain-penned lawyers with prison pardons in their hands needing Gene's signature, began to applaud. The wool-hat folk from Boogy Gall, Rifle Cut, Bulltown Swamp and Shirttail Gap, the women neater than the men but just as numb with mizrey, didn't even smile. They merely took fresh grips on what they'd brought with them—children, buttermilk, watermelons, peanuts, turtles, witchin' wands, conjure medicine and a couple of hound dogs—and stared dead-pan at the door. At least they had come bearing gifts for what they wanted—pensions mostly, or to get somebody out of jail or somebody in. Or maybe they'd have a bit of news for Gene—how some Yankee triflin' schoolteacher had said something 'bout niggers needin' schoolin'. They'd tell Gene; give him a bag of persimmons too. Gene knew how to truck with nigger-lovin' schoolteachers.

"Nawsir. Nawsir, brother, nawsir." Gene was still taking his morning bows. "Nawsir, not while Gene Talmadge is yo' governor, they ain't a-goin' to do it. Black's black and white's white and never shall these twain meet. Nawsir. Not in Georgia anyhow. Thankee kindly, Sister Yewell, and how is ev'thing in good old Shirttail Gap. Glory hallelujah for that, sister. I'm a-standin' up to all the long-hair, furrin' dictionary-swallowin' sociologists from up North who come down to beautiful Georgia wantin' to send our lovely, pure, sweet white young ladies and our fine-lookin', clean white boys to the same schools with the Negrah. Nawsir."

He Aims for Washington

Gene was inside the reception room now. He came in a-burnin'. His lank, defiant black hair, only wisped with gray despite his fifty-seven years, was wooshed up in back and straggling damply down in front, giving him the appearance of having just finished a hard run after a bad fright. He's always startled-looking anyway—hot, fanatical popeyes behind black-rimmed, thick lenses, a split-the-wind profile, a tight, skinny jaw shooting out at you with every other word—all this on a thin, tough, turkey neck aggressively thrust forward. Down on Sugar Creek, where Gene lives when he isn't running for office, they say that he can't scarcely wait to finish his prayers before runnin' down to the front do' to see is somebody wantin' to say something different. Shrewd, suspicious, daring, swift to pounce, Gene "kin give a jaybird two pecks and beat him to a tick."

"Hya, Jim, yo' ole scoun'rel you. Hya, Chip. Hya, Hell-Fire." This to the politicians, the lawyers, the job hounds, the contractors. "Hell-Fire, what's this you doin' up there in that civil service hearing to all those fine men from the North tryin' to tell us how to run the state of Georgia? They say you like to take somebody outside to settle something. Seems like it's about time I went up there to Washington to see those Social Security folks and began kickin' some chairs around."

The crowd roared its complete approval. They poked stomachs, slapped shoulders, told one another they'd be chawed and bit if ole Gene Talmadge wasn't the doggondest old scoun'rel—always quotin' poetry or sayin' something at the right time. Listen at him.

Gene was almost at the door of his private office, private only in a manner of speaking. A blank-faced woman in cotton cheaps, a thin, incurious baby in her arms, offered Gene a chunk of wild honeycomb. Her man was in a convict camp. She had no money. The county told her there wasn't any relief

(Continued on page 71)

Hunter's Choice

By Kenneth Gilbert

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

You had to be a lot more than a good shot to stay in Jeff Croy's hunting club. This is the story of a man and a boy who rated

THE most exclusive club in the world lies out yonder in the Cascades; but it is no trick at all to get into it if you're among the first six men to reach Jeff Croy when the poplars have yellowed on the smoky hills and the gray bucks of the Turnagain are thrashing the brush with their polished antlers and haunting the mating trails of the ridges.

First come, first served, is Jeff's motto. So you may get into it easily, but as for *staying* in it; well, now, you'll need something more than coronets and Norman blood in your ancestry and a two-letter rating in the financial books. You'll need a different sort of importance, and if you haven't got it you just don't get invited to dump your rucksack into one of Jeff Croy's bunks again. Sounds like a lot of pother over nothing, but not when you get to know Jeff Croy.

Comes goodby time, old Jeff may look at you with steady eyes, wag his head sorrowfully, and allow that likely he'll be so full-up with guests next year that he just can't see how he can take care of you. When that happens, you had best go home and be kinder to your wife and your fellowman, and meditate upon a humbler way of life. You've been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The story goes that a Western governor with a brilliant future, which included a leg-up on his party's presidential nomination, got the bad news from Jeff Croy and straightway retired to private life and raising chickens and was never heard of again. That is probably exaggeration, if not pure invention, but it gives you the idea. Be sure of this: If Jeff Croy invites you back—hinting that likely next year you'll get a buck that will make your current six-pointer look like a trifling spiker—you may walk freely among the lords of creation, conceding nothing, confidently aware that the fires of ordeal have not only left you unscathed but have brought forth your true gold, which you always knew was there anyway.

You'd understand exactly if you had been along when Jed Filian shot his first blacktail and got lost, with a freak blizzard snoring down from Alaska weeks ahead of time.

MAYBE it wouldn't have happened if the lost man had been anybody save Filian. But it seemed a cinch from the start that Jeff wouldn't invite him back next year. Filian just wouldn't have fitted in with any bunch of deer hunters that ever sat around in their socks of an evening, a jug on the table between them, their mood as mellow and easy as an old moccasin.

Filian was big and blustering and had the tact of a bull elk bogged in a tamarack swamp, and the others had to clamp down on him almost before he'd got his pack unlashed. To hear him tell it, he'd shot leopards in Africa, seladangs in Siam and tigers wherever tigers roam, and the kind of sport the Upper Columbia offered was pretty much small-boy stuff. The country wasn't tough and the game wasn't tough, and he'd only come here to keep his hand in while figuring out where he'd go to get some real action. With no effort at all he managed to insult everybody, including Jeff Croy, so many times that when Jim Markham made the crack that it would be a blessing if Filian went out and got himself lost, no one smiled. It wasn't a joke with them at all.

And when the thing happened—well, you couldn't blame them if they didn't get too excited. Maybe they figured that a night alone in the freezing hills would cool him off; it didn't seem possible that a strong man with rifle and matches and compass could die out there. Not a seasoned hunter like Filian, who knew his way around. What they didn't count on, of course, was that a man can be lost and hurt at the same time.

YET likely that very thing was in the back of Jeff Croy's mind as he stood over the big old-fashioned stove, frying deer liver with bacon and onions, and listening to the whispering sleet against the north windows, as though somebody were out there in the dark, throwing handfuls of fine sand at the place; he kept looking up expectantly from time to time at the bunch gathered around the table drinking bourbon straight and without too much spring water as a chaser.

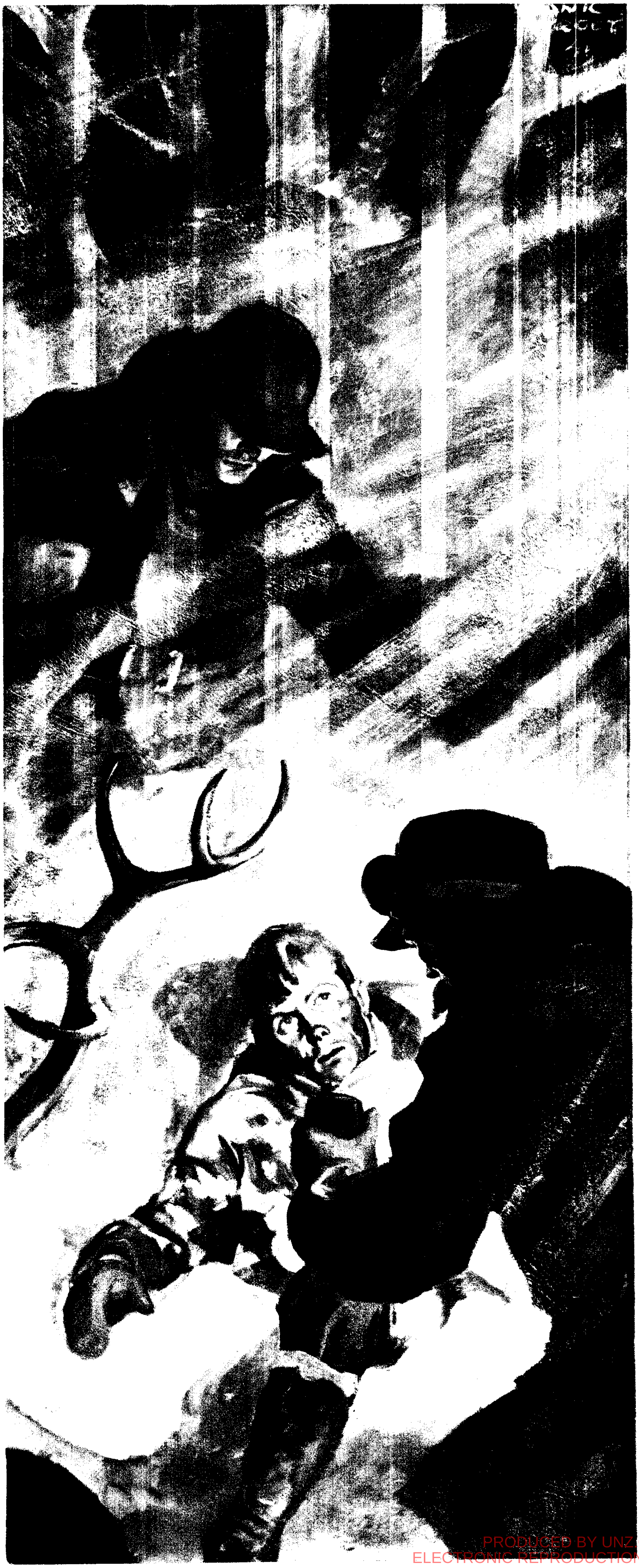
By and by, when the frying was finished, he said casually, "Filian should have reached camp long ago. Been dark a couple hours now, and that storm sounds like a real snoozer."

That was the thing he had been listening for; the thing they should have said. Somebody should have looked around of a sudden and said, "What's keeping Filian out in this weather? Boys, this doesn't look so good!"

But none of the five had said a word about Filian—they had kept right on with their gabbing as deer hunters will when the day is over and they're relaxed in a warm room with a few snifters under their belts. Maybe they hadn't realized that it had been dark for a couple of hours and that an old snoozer of a blow had come ripping down out of the northwest; maybe they'd just forgotten about Filian. Young Joe Harrow was eating up every word of it. He was a drink or so ahead of the others, and he was leaning back against the log wall, hearing the wind groping along the eaves and feeling a cold puff of it now and then on his hot neck, and laughing extravagantly at their mildest jokes.

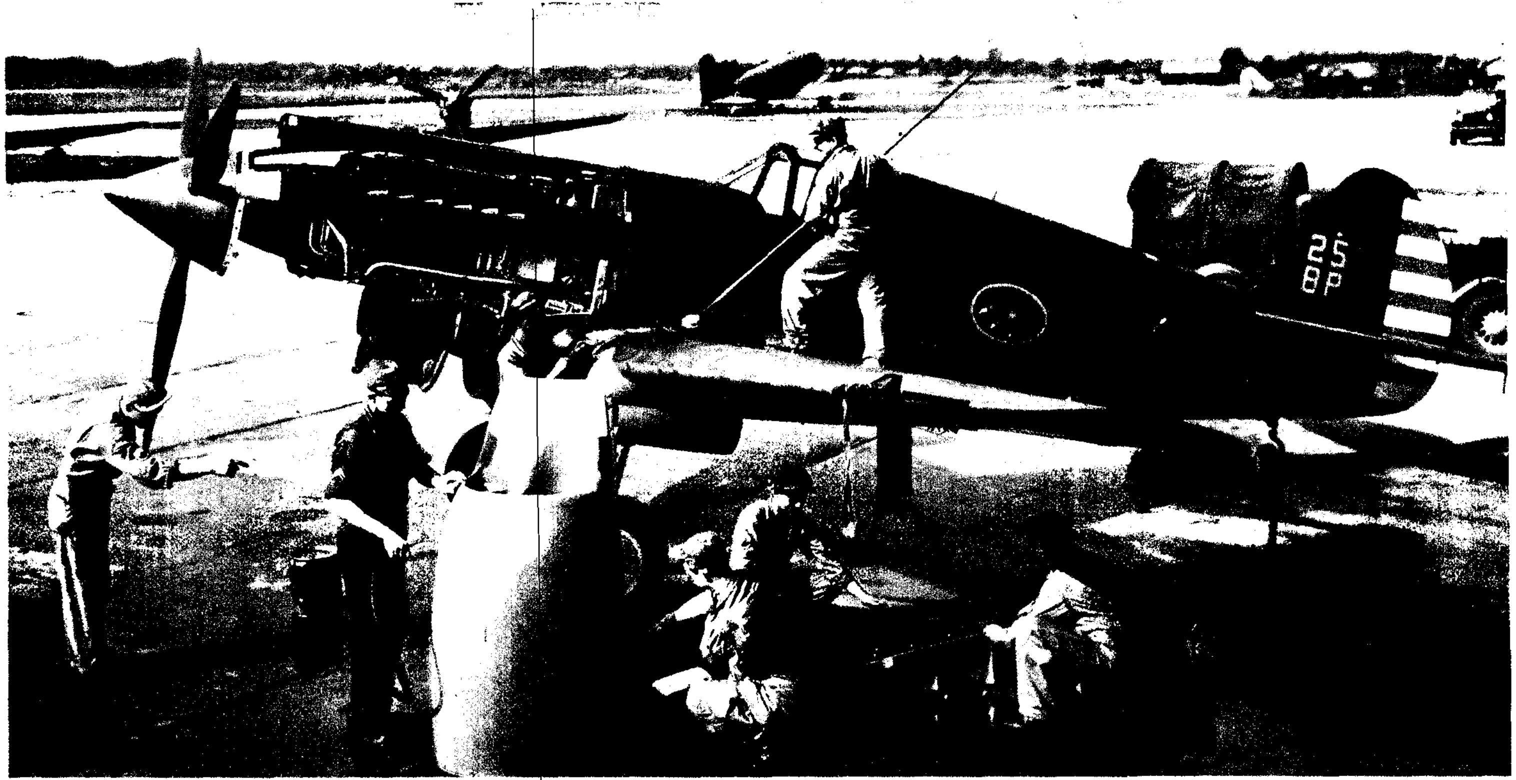
When Bill Dean told his funniest—about the wronged sportsman and the formal English butler who insisted that his master stick to a rule of wing shooting in taking revenge—young Joe Harrow fell off his stool. This was his first

(Continued on page 65)



"That's a hell-roarer of a buck you got there, Filian," Jeff remarked. Filian looked up with a grin of pride and then wagged his head. "I've been a hell of a fool," he admitted

OUR NEW ARMY



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM HOFF AND HANS GROENHOFF

NORTH CAROLINA

THREE fledgling pilots of Boston's 101st Observation Squadron became veterans overnight on the Carolina proving ground, but it took the threat of a near-hurricane to give them the chance. Two of them were Lieuts. Donald W. Flinn and Joseph L. McNeil, whose struggles to win wings were reported in this department for June 21st; the third was Lieut. Paul Rouillard, who learned to fly at his own expense. All had received their wings just prior to leaving Cape Cod for the Southern maneuvers; none had had much experience flying Army airplanes; none had ever made a night flight. But at dusk one day came warning of a 50-mile wind headed for Knollwood Airport, Southern Pines, together with orders to move 26 of the Army's ships to Fort Bragg's Pope Field where they could be anchored to iron rings in a concrete ramp.

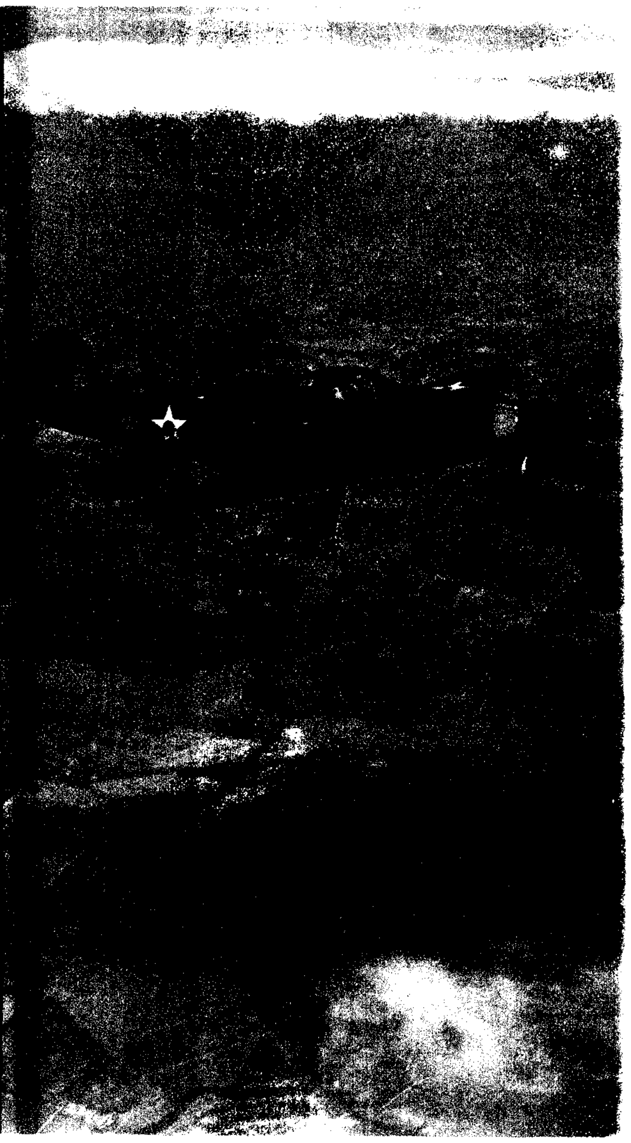
It was a mad scramble of pilots and planes, with no time for detailed instructions. How he was to land was each pilot's personal problem. Into unfamiliar airplanes without landing lights went the three fledglings, and a minute later each found himself aloft, in pitch darkness, alone. That was disturbing enough, but the situation at Bragg was a killer-diller. Having converged from all over the maneuver area, 80 or 90 airplanes were circling the field at 1,000 feet, all trying to land at once.

"I decided," says Lieut. Flinn, "the safest thing to do was climb to 2,000 feet and sort of look over the situation; and, looking down, all I could think of was some giant, lighted Ferris wheel, spinning horizontally below me. So many pilots were talking at once the radio control tower gave up trying to handle the landings, and I shut off my radio just before the order went out for us to land on the beam. Seems to me I circled around for a couple of thousand years watching that Ferris wheel slowly revolve between me and the ground. Then, suddenly, the eight-inch searchlight on the field began to pick off segments of the wheel. When it touched one of the ships the finger of light would blink and the pilot would flash his navigating lights in acknowledgment, get a steady green light in return and ride in on the beam. Only hitch was that every now and then two or three pilots, thinking they were getting tapped on the shoulder at the same time, would hit the beam at approximately the same instant, get a red light and duck out of the way—but fast. Well, finally I saw a gap in the wheel and dropped down to join the parade. To tell the truth, I never did see the beam. I just followed the ship ahead of me down until I thought I was near the ground, said a prayer, pulled back on the stick and settled in. Phew!" Yes.

DURING the preliminary maneuvers in New England, 6th Army Corps Commander Major Gen. Karl Truesdell gave Major Gen. Roger W. Eckfeldt (26th Division) a military hotfoot in the form of a somewhat ignominious capture by 101st Cavalry troopers (Collier's, November 1st). Now in North Carolina for the final week's phase of the GHQ maneuver problem, General Truesdell is saying little about captures and

(Continued on page 60)

At top: Maintenance men at Mitchel Field service a sleek 400-mile-an-hour pursuit ship. Above: Pilots check routine flight on road map. Right: Flying officer in oxygen mask can climb 1,500 feet a minute (below) to intercept slower and heavier bomber planes



NEW YORK'S AIR DEFENSE. An enemy can't be completely prevented from bombing a city but the project can be made a costly one. At New York's Mitchel Field are based some 250 deadly fighter planes of the Seventh Pursuit Wing of the First Air Force, whose sole purpose is to make an attack on New York City so expensive it may never be attempted. Of the 5,000 officers and enlisted men, 2,800 are mechanics and technicians, 2,550 represent services essential to the post, and 250 are topflight pilots of the Army's Curtiss P40's and Bell P39's, whose stub-winged bodies contain all the elements for defense. Here are pictures of some of the Mitchel men and ships

Standout among All-America coaches is Alonzo Stagg, who is still turning out good teams after nearly a half century of football leadership

WALL-KERLEE

All-America Makers

By Grantland Rice

MORE than 500 football stars have marched through the pages of Collier's since the first All-America team was named in 1889. In back of these stars, at least partly responsible for their fame, there has also been a parade of famous coaches who helped to develop teams and individuals effectively enough to bring about All-America consideration.

In looking back through the years we come upon such names as Walter Camp of Yale, Percy Haughton of Harvard, Fielding H. Yost of Michigan, Lonnie Stagg of Chicago, Bill Roper of Princeton, Pop Warner of Carlisle, Pittsburgh and Stanford, Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, Bob Zuppke of Illinois, Lou Little, Gil Dobie, Jock Sutherland, Bob Neyland, Bernie Bierman, Howard Jones, Tad Jones, Jimmy Phelan, Carl Snavely, Fritz Crisler, Wallace Wade, Frank Thomas and a long line of others who have contributed their complete part to the growth of football skill and football interest.

Outside of the needed material and schedule possibilities, what were the leading qualities of these All-America-making coaches?

I'll start with Percy Haughton of Harvard, who leads the field with seventeen All-America players. Haughton in many ways was colder than an iceberg and harder than a hydrant. He was austere, aloof, the only man I ever knew who hadn't the slightest interest in what anyone thought about him, good or bad.

But he was one of the great coaches of all time. Haughton not only knew every phase of football, but he was also a martinet in drilling his teams for almost perfect mechanical perfection. He knew fundamentals and football psychology to the last turn. For example, there was nothing new about the hidden-ball play when Haughton came along. But it was Haughton who developed the art of hiding the ball better than anyone else.

Haughton abhorred waste of any kind. Especially waste of time. Before practice he charted out in advance the exact number of minutes to be alloted each form of practice—seven minutes for blocking—eight minutes for signal drill—nine minutes for scrimmage—eleven minutes for this or that, all depending on what he thought his team needed at that moment. Haughton ended Yale's former domination of Harvard by overwhelming pretty good Yale teams by the murderous margin of 112 points against 5 in 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915.

Rockne was a coach who developed not only All-America stars and winning teams, but who in addition turned out more coaches than any five rivals in football. Among his old pupils you will find Buck Shaw of Santa Clara, Harry Mehre of Mississippi, Mal Elward of Purdue, Frank Leahy and Elmer Layden of Notre Dame, Jimmy Crowley of Fordham, Hunk Anderson, line coach of the Chicago Bears, Frank Thomas of Alabama, Jimmy Phelan of Washington and at least twenty others who have more than made good. Knute Rockne in many ways was almost the exact opposite of Haughton. Haughton was hard. Rockne was human. Haughton's sarcasm cut like a knife. Rockne's was mixed with humor. Rockne knew his football, the value of fundamentals, hard blocking, hard tackling.

The famous Notre Dame shift was not his main contribution to the game; his was the greatest inspirational leadership football has ever known. No coach ever lived who could steam up a team to such a frenzy of effort.

I asked Rock once just what the famous "Notre Dame system" was. "System?" Rock snapped back. "What is a system? I believe in three things—spirit, skill and speed. In my line I want speed and aggressiveness. Weight? Show me a greater guard anywhere than 172-pound Hunk Anderson. Or 165-pound Metzger. Weight too often means surplus weight. I want men who can be relaxed physically, but keen or keyed up mentally. I'll take speed and smartness over brawn any time."

Alonzo Stagg is the most amazing contribution to American sport. He was one of the best coaches of his day with Chicago around 1892, and now 49 years later, he is still strictly on the job with his College of the Pacific in California.

They Couldn't Catch Pop Warner

Veteran coaches will tell you that Pop Warner at Carlisle, Pittsburgh and Stanford has contributed more to offensive football than any other man. Pop was a genius at backfield manipulation. As far back as I can trace he was the author of the single wing back and then the double wing back. He had formations and variations that ran rival coaches ragged. For many years Warner kept well ahead of rival defenses set up to stop his attack. Pop was the master of plays as Haughton was the master of detail and Rockne was the master of inspiration.

Pop was somewhere in between Haughton and Rockne, on the dour, brooding side. He was no soft taskmaster. Yost of Michigan, who is high up in the All-America player list, has always been an entirely different type. Yost stands as the greatest football fanatic that ever lived. For over forty years he was more than willing to talk football sixteen hours a day. Or even twenty-four hours a day. In its earlier stages the Yost system featured two elemental details—power and speed.

Back of a mighty Michigan line, average over 215 pounds, he had such ball carriers as Willie Heston, Neil Snow, Boss Weeks and others who knew how to run. When the forward pass came along, Yost was one of the first to see its possibilities.

You may recall the widely discussed play where Minnesota beat Northwestern this fall on a quick line-up, with the center at the end of the line. Yost went far beyond this back around 1908, over thirty years ago. He worked out a winning play where the center, on the end of the line, passed the ball back and then took a long forward pass far down the field.

Later on, the main Yost idea became what he called "position play." This means you took no chances until scoring position warranted the gamble. His great slogan in forward passing was "On and over." This meant no passer should ever throw the ball on the short side of the receiver, for fear of an interception. Benny Friedman, his greatest passer, says that Yost used to call him on the

(Continued on page 70)

Alder Gulch

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

THE Civil War is raging when Jeff Pierce, a youthful veteran of the Union Army, is shanghaied in San Francisco and taken aboard a ship known as the Panama Chief, to Portland, Oregon. There the captain of the vessel tries to kill him with a pistol; and, in self-defense, Pierce strikes him with a belaying pin, knocks him out, leaps overboard and swims ashore.

As he wanders about the streets of Portland, a girl speaks to him. She tells him that her name is Diana Castle; she tells him (in decidedly cryptic terms) that she is eager to get out of Portland. And she leads him to a shady establishment, presided over by a woman known as "Madame Bessie."

Madame Bessie has just heard some startling news, which she passes on to Pierce: The captain of the Panama Chief is dead—and the authorities are searching the city for Jeff Pierce! . . . To Pierce, a thoroughly sophisticated man, Diana Castle is an enigma; very obviously she does not belong in Madame Bessie's place. He wonders why she has picked him up. He does not wonder long; the girl suggests that he pose as her husband, and assist her in getting out of Portland.

The boats leaving Portland are, of course, being watched. Nevertheless, accepting the girl's suggestion, Pierce succeeds in boarding a vessel with her; and a short time later, they are in The Dalles. There Pierce tries to buy a passage for two to Lewiston; but the clerk of the navigation company informs him that only deck space is available.

While he is discussing the matter with the clerk, a man standing near him introduces himself (his name, he says, is Will Temperton), and suggests that Pierce's "wife" share his daughter's stateroom.

A few minutes later, Pierce, listening to a group of men discussing a new "strike" in Alder Gulch, is rudely interrupted by a ruffian who exclaims, "You're in my way," and gives Pierce a dig with the point of his shoulder.

Jeff Pierce is a fighting man. Instantly, he smashes the fellow with his fist. The man falls backward into the arms of a friend—a tall person wearing a mustache and goatee. The goateed one says: "There's your meat, Rube, go after him."

Rube rushes at Pierce; and again Pierce hits him. This time, he goes down. Then, as Pierce stands watching him, he rises, shakes his head, glances at the man with the goatee. "What'll I do now, George?" he asks.

II

"WHAT'LL I do?" Rube repeated. "Why," said the tall George, "nothing more along that line, I guess." He inclined his head at Pierce. "You're handy with your fighting, brother. If I wasn't full of supper I'd take you on for a set."

"Why?" said Pierce.

"Just for fun," answered the tall one. "I think I could do you in." His smile was constant and winter-chilly. Light kept dancing oddly on the gray-green surfaces of his eyes.

"Suit yourself," said Pierce. "I'm going upriver."

"My name is Ives," said the man. "George Ives," and he waited, as though the name might remind Pierce of something. When he saw it did not, he added, "I'll talk with you on the boat."

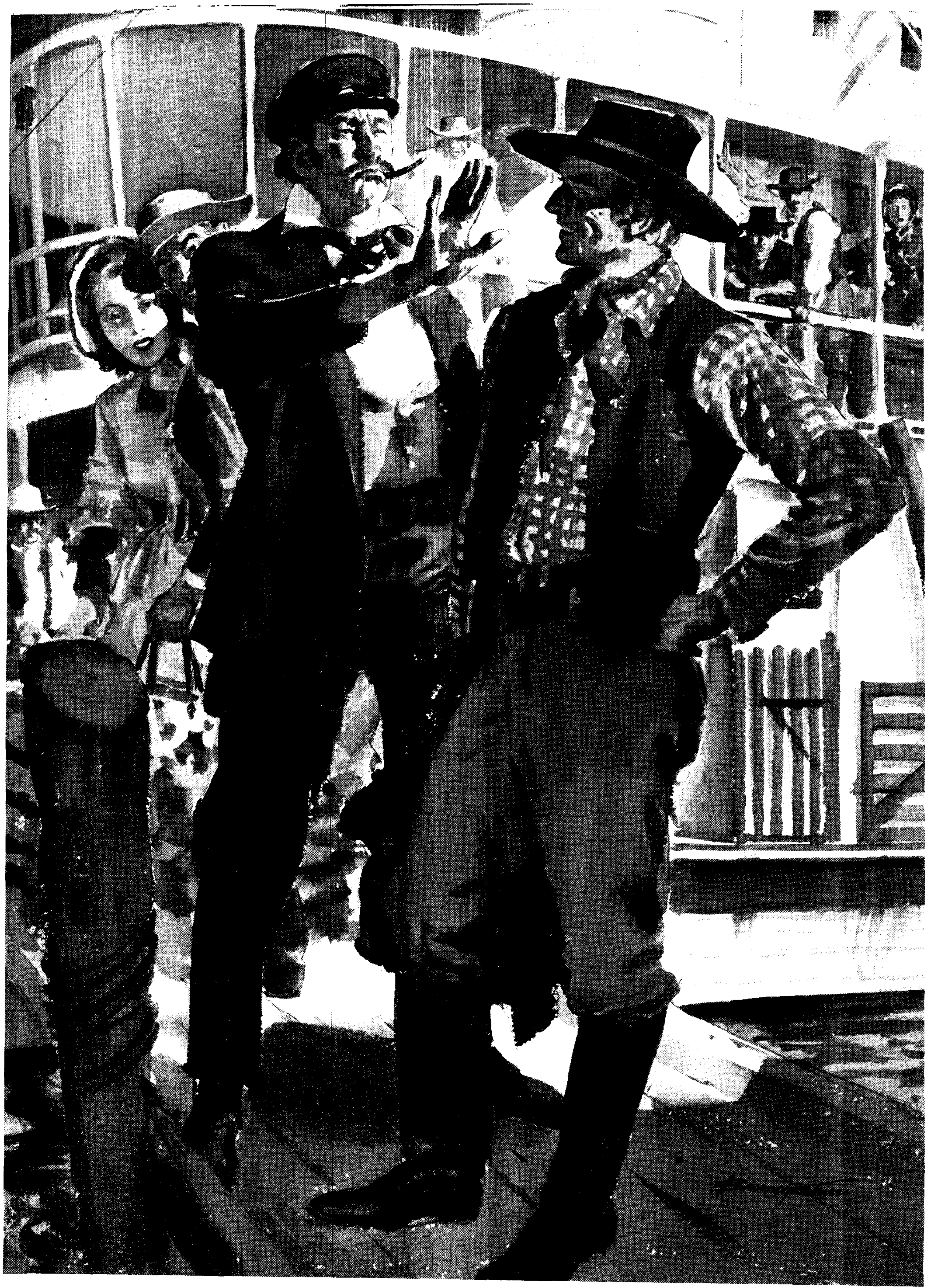
"If you bring a fight," said Pierce, "bring a good reason with it."

"Fighting's reason enough," said George Ives. "Just the fun of it, friend."

"Not the way I fight," answered Pierce. "There's no fun in it."

"All right," murmured Ives, and touched his short, dull partner on the shoulder. These two left the barroom.

Pierce returned to the bar and bought a fresh cigar, and took time to light it; and strolled to the lobby. The night turned better, though he did not know why; he felt clean and at ease.



"That is too late," said the man. "I mean to take this boat. It don't look full up to me"

He crossed the lobby to the stairs, noting that Rube and Ives had disappeared. At the foot of the stairs, he found a redheaded young man idly waiting for him. The redhead smiled. "Ketchum and Ives usually stick together. Those names don't mean anything to you? Well, if you go to Lewiston, don't consider this deal closed." He was high and robust and indolent; he was a character who seemed delighted simply to be alive and a spectator to the odd maneuverings of the world. "One other thing," he added, "close up your guard when you scrap. A trained pug would have knocked your head off whilst you were pullin' that punch forty miles up from your socks." And thereupon he strolled away, whistling between his teeth.

Pierce climbed the stairs and went down a hall to Number Four and knocked, and entered the room on hearing Diana Castle's voice. She stood at the room's window and had apparently been looking into the street. When she came around he saw loneliness on her face. She gave him a glance that he had come to expect from her, long and thoughtful and deeply interested, as though she tried to reassure her faith in him. For his part, he was ill at ease.

"I have the tickets. The boat leaves at five-thirty." He moved around the room, noting the narrow bed and the four walls, and growing more irritated with himself. "I'll stand out in the hall.

(Continued on page 29)

Our Only Hope

By Therese Bonney

In captive France, the people patiently watch and wait for the freedom they believe America will eventually return to them

France's artists Raoul Dufy and Aristide Malliol, like others, listen to German blandishments and resolutely refuse to return to Paris to "Germanize" their art. Below, French school children drink the precious milk that is reserved for them only

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Germans bury their dead in French towns, and to Frenchmen goes the task of caring for the graveyards in the center of the village. Below, Marshal Petain and Admiral Darlan: Le Marechal is loved but Frenchmen fear Darlan

EVERYWHERE you go in France today, people pinch their lips together, look at you and say nothing. You understand. Even the simplest peasant will tell you: "We are not free to say what we think."

Stunned by an unexpected defeat, quickly becoming vitamin-deficient and facing starvation, there is reason to believe them. The stronger—the leaders of tomorrow—bide their time, are patient and hope.

The first thing one wants to know about France today is what the French think about Petain. Many, probably the majority, feel that in taking over the helm in the dark days of June, 1940, he saved France from revolution. For this they are grateful. They did not like Laval.

They had no confidence in him, and less in Darlan. An official de luxe photograph of the admiral appeared in May. The shopkeepers, especially in Vichy, were expected to buy and show it in their windows beside that of the Marechal. One rarely saw it.

THE most paralyzing thing in France today is the Demarcation Line that stretches from the Swiss border to the Spanish border. It cuts France literally in two. It is the cleverest, most diabolical thing the Germans could have done. It has literally strangled France, economically, politically, emotionally. Families have been separated for over a year, the father in the interdicted zone, the son in a prison camp in Germany, the mother and daughter in Unoccupied France.

With all the records, and certain ministries with skeleton staffs, in Paris and the government in Vichy, how can things be expected to function properly? Every move is watched, every file removed from Paris is carefully checked. Government officials and plenipotentiary ministers sleep in their offices in Vichy and administer affairs from chaise-longue desks and Louis XVIII dressing tables. Hardly anything under such conditions can be done with efficiency. It is hard to keep up appearances. The only normal thing seems to be the changing of the guard.

THE growing venality of the occupants has surprised the French greatly. They have so often been told how in the new world things are to be so different.

There are everywhere professional guides, who take you across the Demarcation Line at night for from a hundred to several thousand francs. These men sometimes work both ends against the middle, and if you are denounced you are brought to a German post. If you are French, you get three to five days jail. If you're a foreigner, you get three months or more.

The Germans are surprised that most of the French never look at them, never speak to them, treat them as if they were not there, and, they complain, stare right through them. This annoys them more than any one other thing. A young German from the Rhineland at one of the Demarcation Line posts told me: "I've had enough of this business. Always ignored, stared through; I'd rather go home."

During the 1914-18 war and the twenty years following, the Germans were referred to as the "Boche," and more frequently as the "*Sale Boche*." After the 1940 defeat, this pet name was more or less tabooed by the government and a censored press was naturally given instructions to avoid the term.

The French found other names for them. Ironically, they refer to them as "Our Guests" or "The Others" but the most popular and appropriate name they have found for them is "Les Doryphores," the Potato Bugs. There seems to be little in the line of pests which the French peasant hates more than a potato bug. "This new variety," he says, "eats everything in sight and you can never catch him at it."

AT THE beginning, the French were intrigued, some almost fascinated, by the Germans. They seemed so different from the Germans of 1914. "So correct," they said. Now they realize that the Germans might have won the French over to their way of doing things. But the occupants seem to have gone about it in the wrong way and many of those who were quite "pro" during the first few months swear today that they will never live under a Nazi regime. This is why it seems very doubtful that the collaboration pill can ever be sugared enough to make the average Frenchman swallow it.

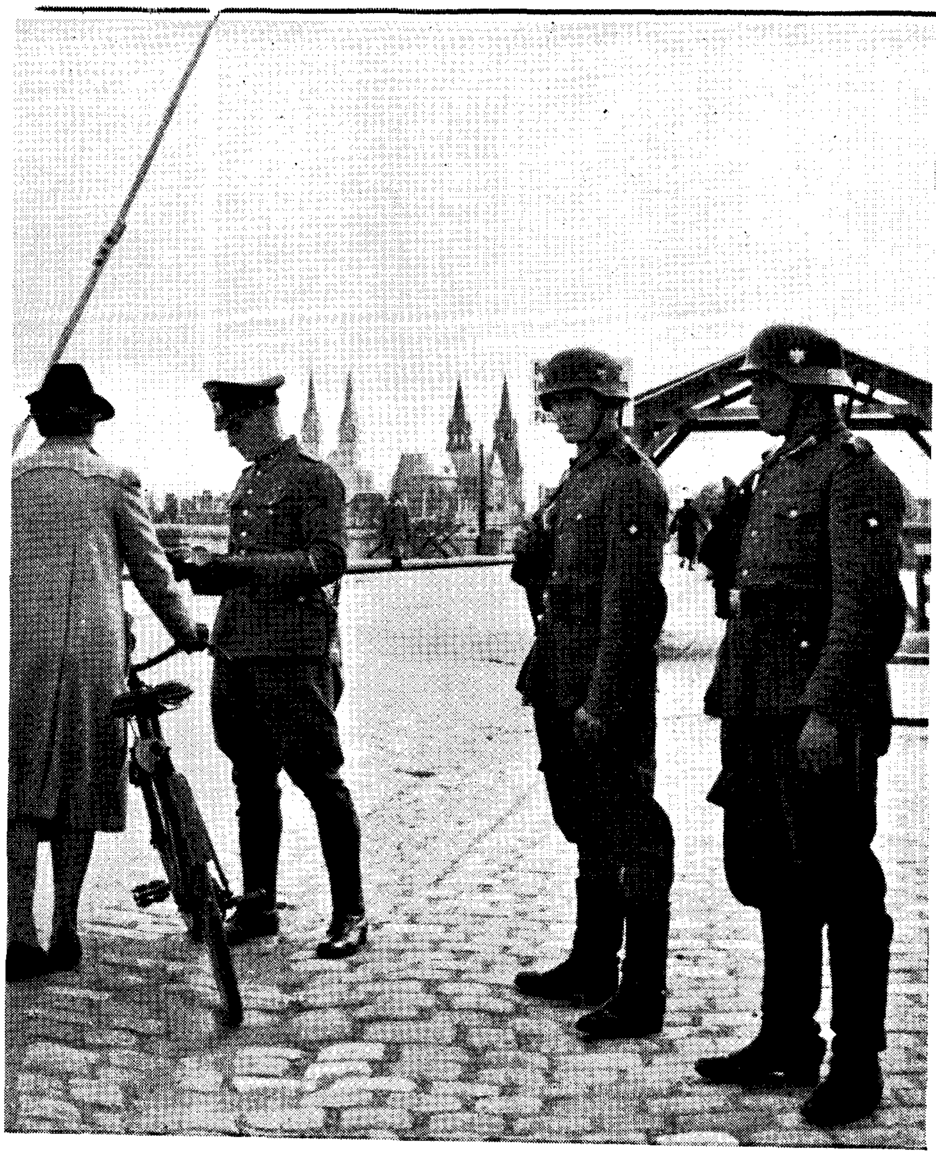
The people of France have seen the German way of doing things at its best and worst, and they don't like it. They prefer the Anglo-Saxon way, and that is why they are for an Anglo-Saxon victory.

Even an anti-English Frenchman will tell you that he prefers to see France an English colony rather than a German protectorate.

To prove it they are ready to risk their lives, signing petitions, meeting in little groups, doing many things which they hope may snowball into the big thing when the time is ripe. They chalk V's all over the walls of houses and shops. They cut them into the trees, paint them on milestones. They salute one another with the fore and middle fingers open. To call the waiters in the restaurants they tap out Morse code V's on their plates or glasses. One ingenious restaurant keeper collected all the glasses with V's on them, advertising Vezelay beer, and served his clients' beer in them.

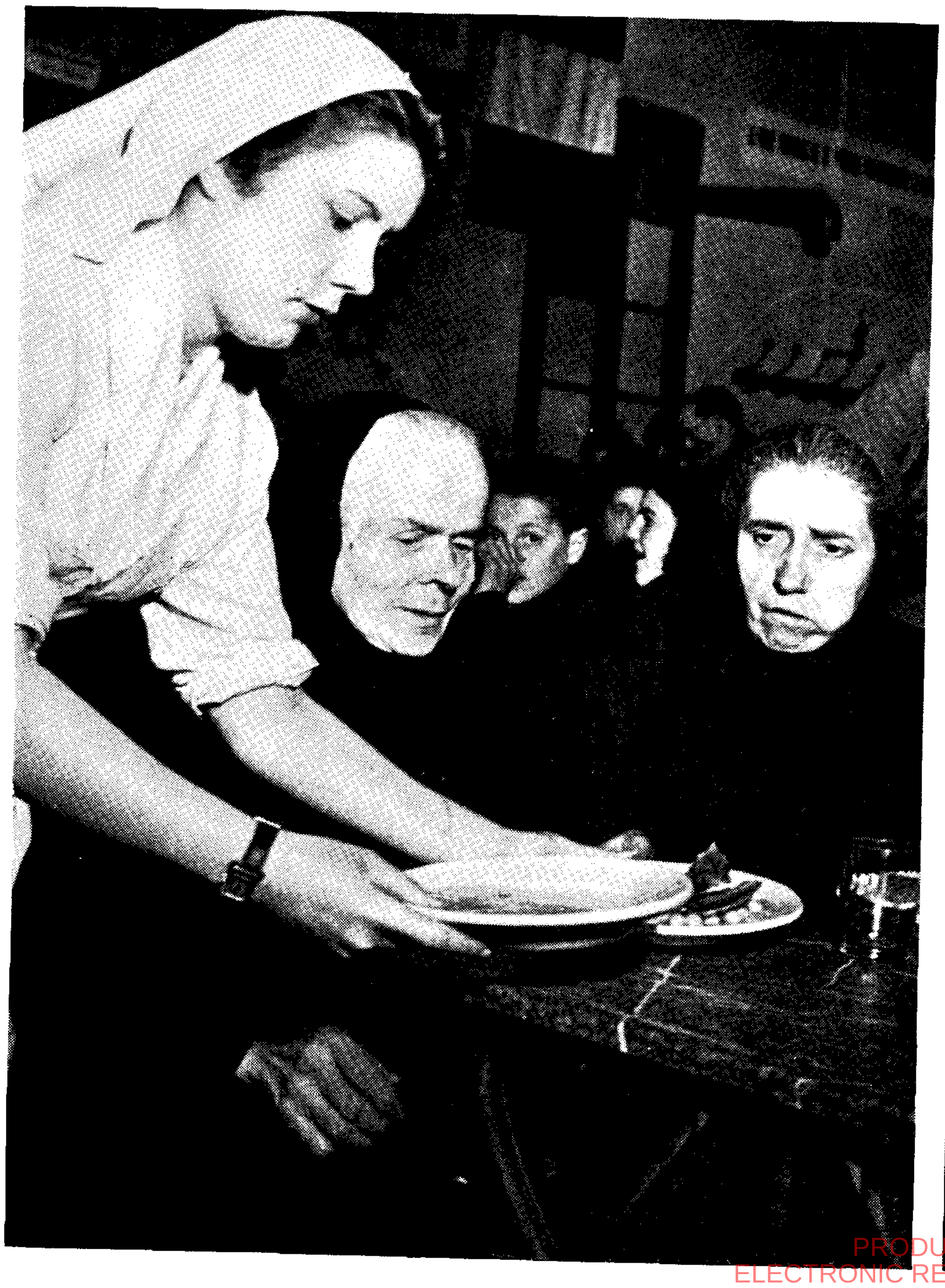
In small hidden towns, where departmental authorities probably never go, the gendarmes seldom oblige the people to take the V's off of their houses, but in cities and towns, especially in the Occupied zone, either the landlord, the tenant or the concierge is subject to a heavy fine. Even the Hotel Ritz woke up one morning to find a V on its front door.

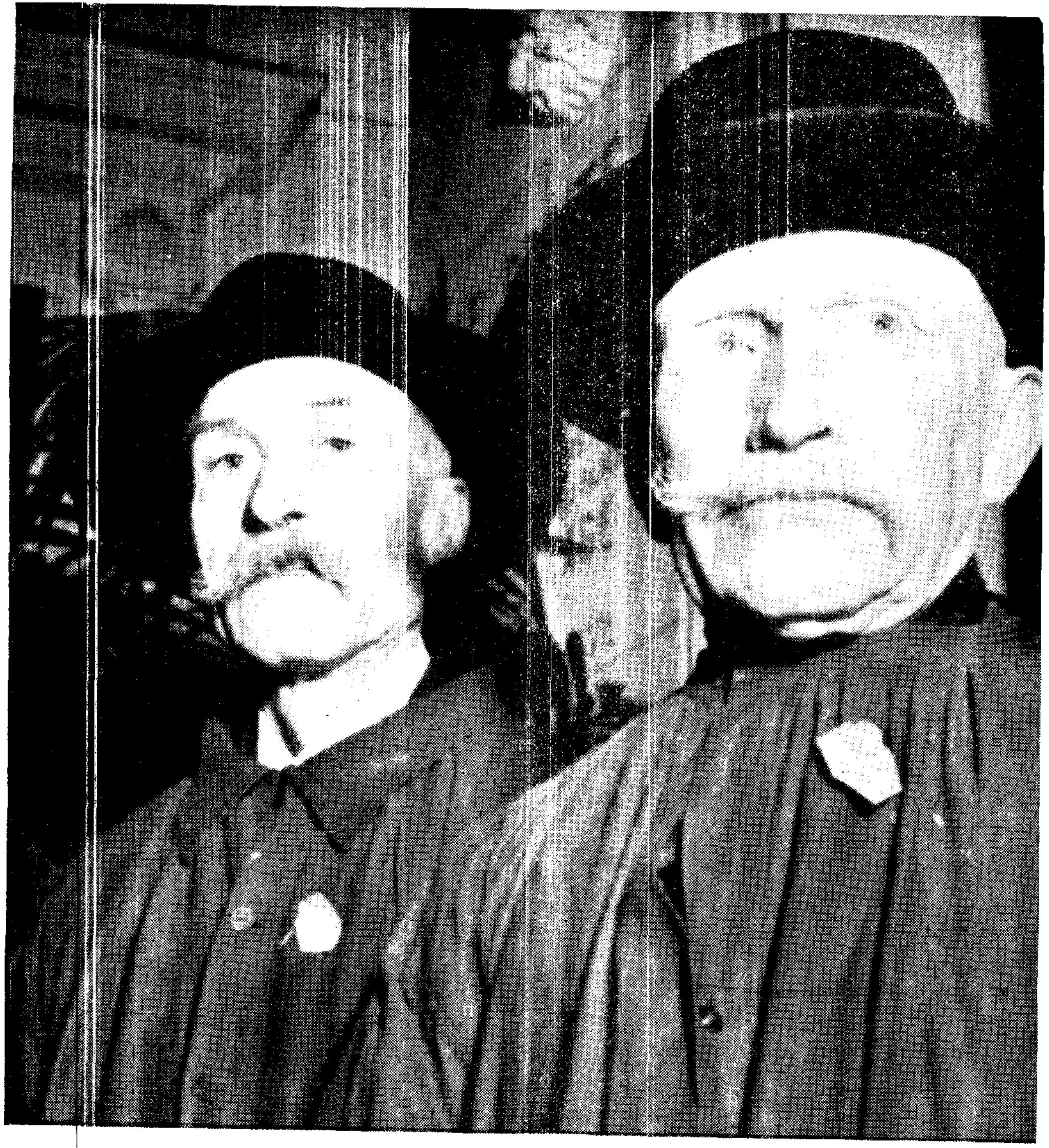
The BBC and the Boston Radio remain the *bêtes noires* of the Vichy government, and through one or another of its spokesmen it is continually condemning the insidious propaganda of these radios. They have been able to do very little to wean the people away from them. I have driven into small towns at the English radio hour and found part of the town gathered at the



ong German strangle hold on France is the Demarcation Line. Venal Germans te Frenchmen—and others who can pay—across, but sometimes betray them

e very old and the very young must be cared for. Food has become prime consideration in the lives of those who have always had plenty





These were once prosperous, independent peasants. Now they daily see their cattle and grain, basis of their economy, taken under requisition

Expelled from Lorraine, this woman faces a destitute, homeless old age. "Our only hope," she said, "is that the Americans will come to save us"

In every town the shopkeepers display only signs and, when they have stock, hide it from the requisitioners

Confusion results because France's records are in Paris but officials must administer affairs from the chaise longues and Louis XVIII furniture of Vichy hotel rooms

The prisoners of war are forging a new France in their dreams, and some day Vichy will have them to fear, too

Basic disruption in France today is in that backbone of French society, the family. This one awaits the return of those who alone can make it whole—the prisoners of war

More than money is needed to purchase food—when food is to be had, and people of every degree patiently endure the endless snipping and swapping of ration cards and food tickets

café window, gendarmes included. They all yearn so for news. I have gone into the simplest peasant home and have been told that they listened regularly to the Boston Radio and that when they said, "Vive la France," they knew it meant America was coming to save them.

ALL this much-heralded Nazi civilization, their new-world conception of things, rolls off the French artists' backs more or less like water off a duck's. The artists do not believe the Germans have come to stay and do not hesitate to tell them so. Many artists have burrowed into some favorite haunt, which fortunately for them they selected years ago, and there they work and wait. Very few return to Paris. The Germans would so like to have them there. They want Paris to flourish under their occupation, especially its art life. There is a Gauleiter for art, who decides who is in the French tradition, and French artists are wooed. Every effort is made to get the artists to return. Emissaries are sent into the Unoccupied zone. The first time they buy or offer to buy at high prices; they know practically every artist must sell to live. They tell him there is a great demand for his work. The Germans are asking for his paintings. To date, the sirens have had no success.

With French writers it is different. We can only know what they write when free opinion and expression are again possible. They are silent, troubled, anguished. No Goncourt Prize this year, because there is no literature.

THERE is nothing more talked about in France today than food, and the one paramount question is whether the Germans take food from the Unoccupied zone. The French have plenty of proof. You can go places and see for yourself. The story they tell most frequently is that it is going to the Occupied area in exchange for food coming down from there.

I saw livestock requisitions go up on the town halls, saw the peasants come out from Sunday Mass and read the first one in their village. I heard what they said. I saw the carloading of those animals and saw them go north. I thought it a heavy price to pay for defeat. France a little over a year ago was rich and prosperous, and is today miserably, appallingly poor.

There is so little left. No needles, no thread, no shoe polish. There are practically no stockings so the women are beginning to paint their legs imitating even the seam and the clocks. Few shoes—one must wait months for a ticket to buy. The shoemaker shops are piled high with shoes to mend. One must wait weeks. Curiously enough, there is an abundance of perfume and eau de cologne.

The food shortage has developed a quite new social feeling. The butcher, the baker, the shoemaker have become citizens of considerable importance and are treated with much respect. *(Continued on page 85)*

Looks Like a Hard Winter!

Frederic Stanley

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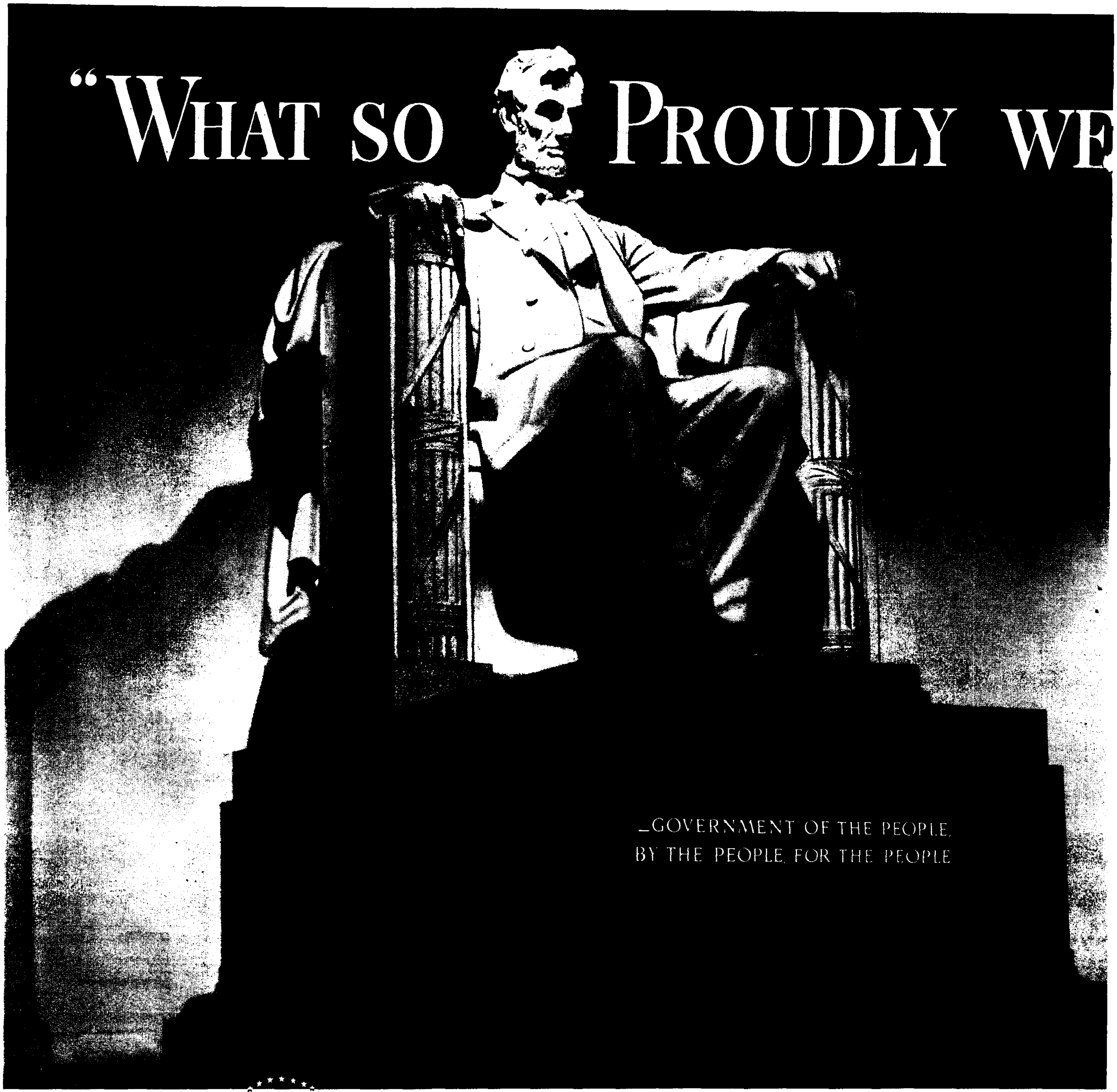
"WHAT SO PROUDLY WE



When you next need tires, it may happen that your Goodyear dealer might not be able to supply you with just your size of Goodyear "G-3" All-Weathers. If this should be the case, we ask you to be patient until he can get them for you. It is not his fault if his stock is temporarily short. There is a reason, which we seek to make clear here.

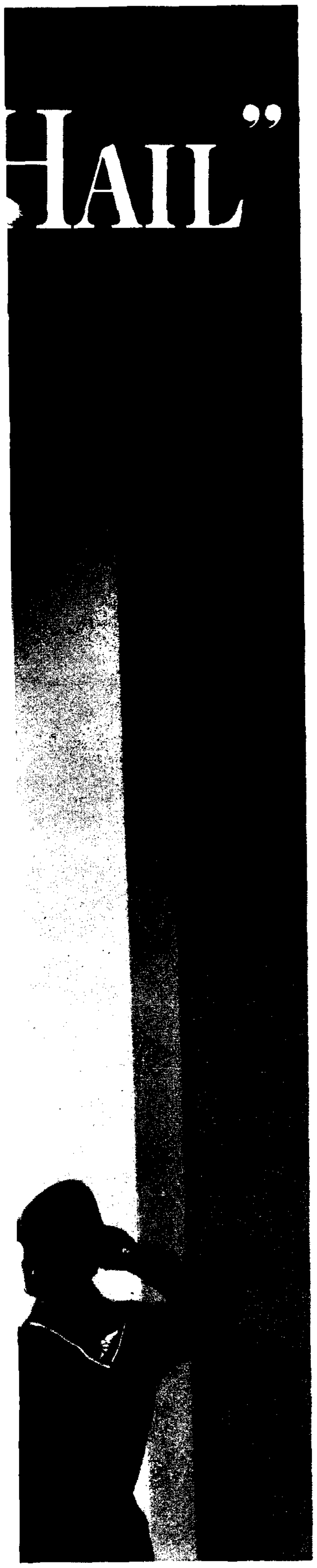
YOU stand before the noble statue of a simple man, and simple words reach from the carven stone to grip your mind and heart.

"Of the people, by the people, for the people"—ordinary words, every one.

As ordinary as apple pie or a family picnic, as going to a church of your own choice, as arguing politics with a neighbor, or picking up and leaving one job for a better one.

They are plain as the gaunt figure who sits everlastingly above them, and—as with that man, as with family picnics and going

MORE PEOPLE RIDE



to our own church — we may never know how much they mean to us until they're gone.

Now there is abroad in the world the idea those words are wrong. That the one right idea is government of the masses, by the masters, for the glory of a single race.

The whole concept that so proudly we hail is aggressively challenged, and the brutal fact dawns on us that it is not enough to want to live in peace.

It is not enough to prefer freedom and our own way of doing.

It is not enough even to tend to our own business, when someone else, dedicated to force alone, aims to take it over as *his* business.

No, to hold what we have we must insure that we can keep it—and that can't be done under any easy or usual rules.

It can't be done by confining great factories like Goodyear's to the making of tires for your car, mattresses for your sleeping comfort, cushiony heels for your shoes, a hundred and one useful things of rubber.

Those factories now must make it their first task to build the only things force understands — bulletproof tires, barrage balloons, bomber wings and tails, bullet-puncture-sealing gasoline tanks, treads for mammoth tanks, gas masks and the like.

Certainly Goodyear finds no pleasure in building such things as against good peacetime products for the beneficent use of man. But now there is a limit on the amount of material and time we can devote to peacetime things.

This does not mean there will not be Goodyear tires and tubes for your car. We believe there will be enough for all necessary use. But they may not be as quickly procurable — here and there a dealer may have to ask you to wait for a Goodyear “G-3” All-Weather, for example, in just your size.

But he will have other tires of equal dollar-for-dollar value, ranging from the super-quality Double Eagle down to the lower-priced All-American.

And he will have something you can't get anywhere else — Goodyear's modern safety successor to the inner tube — the LifeGuard.... LifeGuards will let you drive your present tires many miles farther than you normally would and without danger from blowouts. They are the best way we know for you to stretch your tire life safely.

To stretch tire life helps us to make the most of rubber supplies—and rubber is vitally needed now to help insure that we shall always have what so proudly we hail — government of the people, by the people and for the people.

World standard of value

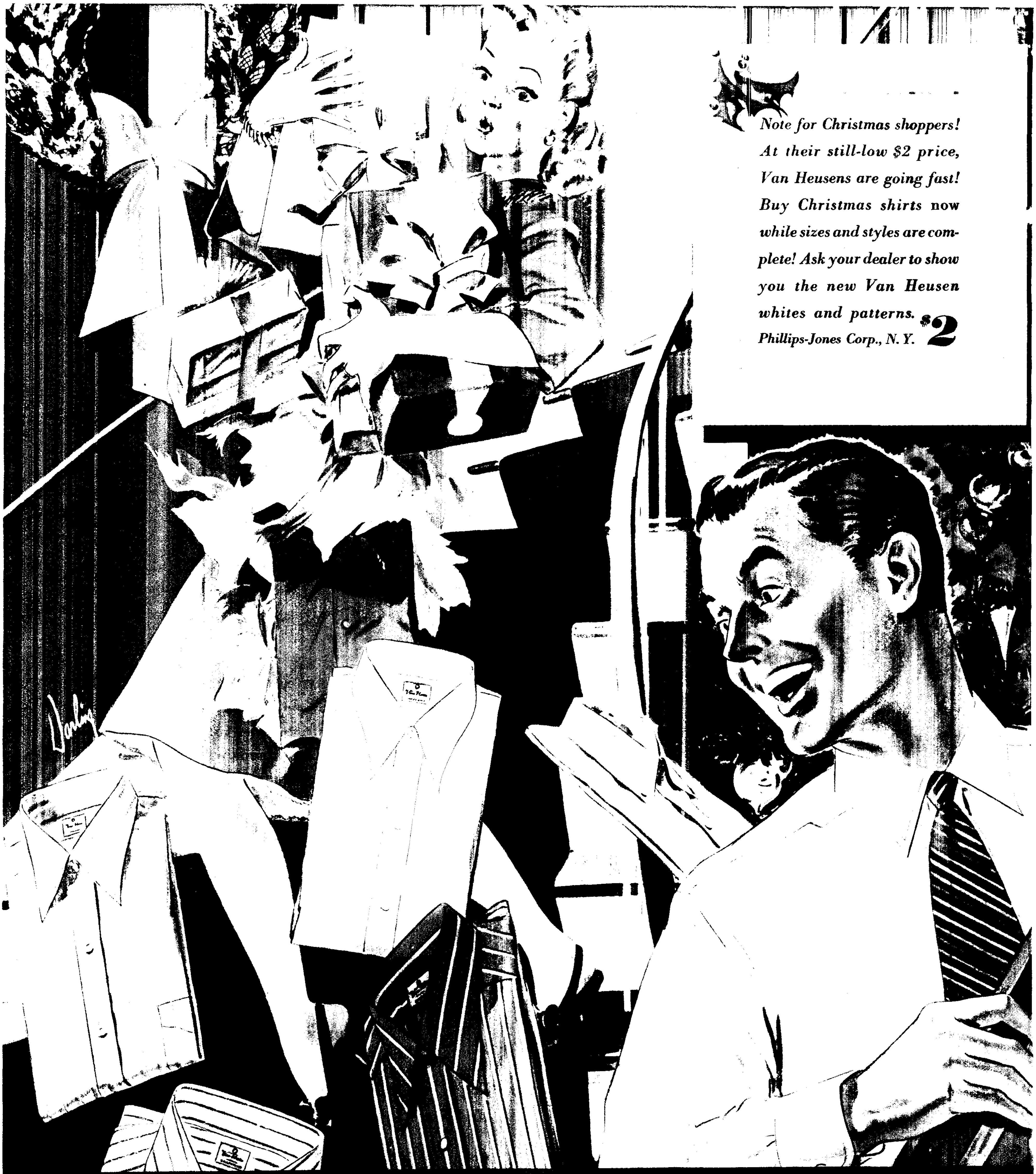
GOODYEAR “G-3” ALL-WEATHER

–the tire with 19 feet of grip in every foot of tread

All-Weather, Double Eagle, LifeGuard
— T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire &
Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

ODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



Note for Christmas shoppers! At their still-low $2 price, Van Heusens are going fast! Buy Christmas shirts now while sizes and styles are complete! Ask your dealer to show you the new Van Heusen whites and patterns.

Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y. **$2**

"BOY! I MUST HAVE TOLD SOMEONE I LIKE

Van Heusen Shirts"

Alder Gulch

Continued from page 21

When you're in bed—and the light's out—I'll come in and sleep on the floor."

They ate in the dining room of the Umatilla House at four, with daylight gray at the windows, and soon after were in the small train which ran fifteen miles around the unnavigable rapids to the landing at Celilo where the upper-river boat Tenino waited. Going aboard, Pierce and Diana Castle stood on the cabin deck and watched the crowd distribute itself. Lil Shannon walked aft with her free and easy manner; she bracketed Pierce and Diana with a glance and moved in a rustle of silks toward the ladies' parlor. In a moment Will Temperton came forward with a little girl of about ten. He lifted his hat at once to Diana and bowed when Pierce said, "My wife, Mr. Temperton."

Will Temperton had a grave, soft voice and he made a ceremony of introducing his daughter: "Lily Beth, may I present Mrs. Pierce? And Mr. Pierce. The cabin is at your disposal, of course." He led them aft along the narrow passageway between rail and deck structure until he reached the proper stateroom and opened the door.

Diana said, "Lily Beth, do you mind too much?"

Lily Beth lifted a guarded glance. "I don't mind," she said passively. Will Temperton watched his daughter with a degree of helplessness. The man, Pierce thought, was somehow at once outside all this, powerless to step in. But Diana Castle's voice came pleasantly into the strain of the silence: "Perhaps I could help you with your hair and your clothes. Men don't know a great deal about those things."

"Yes," said Lily Beth. "Thank you."

THESE two went into the stateroom, and Pierce turned to notice that Temperton appeared immeasurably relieved. "Your wife," said Temperton, "is kind."

"Some things a man can't do," suggested Pierce.

"Yes," said Temperton. Then he added with an irritable frankness, "It is a fiction that a man has less affection for his daughter than her mother. A damned fiction trumped up by—" He checked himself, gave Pierce a curt bow and went down the deck, disappearing into the saloon.

There was some wrangling at the landing and Pierce bent over the rail to find a middle-sized, freckled individual of his own age arguing calmly with the purser, who blocked his forward progress on the gangplank.

"The boat is full up. You must wait until Thursday."

"No," said the man, "that is too late. I mean to take this boat. It don't look full up to me."

"You're questioning my word, sir?" said the purser.

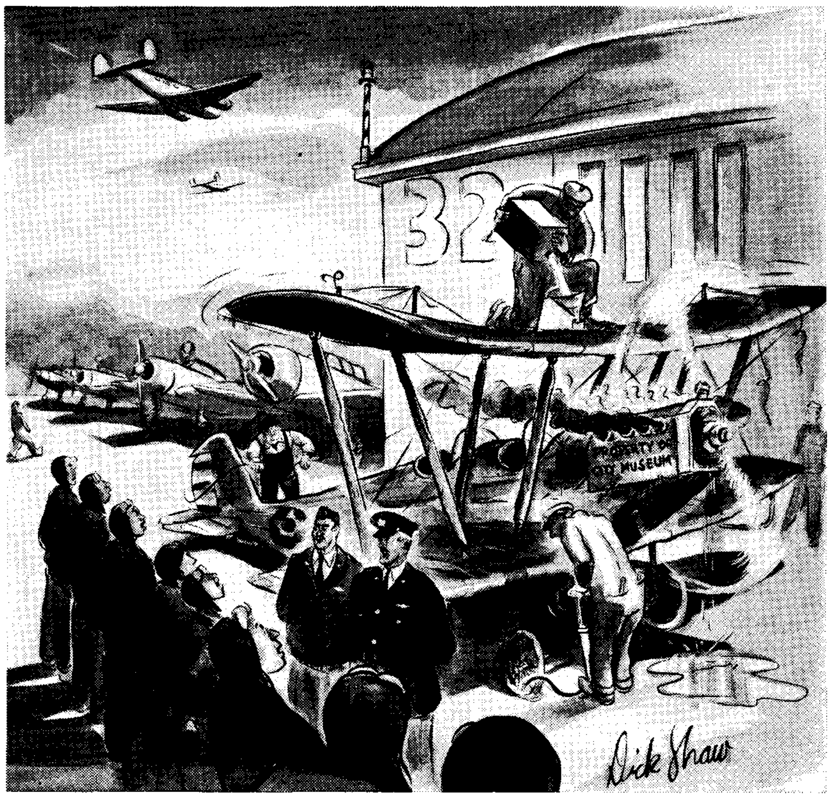
"Why, not at all," replied the freckle-faced one. "Accordin' to your lights the boat is full. Accordin' to mine it ain't. I see space where a man could stand."

"No, sir," said the purser. "Step ashore."

But the freckle-faced one stuck to his position: "A boat's never full. Why, I could sit on top of that wagon. Room for six people on it."

"Step ashore," insisted the purser. "You are delaying departure."

"Another passenger is another fifteen dollars, ain't it? Your company is in business to make money, I'd guess. What would the agent in Portland think of a purser that didn't look to the company's interests?"



"Word has come to us that some of you students are under the impression flying was much easier in the last war!"

DICK SHAW

The captain put his head through the pilothouse window high on the ship and let forth a blast of language: "Mr. Wynkoop, haul up that debate! Let him on or knock him overboard."

The purser meanwhile shrugged his shoulders and retired to the boat, the young man following him aboard. Deck hands hauled in the gangplank, the captain vented a whistle blast into the brightening morning and the Tenino sheered out to midstream.

PIERCE took position under the pilothouse wall. Sunlight moved low out of the east and the day grew moderately warm. Left and right the black walls of the Cascade Range leveled away into dun-colored grasslands; and far ahead the silver surface of the river moved between the emptiness of a sagebrush plain. At noon Diana Castle joined him. "It is time to eat—and now we're free." Then she gave him a quick look. "But you wouldn't understand that because you have always been free." They moved aft toward the dining room. She looked up to him as if to see how he received her remark, and changed the subject: "Lily Beth is a nice child. But some kind of trouble has locked her tongue. She looks at me as though she dared not be herself."

After noon meal they moved to the forward end of the cabin deck and watched the river turn through shallow rapids and straighten again to straight, calm channels. The pulse of the engine was a hard, constant heartbeat through the ship. Far-distant hills showed blue behind the haze. "Over there," said Diana, "is Idaho and the mines. Will you be prospecting?"

"I expect. I put in a year in the California mother-lode country."

"I don't seem able to picture you bending beside a creek with a pan. Your star is a troubled one. You have little faith in the world and almost no trust in any person." She looked up to him. "People are all better than you think."

"Not where you are heading for," he said.

She said, "I guess I owe you an explanation. It was the third man, Jeff."

"Mr. Wyatt?"

"Mr. Wyatt, who some day will be a very powerful man. In his own way he is harder than you, for he wouldn't lend himself to the weakness of picking a strange woman off the street as you did. He would have said, 'Move on, girl, or I'll have you run in.'" But she added in a distant voice, "Of course he would first have looked to see if she was pretty. Had she been quite pretty—"

Temperton and Lily Beth rounded the forward wall of the cabin deck. Temperton would have continued on with Lily Beth but she paused of her own notion and stood at the rail beside Diana. It was only a small gesture yet Pierce noted a veiled expression of defeat come to Temperton. He said in his grave voice, "You'd like to stay with Mrs. Pierce, Lily Beth?"

"Yes."

TEMPERTON moved away and in a moment Pierce strolled aft and ducked into the saloon for a cigar. The bar was crowded three deep and smoke boiled from wall to wall and all the gaming tables were surrounded. Pierce got his cigar, meanwhile noticing both Ketchum and George Ives in another corner of the saloon; and through a temporary gap in the crowd he discovered Temperton at one of the tables. When he saw that grave face and that immaculate figure thus engaged he knew at once the man's occupation. Temperton was a gambler.

He stepped out of the saloon's reek and fell in step with a giant of a young lad who smiled on him and seemed anxious to talk. "I hear there's plenty of gold," said the young fellow. "I never mined before. Some particular way of going about it, I suppose."

"There's a matter of luck in it," said Pierce. "If you know nothing about it, day-labor work will make you rich a good deal faster."

"Anna said that," agreed the young man. "She said I wasn't the fellow to be lucky. I was the one, she said, to take a sure job. I guess she hated to see me leave Buffalo."

"Who's Anna?"

"The girl I'm going back to marry when I make my stake. I'm Nick Tibault."

"Don't stay away from Anna too long," said Pierce, and drifted on. A crowd stood on the afterdeck, watching a very old man methodically put three shots into a piece of driftwood near the shore. The redhead lay on the deck, soaking up sunlight, and grinned as Pierce arrived. Pierce squatted on his heels and swapped talk for half an hour or more while the paddles churned out a steady roar and the boat ceaselessly swung with the channel, like a hunting dog scenting out a trail. The redhead had an amused flow of conversation, a wry and skeptical view of life. His name, it developed, was Ollie Rounds. Other than that bit of information, he revealed nothing of himself.

THE afternoon wore on and sunset flung a bitter brilliance along the water. At supper Pierce met Diana and ate with her, and stood a while in the twilight. Temperton presently arrived with Lily Beth, and Pierce left her and found a place to sleep behind the bulwark of the pilothouse. He did not see her again until late dusk the following day when, with the journey almost through, they took place at the forward railing of the upper deck and watched settlers' lights wink along the shore.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"I don't know. But you're through with me when we step ashore. I was lucky to find you. I won't forget. What are your plans? Or maybe I shouldn't ask. That's the rule, isn't it, on the frontier? Never ask questions."

"I don't know."

There was the briefest of twilights, so that one moment it was half-dark and one moment thereafter full-dark. He heard her soft laugh. "Well, we're foot-loose. You will not starve. You will always find something and so will I."

"You can pick your ticket. Women are scarce in this country. Whenever you speak there'll be a dozen men to jump."

She said, "I wish you wouldn't be harsh." She gave him a steady look through the darkness. "Why should it matter to you at all?"

"No," he said, "it shouldn't matter at all. Everybody's got a life to live. Root hog or die. Take care of yourself and watch the other fellow to see he doesn't trick you. That's about all of it. I wish you luck."

"No," she said, "you really don't. You think I have thrown everything over. You have your idea of what a good woman should be and you dislike me for spoiling the idea."

Far upriver a cluster of lights broke the black. He was thinking of her with a disappointment that astonished him. It was feeling that had no proper place in him. She should mean nothing to him, yet she did.

She faced him and touched his arm. "I didn't tell you about George Wyatt. I was to have married him. That's why I ran away. Do you understand now?"

"You could have refused him easily enough, couldn't you?"

"I guess you don't understand. My

"Marines beat tough scrapes—with COOL SHAVES!"

● "Brother, if you're being blitzed by razor-burn, tell it to this Marine—and I'll tell you that your shaving tactics are obsolete! Modernize your method—with Ingram's quick-action, *cooling* cream!

● "Ingram's is as different as Radio City is from the Halls of Montezuma! It's planned cool—to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers.

● "With Ingram's, a few strokes of your brush blankets the face with rich clouds of cooling lather. Your smothered whiskers surrender—your razor shears through that once-stubborn stubble as smoothly as a machete through ice-cream.

● "Ingram's is the stuff to give the troops! For this different cream is a facial refresher as well as a fast whisker-wilter. No lotions or tonics needed! An invigorating Ingram shave leaves your skin smooth and cool, more attractive and younger-looking for hours after! Get cool Ingram's Shaving Cream—today!"

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father wished it, and all the relatives wished it. It would have joined two families and two firms. I liked him, but not enough. And still, I wondered if it wouldn't be sensible to put all strange things out of my head and be what everybody wanted me to be. It was very easy to be agreeable, Jeff. That's what frightened me. It was easier to marry him and be a pleasant lady than to run out in the rain and wait by Madame Bessie's house for help to come along."

She fell silent, watching the outline of his face in the river dark. She held his arm, making him look at her; and he felt the swirl and rush of her feelings, the tempest which was having its way with her. "When a woman does the agreeable thing, halfheartedly for sake of propriety and comfort, she is no better than Madame Bessie," she said. "There's such a thing as feeling that the years are going by, leaving you lost behind. I have never watched a boat go upriver without thinking I should be on it. And so I got on the boat. That's all."

"No," he said, "not all. What will you do?"

She dropped her hand and turned from him; and her hand made a little dismissing gesture and her voice was cooler than the night, and far away: "We're almost in." She turned from the rail and as he followed he had the sense that he had failed her.

They moved to the main deck and stood by as the Tenino blew for Lewiston and drifted half-speed to the landing. Rows of lights lay along a bluff and tar barrels burned at the landing and people came down Lewiston's main street to stand in groups; and voices carried across the water from ship to land and from land to ship, and bells jingled in the Tenino's engine room. The boat jarred softly against the landing piles.

"Where's gold?"

"New one over the Bitterroots! Alder Gulch! You got a long way to go, brother!"

THE gangplank bridged the gap to shore. Pushed by the crowd, Pierce and Diana Castle crossed the landing and moved up an inclined road, passing touts who cried out the names of saloons and dance halls.

"The Luna House should be somewhere near," said Diana.

They went along the glitter and racket of Lewiston's long, irregular street between tents and boarded buildings and rough log huts. This town was lusty, its saloons standing door to door as far as they might see. A sharp wind blew out of the Bitterroots eastward and the boat passengers, stung by the thought of gold, rushed ahead. Pierce and Diana passed a dance hall at whose doorway women stood and beckoned trade, and arrived presently before the Luna House, which was a square two-story building without paint. She stopped here and gave him a smile which, real and generous as it was, still held its shadow.

He said, "Here's your purse."

"You're broke, Jeff. Take what you need."

"I'll get along," he replied. He was troubled by another thought: "Those people on the boat will know you as Mrs. Pierce. I don't see how you'll get around that."

"They'll soon be gone to one place or another. It won't matter."

"We're in a different country. News travels from camp to camp. Wherever you go somebody will recognize you and wonder — and maybe make some guesses about your being with me."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It was something we had to do."

"So long," he said.

One quick crease came to her forehead. She bent nearer to look at him. "Will I ever see you again? Will you be around here?"

"I don't know," he answered. "But I wish you all the luck. I really do."

Temperton and Lily Beth arrived. Lily Beth said with pleased relief, "Are you going to stay here?"

"Yes," said Diana. But she had her eyes still on Pierce as he stepped away and raised his hat and said again, "So long."

She lifted her shoulders and made a gesture with her hands and gave him a swift-vanishing smile.

PIERCE slept in the hayloft of a livery barn and had breakfast in a tent restaurant on Lewiston's rambling main street. Later he bought a razor and a cake of soap, returned to the livery to shave, and presently faced the day.

Like all boom camps, this one had been hurriedly thrown together of cheap lumber, canvas and logs. Fully three quarters of the town consisted of saloons and dance halls; the rest of it was made up of stores, miners' supply houses, livery barns, restaurants—these being surrounded by irregular rows of tents and cabins. At this hour the tide of traffic was at a peak: wagons rolling into Lewiston with supplies, and freight teams moving out toward the mines along the Salmon and Clearwater.

At noon Pierce ate and, being restless, toured the town. Over on the back side he saw men unloading lumber from a long line of freighters and was hailed as he strolled by: "You want a job? Pay's five dollars."

Pierce shucked his coat and moved to a wagon. A length of lumber slid down from the wagon and somebody said, "I'll take the other end," and he looked around and saw before him the blond-headed young man who had argued his way aboard the Tenino. "Name's Ben Scoggins," said he. "You're Pierce. I heard about your run-in with Ives and Ketchum." They moved back and forth between wagon and lumber pile, gently sweating under the sun. Other wagons came up to be loaded, and moved away on the long trip to the mines. Half through the afternoon Scoggins spoke again, as though there had been no gap in the talk: "None of these miners keep what they get. It is the trader that makes the money. That's what I got my eye on—tradin'. But there ain't no use wastin' time. Five dollars is five dollars. I can do my lookin' for the main chance at night. Ain't thrifty to be idle."

The boss came around at six to pay off. Pierce returned to wash up at the livery barn, had his supper and sauntered along the street. Coming past the Luna House, he saw Diana Castle on the porch.

He stopped at once and showed his pleasure. She watched him without speaking for a moment and it occurred to him that she was lonely. She had been listening to the full-rounded echoes of the street with a thoughtful expression and now as her glance turned to him he noticed the softening of expression. Her smile, delayed as it was, turned her clear and pleasant and pretty.

"What have you been doing, Jeff?"

"Getting information. Also did half a day's work. Everybody, it seems, is headed for Alder Gulch."

"Are you going?"

"Better see what's here first."

He hunted in his pocket for a cigar and took time lighting it; and out of impulse he held up a hand to her. She came down the steps at once and they turned toward the river, slowly walking. "Anything happen for you?" he asked.

"No—not yet."

AT THE landing men worked at the Tenino's heavy cargo by the light of tar flares, and wind came in from the eastern hills, brisk-cold. They swung aside, following a road away from town, silent as they walked. The road followed up a slight grade so that presently they came to a place from which they saw Lewiston lying a little below them, all its lights winking in the night.

"Why, Jeff," she said, "you're lonely."

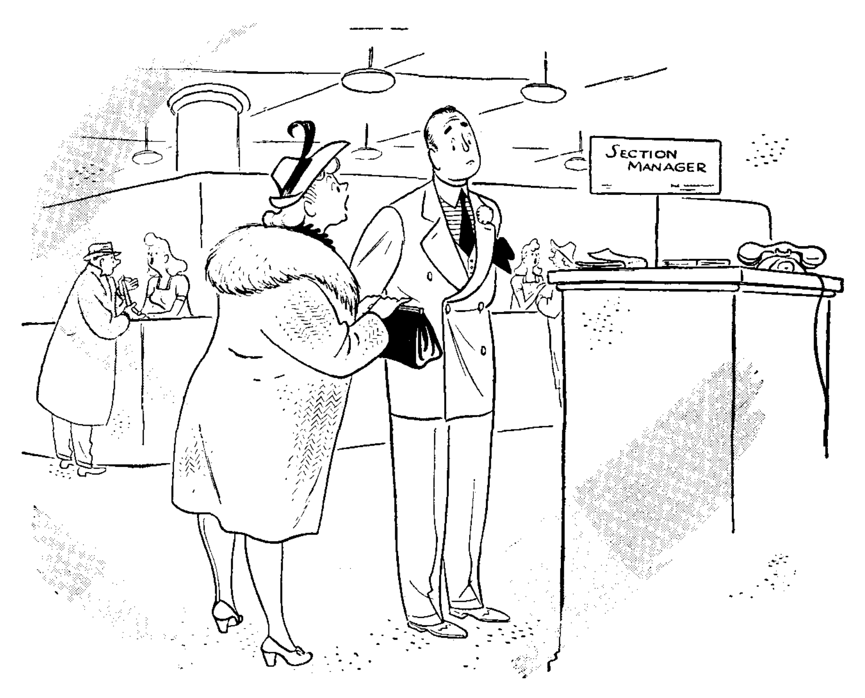
"Yes," he said, "I suppose I am."

Her voice was gentle. "Would you be thinking of some woman somewhere?"

"I left home when I was twelve. A woman has been something I never knew about. I'm speaking of your kind of woman. Your kind has been to me something like the light of a star a long, long way off."

She caught her breath. "Then that is why you distrust me. The star fell and when it came near you it wasn't what you thought. You built a woman into something that never was. You are disillusioned."

He shook his head and turned down



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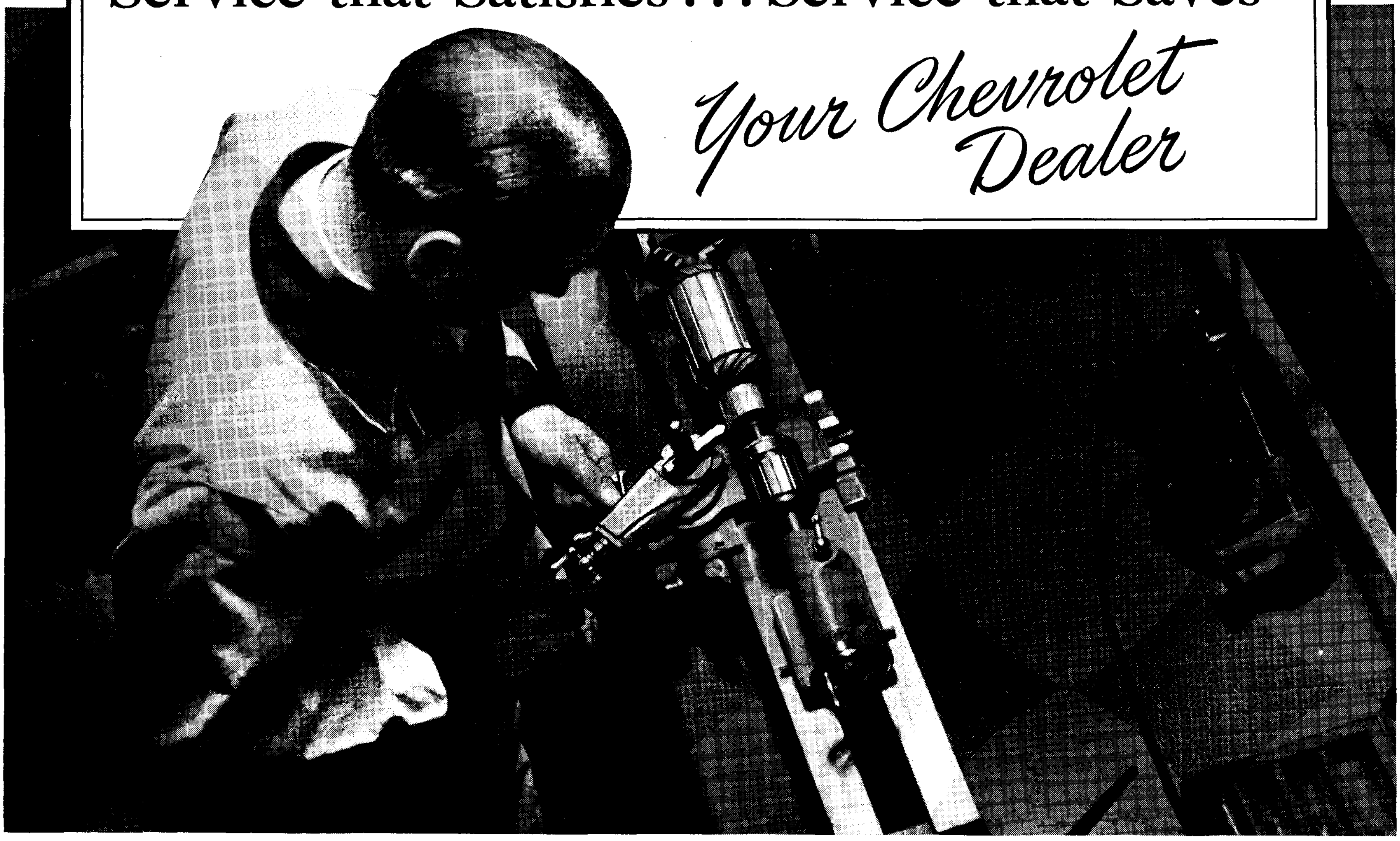

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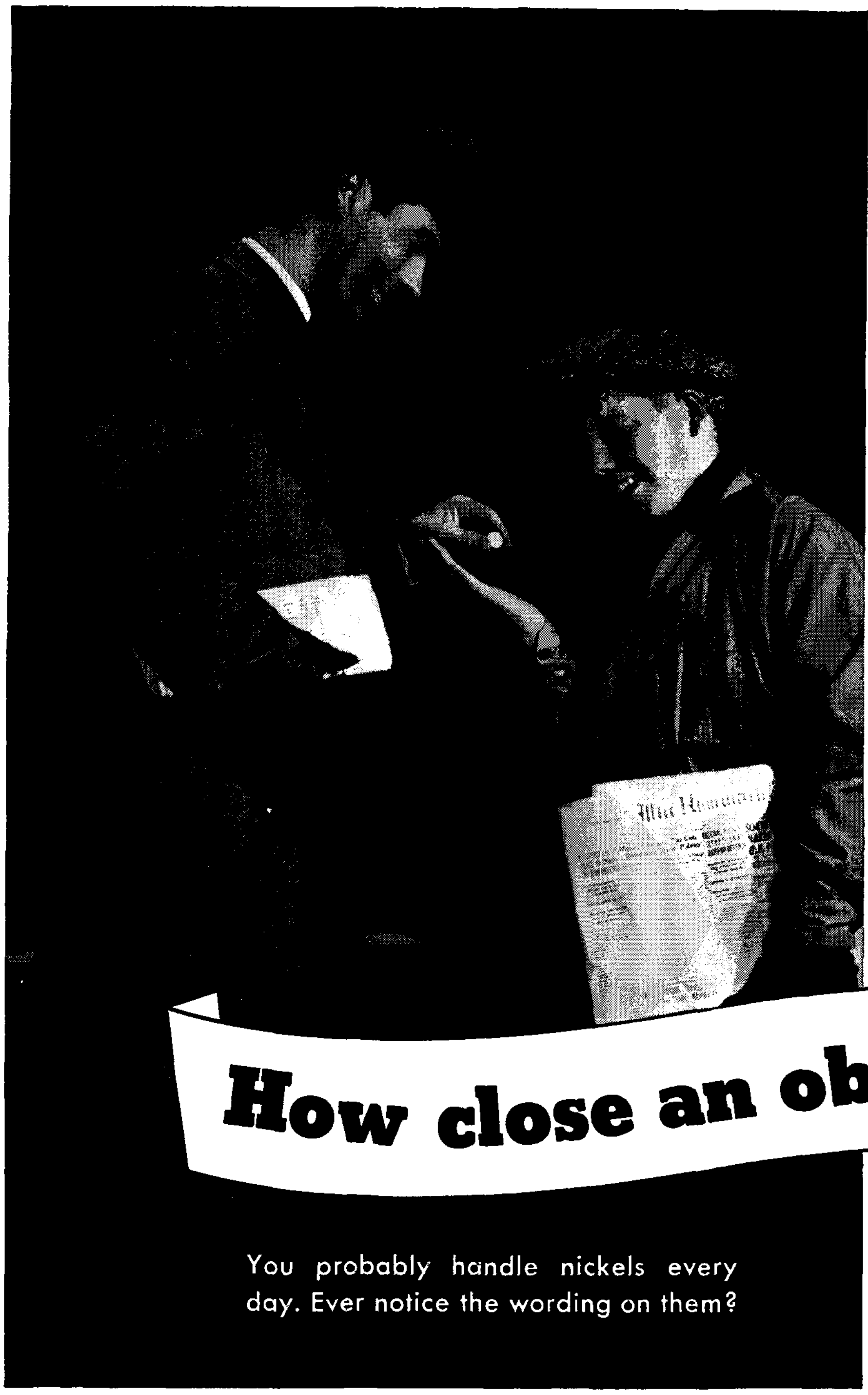
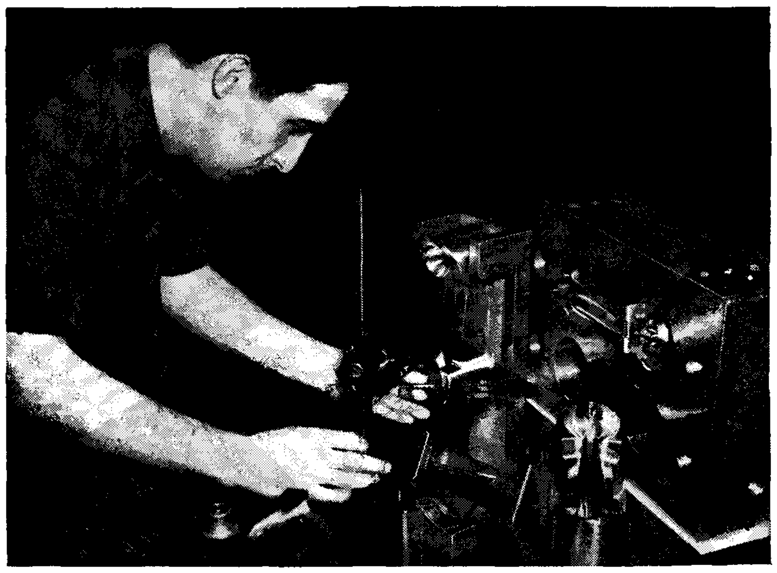


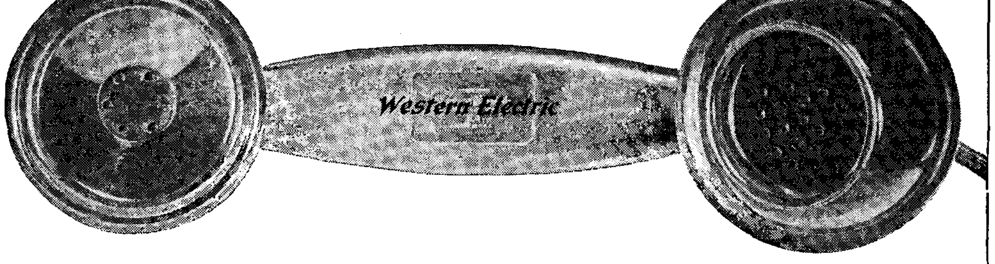
You probably handle nickels every day. Ever notice the wording on them?

Perhaps you handle a Bell telephone every day. What words appear on it?



This Western Electric worker is measuring a molding die used in making the telephone "hand set." Its size must not vary from the standard more than 5/10,000 of an inch—about one-fifth the thickness of this paper.

When you look at your Bell telephone you'll see (among other words):



The Western Electric name has been on telephones for 60 years, a symbol of quality in craftsmanship.

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Western Electric *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service* the hill with her, the softness gone, and the moment's undercurrent of nearness was gone. At the hotel he lifted his hat. "Luck," he said. She only nodded, and watched him go down toward the glowing heart of town. In a moment she saw him enter a tent saloon. Turning, she discovered Will Temperton waiting. He lifted his hat. "May I have a word?" he asked.

She knew, of course, that he was a gambler; for his was a type of man that showed its professional signals always—the neatness, the soft, steel-like courtesy, the gentle and dead tone, the undercurrent of complete fatalism. He was one of those.

"I would," he murmured, "say nothing to offend you. If I am wrong I must ask your complete pardon. I would not presume to make any comment on your affairs except that I have a daughter and I need some help."

"You have a lovely daughter, Mr. Temperton."

"She has no mother. And I believe you've observed that there are times when I cannot help her. Not so much in the matter of dress. In other things. She needs a woman to draw her out and to take the place of a mother for at least a while. She's too much alone. Probably you know my trade."

"Yes."

He was silent, for a time. "It is the only trade I know," he said at last. "Now you know why I take the liberty of being frank. The gentleman is not your husband, is he?"

"No," she said.

"Thank you for not taking offense. I had to know. Lily Beth and I are starting for Alder Gulch tomorrow. I have arranged for the carriage and pack. I should like you to go along as her companion. It is worth two hundred dollars a month to me, or any other sum you'd care to set. As her companion. I mean nothing else by the offer."

"Is her mother dead, Mr. Temperton?"

He delayed his answer and seemed hard put. "No," he said at last. "She is not dead."

She had her quick start of feeling for the girl and for the woman who had lost Lily Beth. This was what came to her and clung; and afterward she discovered that she watched the big tent saloon into which Pierce had gone. "You were nice to offer this chance, but I can't accept it."

She expected him to argue. He did not. He took her decision much as he took the turn of an unfavorable card. When the card fell there was never a back-turning of it, no question and no argument. "I'm sorry," he said, and turned into the Luna House.

THE following night Pierce stepped into the Gem with two days' pay in his pocket and found elbow room at the hundred-foot bar. Ten barkeeps sweated at their work and housemen scurried and ducked through the restless crowd to serve the packed poker tables, the roulette wheels, the faro layouts, the blackjack games.

Pierce got his drink, meanwhile noting here and there some of his companions on the boat. Rounds patronized a blackjack table, casually testing his luck. Ketchum stood near the doorway and stared at the crowd with his dead, wicked eyes. Ives, Pierce observed, was at the far end of the bar with a group of men he seemed to know.

Pierce paid for his drink and slowly ruffled his remaining nine silver dollars between his fingers. He moved to the blackjack table where Ollie Rounds was, laid his nine dollars before him and signaled the dealer for cards. He looked at his cards and said, "Stand on these." The dealer went around the circle and looked at his own hand, and debated, and took a card. He broke himself and paid off, doubling Pierce's stake. "Play eighteen dollars," said Pierce.

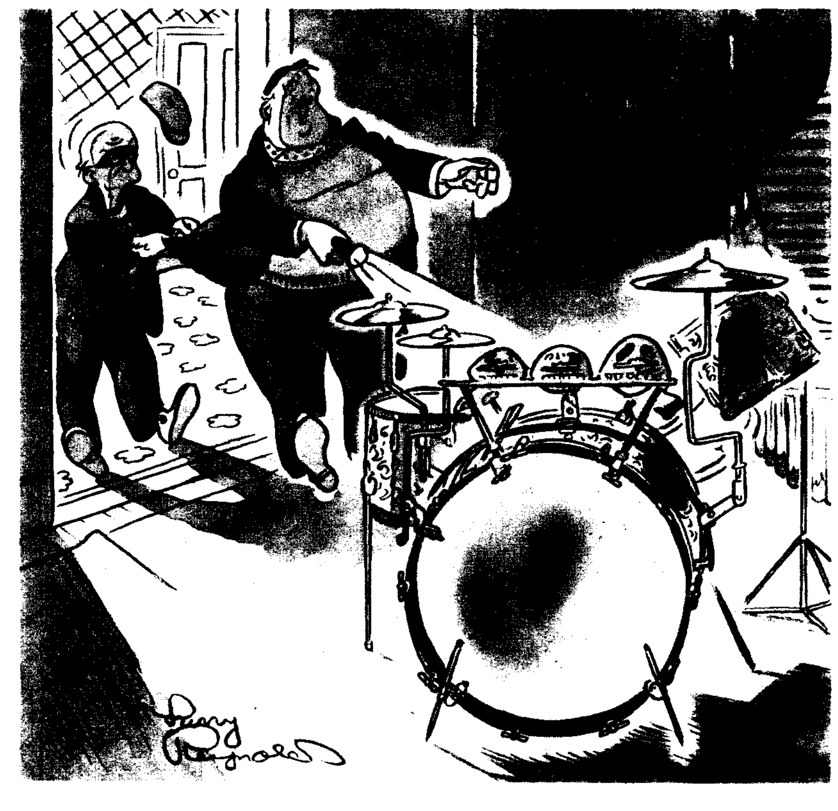
Ollie Rounds said, "Luck."

The cards came around again. Pierce studied his pair and stood pat. Somebody stirred the crowd behind him and pressure pushed Pierce against the blackjack table. The dealer said, "Pay twenty."

"Pay me," said Pierce, and turned to have a look at the cause of the confusion. George Ives had made a hole in the crowd with his shoulders and George Ives' face was ruddy red and his green eyes danced. "Friend," he said, "I just remembered we had a conversation."

The blackjack dealer cut in, speaking to Pierce: "What're you playing?"

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds



Pierce turned to Ollie: "Play my stack. Play it straight through." He turned from the table again, watching the crowd give George Ives room. This Ives, Pierce considered, cut a figure in his clothes. He had a tremendous diamond ring and when he lifted his hand to adjust the flowing black tie at his throat, the gem flashed like an engine's headlight. But if he was a fop he also had a straight-grained nerve. He wanted trouble; he laughed at the thought of trouble and now stood inviting it.

"I guess we did," admitted Pierce. "You bring a good reason?"

"A fight's a fight," said Ives. "I think I can do you in."

The crowd had backed against the tent walls, sensing violence. The dealer said, "I'll pay eighteen," and Ollie Rounds answered, "Pay here then."

Pierce saw Ketchum poised like a sullen dog near the door, and then his glance returned to Ives' full-blooded face, to the man's high smile and to the dancing deviltry of his eyes. "All right," said Pierce, "here's your fun," and caught him across the mouth with a short, smashing blow.

Ives, making his stand for the crowd's benefit, had not been quite prepared. He fell backward and down, striking the packed-dirt floor with his head; he rolled like a cat and leaped up and his smile came broad and brilliant through a sudden-bleeding cut in his lips. He hallooed a great shout and dropped his head a little and ran in.

He was a faster man than Pierce; he had his skill and his complete assurance. He struck Pierce twice on the head as Pierce slid sidewise and his eyes, now small and cool, measured Pierce and he struck again, catching Pierce on the neck.

HURT, Pierce jumped forward, struck Ives a single, sweeping blow on the cheekbone and stunned the man in his tracks. Ives brought up his arms to cover himself. Pierce tore them down. He moved on, step by step, beating Ives backward. He made a second jump and seized Ives at the chest and lifted him from his feet and threw him against the tent wall. Ives stumbled and fought for balance, half bent over. Pierce caught him again and at these close quarters he pounded at Ives' face with his left hand until he saw light turn gray in the man's eyes; and he lifted him from his feet and flung him to the hard dirt floor, and stepped back.

Ives was hurt. He lay on his side without wind.

Ollie Rounds cried out, "Stand still, Rube!"

Pierce now remembered the doglike Ketchum and wheeled and found Ketchum frozen in his crouch, one hand gripping the gun at his belt. Ollie Rounds had stopped that draw before completion; he had turned from the blackjack table to fling the muzzle of his revolver dead down on Ketchum. "Stand still, Rube!" he repeated.

Ives came up from the floor and braced himself on spread legs. He scrubbed sweat and dirt and blood from his face with a slow pull of his palm. He lifted his chin and found Pierce. The smile was gone and the assurance was gone, so that for a moment he was dull and voiceless and not in command of himself.

The blackjack dealer said, "How about this stack?"

"Cash in," Pierce said. "We've had fun enough." He never let his eyes leave George Ives, and now watched remembrance come to the man. The dash and daring, Pierce observed, were a thin cover stretched over Ives' character; for what he saw now—coming out through the breaks of that cover—was a ruined pride and a cruel, conscience-

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less greed to repair it. Yet Ives was a dissembling man; now he searched for his smile and found one ragged streak of it, and said, "I thought I might do you in, friend. You're better than I figured. But you're slow. Next time—"

"What next time?" asked Pierce.

"Always a next time," said George Ives, and made a sharp turn on his heel and left the saloon. Ketchum followed like an obedient dog.

Ollie Rounds murmured, "Here's your velvet," and slid the blackjack stake into Pierce's pocket. He caught Pierce by the arm and his tone got rougher, "Come on—come on," and he moved with Pierce to the saloon's door. Out in the street Pierce stopped and felt the weight of his pocket. "What's there?"

"I ran it through the deal four times straight. More than five hundred dollars. Let's get out of this. I don't like it."

THEY moved over the street, hearing the hum and boil of talk rise again in the Gem. Ketchum and Ives had vanished and Ollie Rounds seemed in a greater and greater haste. At the stable wherein Pierce had made his lodging, Rounds retreated into the runway's darkness and called Pierce after him. "Where's your gun?"

"Haven't got one."

"Man—man," grumbled Ollie Rounds, "what's the matter with you? Take mine. I'll get another."

"Ollie," said Pierce, "thanks."

But Ollie Rounds was already on his way to the rear entrance of the stable and his voice came back with its overriding urgency: "Think fast. They'll be back." With that final warning he disappeared.

Pierce lifted the gun given to him; he sighted it against the stable's single lantern to check its loads. The hostler, smelling trouble, had drawn away from him and the hostler called from the blackness of a stall: "I don't want a fight in here. Move on, friend. Move on."

Pierce advanced to the edge of the archway, thus commanding a view of the street. Men trafficked steadily in and out of the Gem and the other saloons and dance halls sitting side by side; and freighters rolled out of town, and more men came in from the hills to leave their dust on Lewiston's bars. His teeth ached from the beating he had taken around the face and his scarred knuckles steadily throbbed. Another upriver boat had landed and the passengers marched up from the landing and barkers ran out of the saloons and began to call, and a solitary figure paused in front of the Luna House briefly and afterward walked forward. He was for a little while in the shadows but even then the manner of his trudging gait and the swing of his bulky shoulders arrested Pierce's interest; a moment later he crossed a beam of store light and turned over to the Gem and at that instant Pierce identified him. This was Mister Sitgreaves, plodding doggedly upon his errand of retribution.

Pierce had been holding the gun in his hand. Now he tucked it inside his belt and as soon as Sitgreaves entered the saloon Pierce left the stable and walked to the Luna House. He got Diana's room number from the clerk, climbed the stairs and knocked at her door.

The first thing he noticed, when she opened the door, was the quick look of fear that came to her face; and the first thing she said was, "What's wrong, Jeff? What happened?"

"Nothing," he said, and wondered at the impulse that had brought him here. "I thought I'd say goodby. I'm leaving for Alder Gulch."

She wore a long woolen robe which she had evidently purchased since her arrival, and her hair had been done high on her head for the night. She faced him, holding the lapels of the robe together, and for a brief moment she showed him a lost and lonely expression. "I thought you meant to stay."

"No," he said. Then he smiled. "I met you in the middle of the night. Now I'm saying goodby in the middle of the night." When he smiled the bitter alum of his spirit vanished and left him cheerful. He had, she thought quickly, two complete sides to him, one on which the world had laid its marks of distrust and hardness, and one which remained buoyant and free. It made her say with some vehemence, "Why did you bother to come here at all?"

"Maybe," he said, "just to say thanks." Then he gave her a keen glance. "Or maybe not. I don't really know."

She lowered her eyes. Her hair blackly glistened under the lamplight, her skin was fair and smooth and rose-colored; she had a woman's good and wide and clean-edged lips. She lifted her head and then he saw the flare of the same alert spirit which had been with her in Madame Bessie's. The same half-hidden sense of enjoyment was there. "There's nothing here for me, Jeff. Take me with you."

"Why?"

She made expressive turns with her two hands. "Everybody's going on to Alder Gulch. I don't want to be caught in another back eddy as I was in Portland."

"It is a hard trip."

"I won't complain." She watched him and saw his smile go. The change that went through him was clear enough, turning her heart heavy. "I know," she softly added, "what you are thinking. I shall be alone with you again. I am making myself cheaper." She sighed and she shrugged her shoulders. "We must make the best of it. Take me."

"All right," he said. "Meet me in the lobby in half an hour. I'll get an outfit together."

"You'll need my purse again."

"I had a little luck at blackjack," he said. He turned down the hall at once, crossed the street and ducked into the livery barn. Forty-five minutes afterward he brought a hastily acquired outfit—a horse for each of them and a third for a pack animal—into a dark alley near the Luna House. She was on the hotel's porch waiting and came at once to him. He gave her a hand to the sidesaddle of her horse and immediately turned northwest in the direction of Walla Walla. He said, "This will be a rough trip. I want to push along fast."

"I don't mind."

"Here we go for Alder Gulch."

THEY camped that night in a stage station on the old Fort Walla Walla road and next day reached the junction of the Palouse and turned northeast along a route heavily marked by travel. Two days later they were at the Spokane and here swung east, curling around the Coeur d'Alene Lake. A driving day's ride brought them into the Coeur d'Alene Mission. So far they had been in open, rolling land, and so far they had found shelter in toll-ferry houses or lone horse camps and rough taverns sprung up on the trail. Beyond the mission lay the rough and timbered heights of the Bitterroots into which the trail plunged and lifted and dodged from canyon to canyon. They forded creeks swollen by spring rain and slipped through deep mud mire. Five days from Lewiston they arrived at the summit of the Bitterroots and came beside the St. Regis River, which moved east into a mountain valley skirted by high hills. They camped here in a driving rain, covered by dark pines weeping dismally on them. Diana cooked supper over a fire which Pierce nursed into a roaring blaze; they made their beds on the sodden ground, wrapped in the tarps Pierce had thought to buy in Lewiston.

A great rain wind whirled over the mountains and cried and crashed through the trees. The fire soon died. The river moved through its rocky glen with a battering roar. Pierce watched the near-by shape of Diana beneath her tarp, wondering if she slept. Then he heard her say, "You haven't told me why you left Lewiston in such a hurry."

"I saw Sitgreaves come into town. He was the captain's brother."

She was a yard away from him and she turned beneath the tarp so that he saw her face as a pale image in the tempestuous night. "You're not afraid. Why did you run?"

HE LAY still and carefully brought up those reasons which had been so clear to him in Lewiston. On sight of Sitgreaves he had known he could do one of two things—he could run or he could kill the man; and he had at once known he would run.

"Those two men were drivers. That's the way they ran the ship. But that's the way all ships are operated. According to their lights they were good officers. They figured they had to be brutal or else lose control of the crew. That's the system at sea. The captain had to settle me or watch his whole crew go overside, for the rest of the men were the same as I was, prisoners shanghaied aboard. He missed me with his shot and I hit him. It might have been the other way around just as easily. I had luck and he didn't. I don't blame the skipper. I feel sorry for what happened to him. There isn't any mercy in the world."

Wind howled and slashed through the pines and the river beat up its cannonading roar; and the world's raw force sang its terrible hallelujah through the dark.

"This mate Sitgreaves was the same. He saw his brother die. He liked his brother and so he told himself he'd come after me. You see what's in the man's mind? He thinks right and justice are on his side. He's not a crook. If he were I would have shot him out of his saddle in Lewiston."

"What a strange mixture of things I see and hear in you," she murmured.

They followed the St. Regis, through little valleys and between great, dark gorges. They traveled rapidly by a steady stream of traffic moving toward the new gold strike, past wagon trains and solitary riders, past lumbering lines of supply outfits, past graves fresh-cut in the yellow-clay soil; down long mountain grades thick with mud and through little valleys turning green and between the lanes of pine and early spring flowers, red and yellow and white. The smell of everything around them was thin and wild, and everything was new and empty and vast.

At the mouth of the Deer Lodge they swung south, here coming upon three women who traveled with a freight outfit. One of the women was Lil Shannon. She gave them a wave of her hand as they ran on. Ten days from Lewiston they labored over a rough spur of the Rockies and saw the country undulate before them in long, heavy and barren stringers. "Over there," said Pierce, "is Alder Gulch." That night they stopped in a miner's settlement and a miner's squaw wife took Diana into a house while Pierce pitched camp beside a creek.

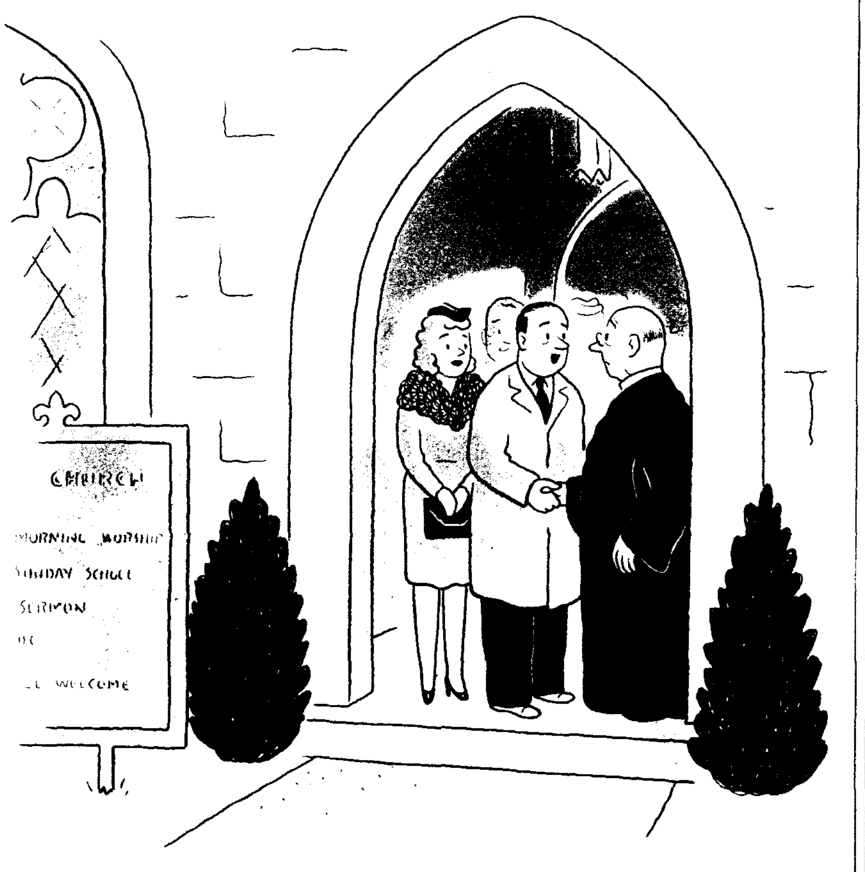
They were not far from journey's end now, and the sense of ending was with them again, bringing its uncertainty and its strangeness. During the evening Diana came out and joined Pierce over the campfire, to match his silence with her own. When he did speak up it was to ask a question he had asked her before:

"What will you do?"

She shrugged it aside, not thinking of it. All along the route they had dropped little pieces of their individual stories so that now they knew each other better. It was of this that Diana spoke.

"How did you ever come to leave home, Jeff? You never told me."

"Six of us in the family. Four boys



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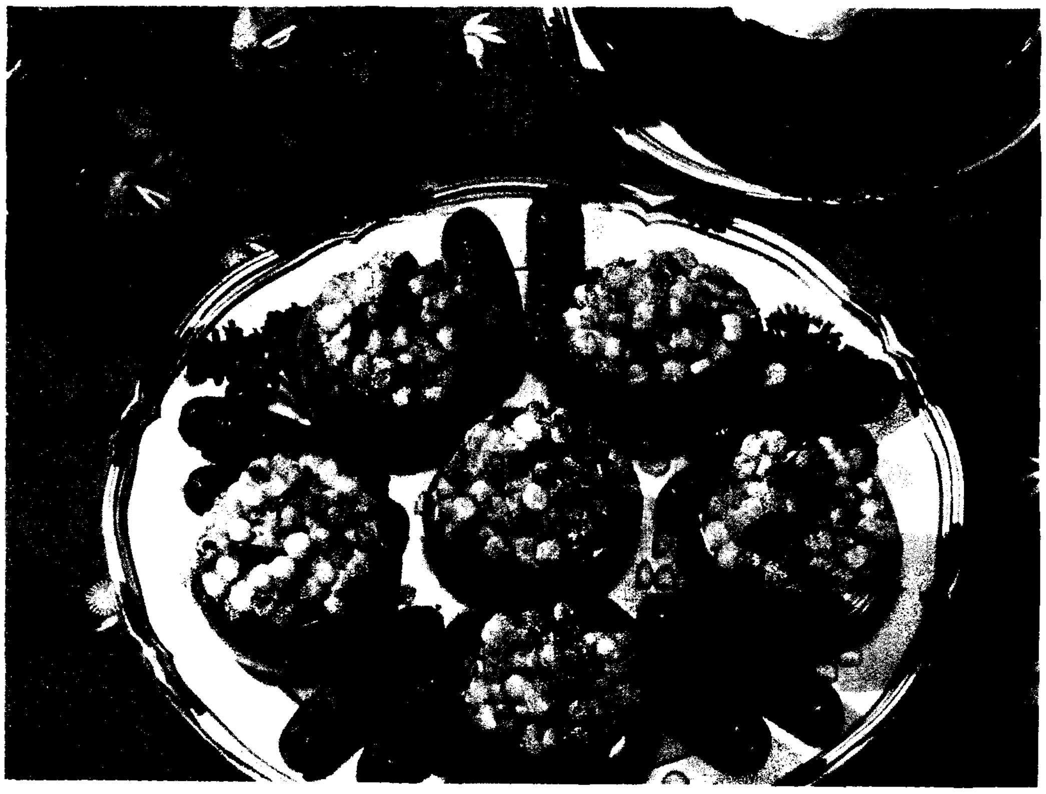

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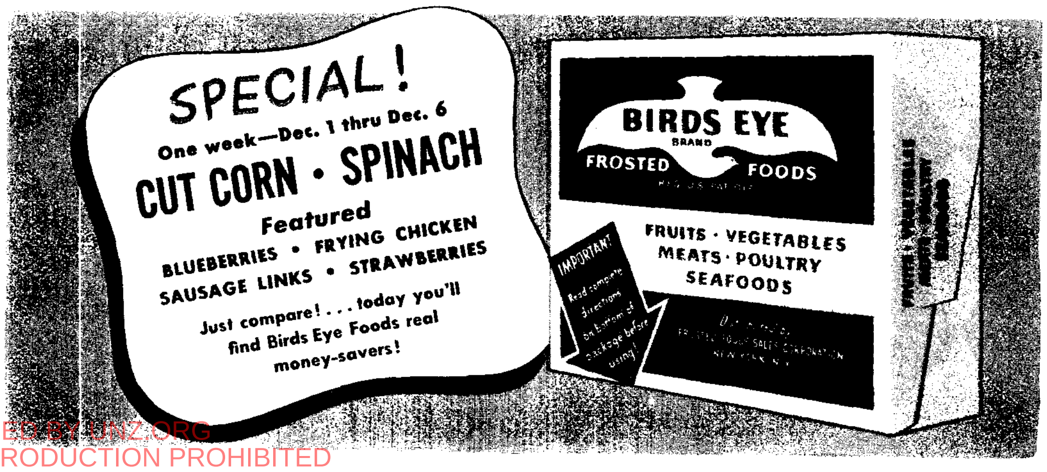
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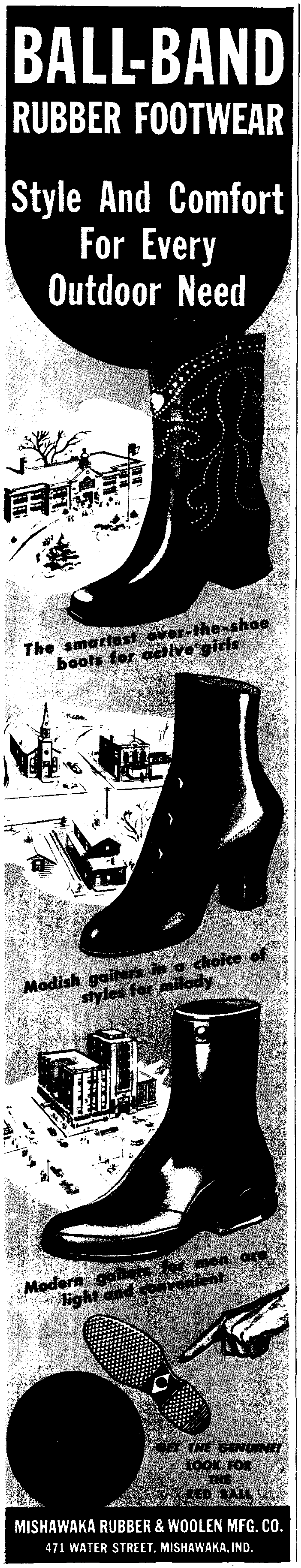

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and two girls. My father died and my mother moved to Boston to get work. There never was enough work. One day she called my oldest brother into the house and handed him a dollar. That was about all the money we had. She just said, 'You'll have to go out and make your way. I can't keep you.' He was fifteen at the time. I remember she kissed him and pushed him out and closed the door. We never saw him again. Work was scarce and all of us were starving most of the time. My mother had nothing else she could do. When my next oldest brother was fourteen she sent him away. It went like that until there were my two sisters and myself left.

"One day when I was twelve I came home from school and found her waiting for me at the door. She had tied my clothes in a bundle. She had a loaf of bread and some apples in a sack. There wasn't any dollar. She just said, 'It is your turn.' She had kissed my other brothers when they left. She didn't kiss me. I was the youngest boy. She didn't even take my hand. She just said, 'Goodby.' I went down the road about two hundred yards. When I looked back I saw her in the doorway. That was the hardest moment in my life, nothing like it before or since. I wanted to cry, but she wasn't crying—she had been through so much she couldn't cry any more—and so I couldn't cry. I waved at her. She didn't wave back. She just closed the door and I went down the road."

He bent forward to poke up the fire and she saw the flame of the fire in his eyes, the bitterness on his face, the bare and depthless hurt leaking through him. "I got a job as breaker boy in a mine, and one thing and another, drifting from place to place. Just before the war broke out I came back from St. Louis to find her. I had written a few times but the letters never got to her. She had been moving around from one shack to another. Well, I went back. She was dead. My sisters were married. Never heard from my brothers." He dropped a piece of brush into the fire and added, "It took me ten years to understand why she didn't kiss me when she pushed me out of the house. She couldn't stand to do it. It would have made things that much harder. I have since never been able to feel the troubles of other people very much. When I think of her everything else looks pretty small."

She had said nothing. Turning, he saw that she had tears in her eyes, that she had her fingers tightly together and tried to keep from making a sound. He put a hand on her shoulder. "Shouldn't have mentioned it. It is my life, not yours."

SHE stood up. She pressed the tears from her eyes with the end of a finger. He rose, again speaking: "Never mind. I have gotten along, and so will you. Just remember that the hand of man is raised against the hand of man wherever you go. It will save you a lot of misery."

"I wish you didn't think that," she said. "Everything else about you is good. But you will always be like that until some day you'll see that people are kinder than you think. How lonely you are."

He smiled in a fashion that was for him rather gentle and apologetic, as though he realized what he was and could not help it and wished it otherwise. And his smile was sorry for her tears. "Never let a man make you cry, Diana."

"I can't be like that. I must trust people. I can never lock myself away from them. What is the use of living if you have nothing or nobody to live for?"

She remained before him, watching his face in the close and deeply personal way she had; and the warm light of her eyes grew and her face changed in a manner he could not describe, but suddenly she was a shape and a substance before him and a fragrance and a melody all around him, so that the loneliness that always lived in him grew insupportable. The wall he held up against the world went down; the standards he held concerning women dropped away. She was before him and there was nothing between them—no barrier of his own making and none that he felt from her. He moved ahead and put his long arms around her and, watching her lips lift, he saw that she was smiling; and so he kissed her.

THERE was never any completion to a kiss, never the full giving of those things in him and never the whole receiving of that mystery which lay in a woman. He pulled back, angered at himself and on the point of apologizing. But the apology faded when he saw her smile die. She was fully open to him and silently saying it. In her a great tide moved and washed away her reserve, so that she faced him and read confidently what was in him and waited without embarrassment for him to read what was in her. She touched him with her hand and said, "Jeff," and she was waiting; and that hidden sense of excitement moved into view, as though this moment was a high point of her life for which she had so long prayed.

He dropped his head, he shook his head. He stepped clear and at once the fineness of the moment went away and his earliest doubt of her came back. For a little while she had carried him beyond anything he had experienced; now that was gone and his stubborn and familiar standards moved forward. By these he judged her.

"We have been together too long," he said. "The fault was mine."

She was stone-still and then the change of her expression shocked him. She looked as though he had hit her across the face. She was cold and stunned, the great, fine blaze of light dying from her eyes and leaving her dull. She caught her breath and turned away, half-running back to the miner's cabin.

He kicked out the fire and walked over its coals until the heat scorched his boots. He was in the sharp-winded darkness, let down and bitter. She had offered too much to a man she had known only ten days; looking at him she had made no reservations.

They were on the trail at daybreak, saying nothing. They camped that night on the Beaverhead and next day reached the Stinkingwater at the mouth of Alder Gulch. This was the last day. Turning up the Gulch they passed stage stations, filed through a rocky, narrow chasm choked by teams and riders and men afoot, and came upon a settlement. The road straggled upgrade with the Gulch, along whose edges were the potholes of prospectors one upon another. Camps clung to the edge of the Gulch, strung together like beads. They came to Nevada City, followed the road over a hill and came upon Virginia City, its streets and cross-streets ephemerally marked out by tents and a few board houses; they made their way to the center of town and here halted.

Pierce lifted his hat. "This is it," he said.

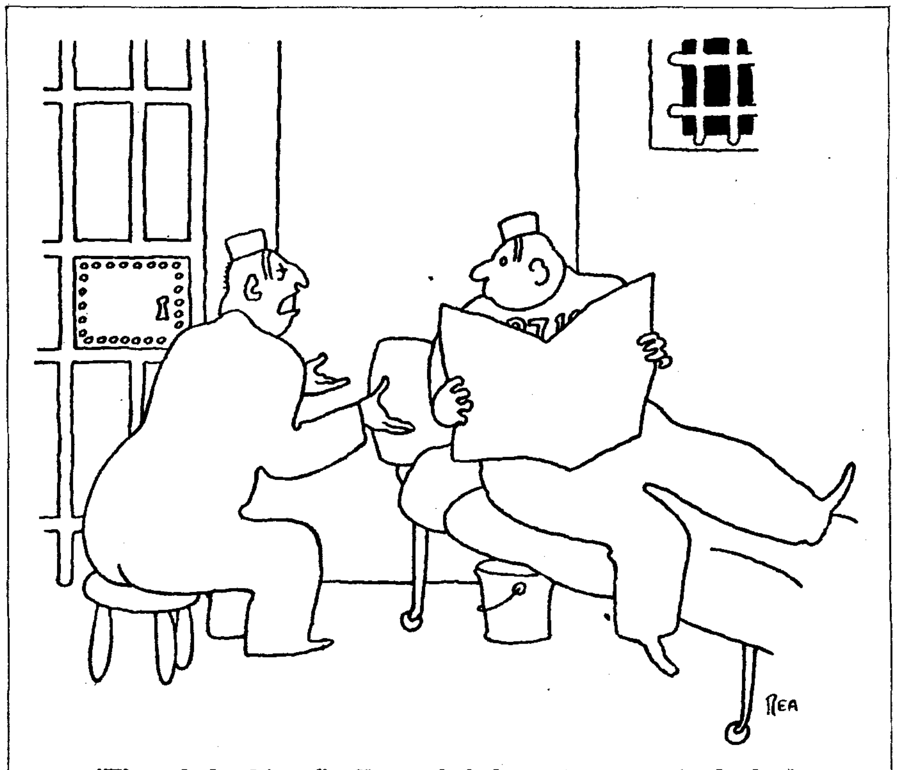
"Thank you, Jeff."

"If there is anything you wish me to do—"

They were two strangers face to face across an unbridged canyon; and even as she thanked him her expressive hazel eyes were cool and showed him a reserve that seemed unchangeable. "No," she said. "There is nothing more."

HE BOWED, replaced his hat, and moved away through the crowd. Alder Creek sparkled under a fresh sun and four thousand prospectors stood along it with their sluices and pans and long toms and gutted the hillside where once an old river's channel had dropped its gold treasure. Somewhere a gun went off, making a nasal complaint but drawing no notice whatever. This was Virginia City in Montana, June of 1863. Near by the Ruby Mountains and the Tobacco Roots lifted burly shoulders to the sky, and civilization and law were a thousand miles away, and men of all kinds and qualities poured as a steady stream from the corners of America. Here Diana Castle and Jeff Pierce now found themselves. He turned a corner and saw a saloon's sign on a wall: "Jack Tanner's." Music from a hurdy-gurdy house adjoining came out with the shouts of customers and the brief, calculated laughter of the dance-hall girls.

(To be continued next week)



"The whole thing finally settled down to a caustic duel of witticisms between my lawyer and the judge—so here I am"

GARDNER REA

How high is up?

People sometimes come to us and say something like this: *"I make $40 a week. How much life insurance should I own?"*

We wish we could answer that question. But, frankly, it is a little like asking: "How high is up?" or "How long is a piece of string?" The only answer we know is: "It depends."

The amount of life insurance a man should own depends on a great many things. Each man's case is a strictly individual problem. For example: Is he married? How many children has he? How old are his children? Has he other dependents? Does he own a home? Is it mortgaged? What is his occupation? What are his other assets?

If a man is not married, he may not require so much protection as a man making the same income who is married and has four children. A man who owns a home may want to provide additional insurance to enable his widow to pay off a mortgage. These and a great many other considerations make it impossible to lay down any one rule or set forth statistics governing how much life insurance any particular man should own.

An average figure should never be taken as a guide in determining the insurance needs of any given individual. For instance, one man may find that a certain per cent of his income will buy the kind and amount of life insurance that he should own, under his circumstances. His neighbor, on the other hand, may find that this same per cent of income provides more than adequate protection.

That is why the question: "How much life insurance should I own?" can be answered intelligently only after a trained, experienced life insurance agent has made a conscientious study of each individual problem.

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This is Number 44 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Including dog-bite . . .

Once there was a man who was knee-deep in insurance policies.

He had life insurance, fire insurance, burglary, hail, theft, flood, hurricane, and accident insurance. He even had a dog-bite policy.

You'd think a man so well protected would have little to worry about. Yet every night when this man went to bed, he would toss and turn for hours. Because . . .

He forgot to insure sleep!

This man was like a great many other people: he was affected by the caffein in coffee. It kept him awake. Still, he loved coffee so much he just *couldn't* give it up!

Now, if this insurance-padded gentleman had been *really* wise, he would have taken out sleep insurance—with Sanka Coffee. For Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free and just *can't* keep anybody awake!

And not only that: Sanka Coffee is the richest, mellowest, best-tasting sleep insurance a coffee lover ever murmured "Ummmm" over! For so skillfully is 97% of the caffein removed from Sanka Coffee that not one savor of flavor is lost in the process.

Remember—Sanka Coffee is a blend of fine Central and South American coffees. It is *all* coffee . . . *real* coffee . . . mighty *tasty* coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee . . . three times a day! You'll drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE!

DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

Beyond the Game

Continued from page 12

what to do, Mister Davis, an' we'll see you don't get smashed up."

"Behind that line," Buck said, "nobody lays a finger on you."

Clifford began to laugh, but a growing excitement beat in his chest. It wasn't like playing for one's college but it would be football at its peak. He'd have an opportunity to prove the plays diagramed in his notebook, his theories of generalship. And, perhaps, to prove himself.

"I'll do it," he said.

Stan's pale eyes glowed.

"Now we go to town lak hell."

SUNDAY morning Clifford decided to make a trip into Pittsburgh and collect his gear. He would also drop in on Miss Julie Wentworth, tell her the big news and find out just how much space Flash Reynolds was occupying in that young lady's affections.

The station platform was deserted except for a girl. His mind, still occupied with pleasurable fancies, discerned absently something familiar about her tall, slender figure. She stood in a shaft of early sunlight that illumined corn-colored hair and clear, pale Slavic eyes, slanting obliquely under straight, dark eyebrows. In her hand, she held a small valise like a doctor's bag.

Clifford stared at her, puzzling over a memory that wouldn't become definite.

She smiled suddenly and came toward him, her hand extended. "I'm Manya Polansky," she said, her voice deep and warm.

"Of course."

Her handclasp was firm and direct. The touch of her long fingers was like a welcome that had been denied him.

"Stan told me you're going to play with the Moles. It will be wonderful."

"I may be an awful flop," Clifford said.

She looked at him, her glance level and serious. Her eyes were silver-gray. She wore no hat. Her corn-gold hair was bound about her head in a coronet of braids.

"I do not think so," she said.

A local train clattered into the station. She smiled again, and went to get aboard. Clifford walked beside her. From the steps, she leaned down and said, enigmatically, "Soon you will be one of us."

Clifford watched the train depart.

Dim recollections of Manya Polansky at college returned to him. She had been a class ahead. He recalled now noticing her solitary figure crossing the campus. She had the reputation of being a grind. She had not mixed or made friends.

His own train arrived and he started toward the smoker, stopped, held by some irrational compulsion. The conductor stared at him, arm raised and waiting. "Well," he said, "are you or aren't you?"

"I'm not," Clifford said. "Sorry."

Perplexed by his inexplicable actions, he walked slowly back to the office, unlocked the door, went in and sat down. He opened his notebook and began to work out a new play. As he arranged the squares and circles, excitement gathered in him. This one wouldn't remain stillborn on white paper. It would be tested by big, strong young men in the heat of conflict. The whole thing was crazy, but suddenly the days ahead had meaning.

THE Moles' practice field was hard as flint. Stubborn clumps of grass growing out of the coal-strained earth only emphasized its bareness. But Clifford didn't notice. He drew lines on the dirt and said to the players surrounding him, "You've got to time that play closer. Split seconds. Maciek!"

Pete Maciek's great body curled forward like a wave about to break.

"Yeah?"

"You took four steps instead of three on that 27 play. That crowds Twardowski as he's blocking out the opposing tackle."

"What the hell," Maciek said. "I ain't got time to count. Anyway, I made twelve yards."

Clifford lifted his head. Here it was. Out in the open at last, and he'd have to face it. At first, due to Stan Polansky's enthusiasm, the team had given willing co-operation. But in the last few practices, Clifford had sensed a change of attitude, a subtle mounting opposition. It was the same old thing, he thought: he was an outsider, a "boss."

His glance found Maciek's face in the growing dusk. What he saw there startled him. Hatred, raw and violent, sprang out of the bold, reckless dark eyes.

Clifford drew a deep breath, debating frantically what attitude to take. Before he could speak, Stan Polansky's voice cut in sharply: "What Cliff says goes, Pete."

"Yeah?"

"You heard me."

"We'll try that play once more," Clifford said. "And call it quits for today."

Maciek stalked to his position. Clifford crouched behind the center. His hands, he noticed, were shaking. The ball came directly to him. He pivoted as Maciek crossed fast and shoved the ball into his belly. Maciek took three steps, hesitated, took another, and cut in. The opposing tackle shoved Twardowski into the ball carrier. Maciek tried to squirm through the closing hole, tripped and went down. Clifford turned away. "That's all," he said. He heard Maciek laugh and say, "I took three steps that time, and see what it done!"

CLIFFORD hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders and went on. A warm, deep voice said, out of the quick darkness, "Cliff."

He saw Manya standing at the field's edge. She had come to all the practices, but usually left before the end.

"I should have said Mr. Davis, should I not? But always, at college, I've thought of you as Cliff."

"Mr. Davis would be the last straw."

"Things are going badly, aren't they?" Manya asked.

"It won't work," Clifford said slowly. "I'd better step out before there's real trouble. The team will split into factions soon."

"That mustn't happen."

"I'll politely withdraw," Clifford said. "Everybody will forget."

"That will be a mistake."

"Maybe I'll chuck the whole business," Clifford said bitterly. "Dad will rave, but he ought to see I'm a washout at this job. Anyway, he can't force me to stay on."

"No," Manya said. "You must not. It would be bad—for you. There are things about this you do not understand. Pete Maciek has always been the star of the Moles. He is enraged because he thinks you will take from him his glory."

"But, great heavens," Clifford cried, "why should anyone . . . ?"

Manya turned from him, smiling. "It's silly, isn't it?"

"Crazy."

"I shall talk to Stan. Do nothing yet. Good night."

Early next morning, Clifford was almost dressed when there was a knock on his door.

"Come in," he said

Stan Polansky entered, dressed for his shift in the mine.

"Hi," Clifford said. "What's on your mind?"

"Plenty. Manya's been givin' me the going over. Between her and that Pete Maciek and some more, I get a headache."

"How do you think I feel?"

"Look, Cliff," Stan said. "I never expect nothin' like this."

"Well, I can drop out and no feelings hurt."

Stan shook his head. "Not wit' Manya runnin' things, you can't. She's got a plan all workit out, see."

"Let's hear it."

"Nope. I can't tell." Stan gazed at his hands in embarrassment. "Me, I'm captain of the Moles, see?"

"Sure."

"Well, I say who starts and who don't. That is, me and Buck Wilson. I'm gonna start Maciek callin' plays Saturday night against them Scranton Beavers. But I want you on the bench, ready."

Clifford finished knotting his tie. In the mirror he could see Stan's face, earnest and slightly flushed.

"I don't think so," he said.

"Manya wants it like that."

"The team doesn't," Clifford said.

"Them dimwits."

"You'll only make things worse, Stan."

"I'll chancit."

"I'm leaving here the end of October," Clifford said.

He heard the words echo and re-echo in the quiet. Outside, the sun burned golden on the raw black mound of a breaker. Men hurried to the pit mouths.

"You'll be late," he said to Stan. "I'll turn up, Saturday."

FLOODLIGHTS cast blue-white radiance over the playing field. In the dark stands ten thousand cigarette tips twinkled, as the first half ended. Clifford got up from the bench and trotted with the rest of the subs toward the dressing room. The scoreboard read Beavers 7, Moles 0. In the crowded, hot room, he found a bench in the corner and sought its obscurity. Pete Maciek leaned his great body against a locker and tugged off a ripped jersey. His dark face was sullen and baffled. Three times the Moles had missed touchdown chances. Buck Wilson stood apart, talking to Stan Polansky. The players muttered and grumbled. The Beavers were one of the weaker league teams. If the Moles lost to them, their future was dismal.

A minute before the time for returning to the field, Buck Wilson said, "Coupla changes for the second half. Kurnakowiez in place of Magarski. Maciek will play fullback instead of Szaro. Davis will take Maciek's place and call the plays."

Pete's head jerked up. "Who says?"

"I do," Wilson snapped. "Get on out now and take that gang apart."

Clifford, waiting for the kickoff, tried to rub life into his numb hands. He was scared, absolutely petrified; he'd never be able to move from where he stood between the huge forms of Maciek and Jo Bogda, the number-two back.

A long way upfield, he saw the burly figures of the Scranton Beavers spread across the forty-yard line. The whistle shrilled. The ball arched forward and fell into Jo's arms.

Stan yelled, "Drop back, Cliff," and cut in ahead of Bogda. The play swept forward, gathered momentum, split apart and ended on the twenty-yard line.

The Moles huddled about Clifford.

"Quick kick," he said. "Ends down fast."

It was an overwhelming surprise. The ball rolled with a frantic Beaver safety man following and the Mole ends after him like cats. It was touched down on the three-yard line. Tumult began in the stands. Stan slapped Clifford joyously on the back as they lined up. The Beavers tried two plays, collected four yards and kicked. Maciek caught the ball on the forty-yard line of their opponents and moved up three.

"Eighteen," Clifford said. "Pass. They're rattled."

BOGDA heaved the ball thirty yards. Stan was completely uncovered. He went over the goal line standing up. The night was riven by howls of glee. Stan came back and kicked the extra point.

The Beavers elected to receive. They were far from beaten. Half their team were ex-college stars.

They received the kick and opened up with everything they had. After scoring, the Moles had momentarily let down. With the pressure on, they couldn't get going again. Pass, tackle slant, pass, line buck, pass, the Beavers worked down to the Moles' thirty-yard line. Here they shook a man loose. He came roaring down the side line, a big high-running back with a broken nose.

Clifford cut over, his heart sinking. Could he stop that two hundred pounds of bone and muscle? Then, with relief, he saw Maciek coming up fast from the safety position. He could worry the ball carrier and make it surer for Pete. The three runners converged. Clifford saw Maciek's face turn and a grin of malice and rage contort his features, as he deliberately missed the tackle.

Cold fury replaced the uncertainty in Clifford's mind. The Beaver back had swung out as Maciek failed. He was only a stride away. Clifford dove under the stiff arm and tackled. They went down and as they sprawled a knee drove viciously into Clifford's stomach. Pain, like a knife, sliced his body. The sky fell on him. When he came to. Buck Wilson and Stan were bending over him.

"You come out," Wilson said.

"I'm okay," Clifford said. "Let me get my wind."

"No chanct," Stan said. "Out you go."

"I'm going to stay," Clifford said stubbornly. He got up, drew a deep breath and walked about. He felt shaken but nothing was wrong. The Moles were watching him. He saw their faces anxious and concerned. Kurnakowiez said, "Nice work, Meester Davis."

"Where the hell do you get that 'Mister', you big ape?" Clifford said.

They all grinned.

"Where's Maciek?" Clifford asked.

"I benched him," Stan said grimly.

"Bring him back, we need him."

"But the dirty louse . . ."

"Do we want this game, or don't we?"

"Sure, but—"

"Get him back."

Maciek returned, his face inscrutable. The whistle blew. Golemski slapped Clifford as he went by.

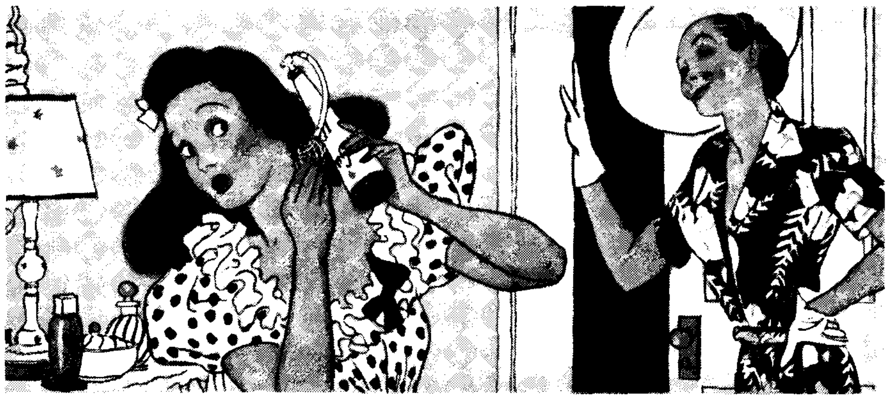
"Boy, we don't let nothin' like that happen again."

On the next play the broken-nosed back was carried from the game.

Clifford stood behind that array of huge figures, satisfaction singing in his heart. "Gasiorowski, Kurnakowiez, Golemski and Timoleon," he paraphrased, "guard the field that I play on."

The Beaver attack had been upset by the happening. They made only three yards in two downs. A pass failed, and they lined up to attempt a field

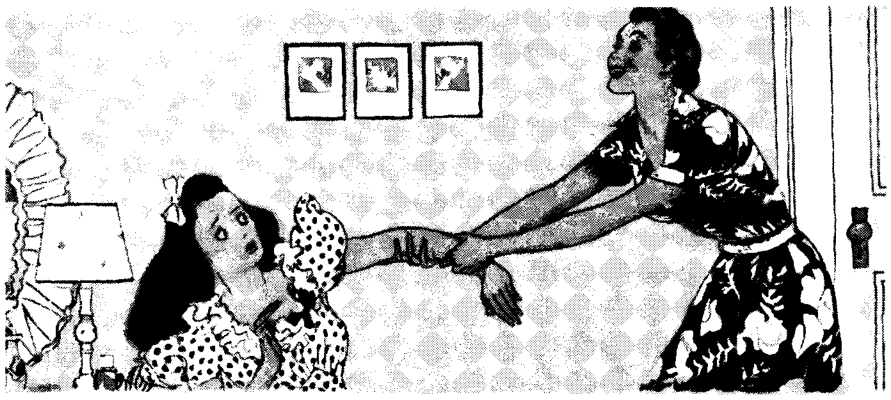
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Beckhoff



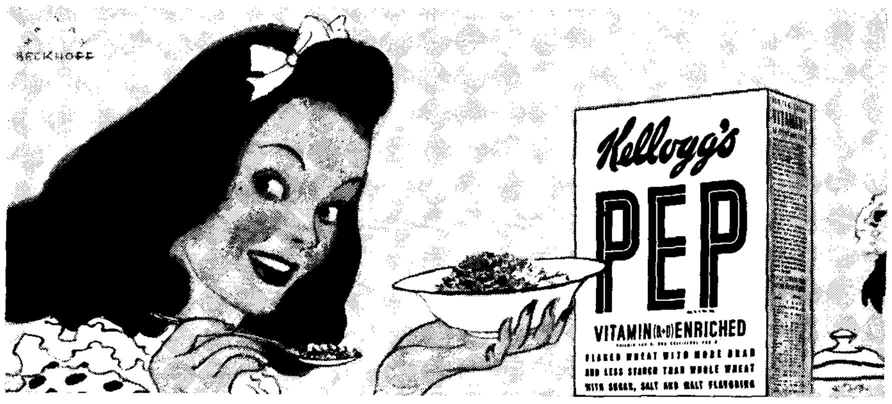
Mary Jr: Oh! Hello, Mother . . . I didn't expect you.
Mary Sr: Obviously, darling! But why didn't you *ask* to use my perfume?

Fatal Evening

Mary Jr: I guess it was the name on the bottle that got me: *"Fatal Evening"!* I'm sick of being a wallflower. A girl's *got* to have a *little* appeal—or *something.*



Mary Sr: You don't know how right you are! And the "something" *you* need doesn't come in pretty glass bottles! The way you've been eating lately! What can you expect if you don't get your vitamins? Vitamins for pep! A little *"pep appeal"* will do more for you than all the perfumes in the world!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Mary Sr: And right here's where you make a start toward getting your vitamins. You must have them *all,* you know, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones, B_1 and D.
Mary Jr: Hey! This is the best cereal I ever tasted! If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch what a change there's going to be in me!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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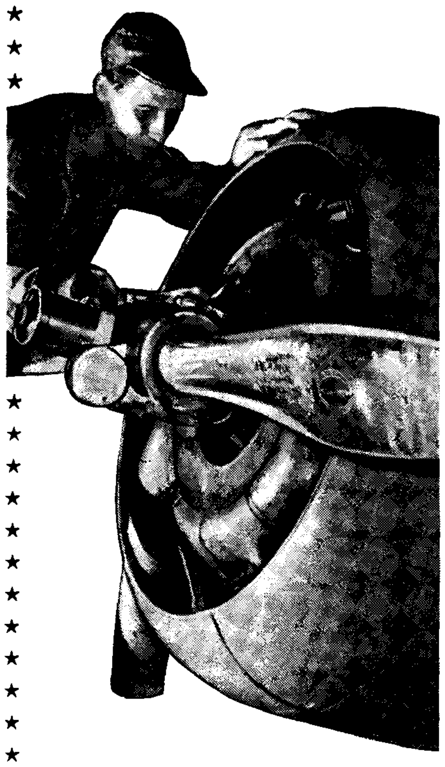

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Fifth Corps Area....Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area.........................Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area..................Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area....Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to:

Enlisted Division F-1, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.

goal. Stan came in like a tornado and blocked the kick. It was the Moles' ball on their own fifteen.

In the huddle, Clifford said, "Twenty-seven. Maciek inside tackle." Pete started to speak, turned away, muttering. Clifford shoved the ball into Pete's arms. He took three steps, four, cut in, and was stopped cold. Clifford said, "Same play." Pete's eyes burned dark with rage. He cut on the third step and made eleven yards. Clifford said, "We're going to shake you loose on the next one."

It was a beautiful play. Clifford could see its neat arrangement on the white paper of his notebook. Now, he'd find out . . . The Beavers were completely fooled. By the time their secondary recovered, Maciek was past midfield with Stan and Bogda ahead of him. He scored without a hand touching him. Clifford said, "You kick it, Pete, it's your baby." The ball sailed firm and true. The stands howled Maciek's name. He looked at Clifford and grinned.

After that it was easy. They won, going away, by three touchdowns.

THE telephone call from his father came as a shocking surprise. The bell rang just as he was preparing to leave the office the next evening. The operator said, "Your father calling, Mr. Davis."

He took up the receiver and said, "Hello, Dad."

His father's voice was abrupt and cold: "What's this nonsense about playing football on a coal miners' team?"

"It's a long story," Clifford said; "I'll tell you all about it when I come home the next time."

"I don't want to know all about it. I want it stopped."

"Stopped? But—I don't see . . ."

"You don't have to. Do you realize who you are? The position you hold?"

"I can't understand how . . ."

"Then let me say, I forbid it."

"Is that," Clifford asked carefully, "an official order?"

"Now look here, Cliff—"

"If it is, I'll stop. I'll also resign."

"I should think you'd be aware—"

"Otherwise, I'm going to keep on playing. I should know whether I'm losing caste, or whatever you call it."

"You're new at this business. It's not a game."

"I know it," Clifford said.

"Julie is furious."

"What about?"

"What . . . I see this is futile. I've warned you."

"Thank you, sir. Good night."

Clifford went out and down the street to a diner for a hasty meal. Two grimy-faced miners were at the counter drinking coffee and munching doughnuts. As he sat down they turned broad, grinning glances upon him.

"Hi yu, Meest' Davus, gonna makit a feetball team of dem Moles, eh?"

"It is a football team," Clifford said.

"De kids don't talk nuthin' else since las' night. We win dat champeenship now, I betcha."

"Oh, I don't know about that."

The cook said, "Joosit eatit some hot cakes, Meest' Davus. Makit beeg mans lak dos odder, mabbe."

"What de hells," a miner said. "Meest Davus tinks wit' de brains. He don't need de beeg muscles."

When Clifford finished his meal, he returned to the hotel where he roomed, and stretched out on the bed. He was still pretty sore. His left side was a great black and red welt.

So Julie was furious, as well as his father. His mother, too, or at least hurt, in her mild way.

The trouble was that they, like himself, had been brought up in the cloister of money. That was ruinous, he had suddenly begun to realize. It atrophied all the common human emotions. Life went on beyond soundproofed walls. None of the tumult reached your consciousness. After a time, you could move amid it and never be touched. It was as though your nerves lost their ability to convey the sensory impressions of the world, of the strife, the sweat, the blood; the sacrifice, humility, compassion and tenderness.

He grinned into the darkness. They never would know what a good feeling it gave you to have a Hunky cook in a diner concerned about your well-being.

Clifford went up the steep road, his stride long and confident. With the season almost over, the Moles had lost only one game and led the league. Miners touched their caps and grinned as he passed. Guttural voices called, "Goot evenin'," out of the dusk. Clifford said, "Hello, Jabbrowski! . . . Hi, Franz." A dozen kids dogged his footsteps.

"Mister Davus, whatit yu do if it's fort down an' six to go?"

"Kick."

"See? That's whatit I say to Mike. Kick, see?"

"On'y you passed against them Packers, Mister Davus."

"We crossed 'em up. Not sound football, though."

He knocked on the door of the Polansky house.

"Hi," said Stan. "Come in, Cliff."

The room was a drab square of plastered wall with an iron stove glowing dully in one corner and a painted shrine above a jewel-like piece of Polish embroidery. The hot air had a spicy odor of herbs and cooking.

Manya came in from the kitchen, her translucent skin ruddy from the heat. She wore a white peasant blouse, the collar and full sleeves patterned with bright wool. Her hair was coiled on the top of her head.

"Manyushka," Stan said fondly. "Little Polish girl tonight."

Buck Wilson arrived, his hard face rosy with cold. "Hi, kids," he said. "Bite in the air tonight."

The four sat down at the bare table. Clifford had come to love these evenings when they planned the strategy for the next week's game. When the conference was over, Stan brought out his guitar. Manya carried in beer and little round cakes. They sang and laughed. This simple pleasure was a clean wind blowing the trouble out of Cliff's mind. It swept Julie and his father far away from the tiny room smelling of foreign cooking and the hot stove.

Reluctantly, he said good night. Manya came to the door with him. Below lay the dead mountains of slag, the gloomy piles of the coal breakers. The bitter, clear dark brought the clank and clatter of labor to their ears.

Manya said, "None of this is good; only the stars."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"I have grown up here. If I had never gone to college, I wouldn't have noticed. Now I move among these people and my eyes are open."

"Things are much better than they were."

"Better, but still wrong. Men are born, live, die, and know nothing of what life has to offer." She laid her hand upon his shoulder, in a sudden, warm gesture. "Your father has been understanding in his way. He has made many reforms. But you have come closer to these people. And through a game. Out of such simple things may arise great and enduring good."

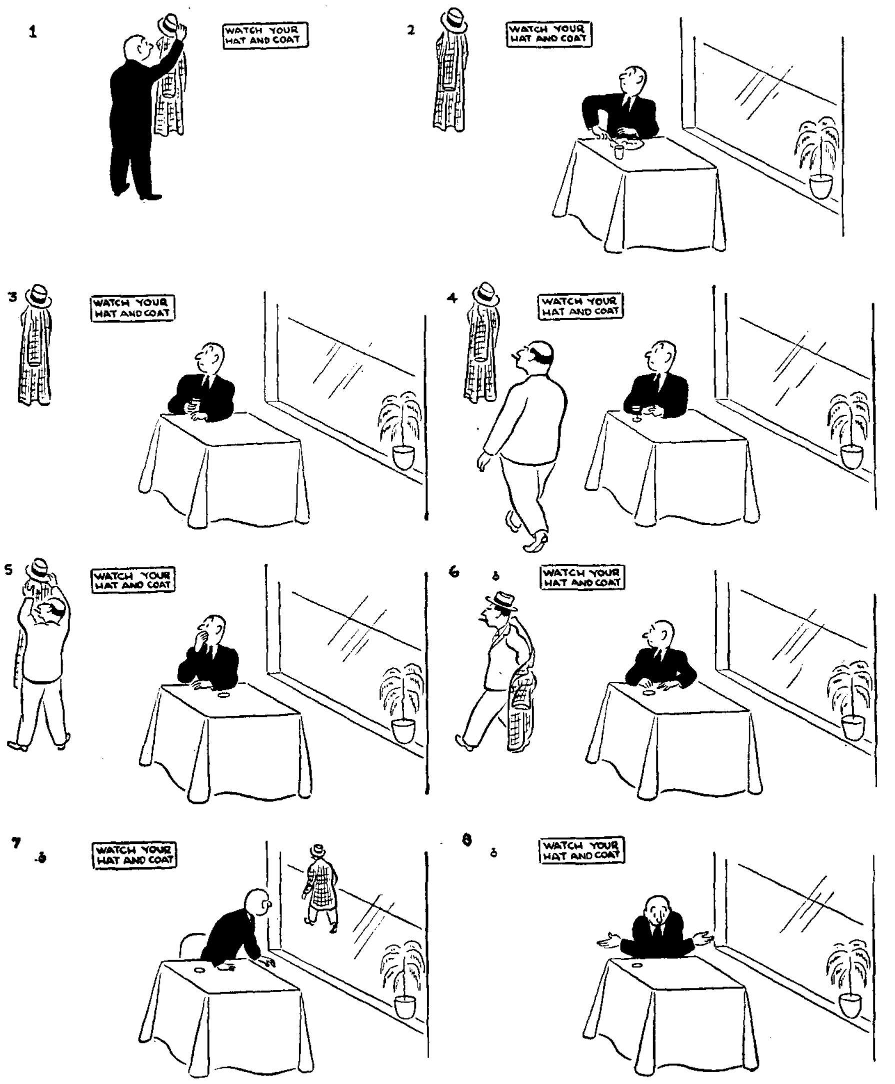
"Manya," Clifford began.

"Good night," she said, her face enigmatic in the darkness. "Good night, Cliff."

CLIFFORD'S pulse began to pound as he stared at the two-column head on the sports page:

REYNOLDS TO LEAD ALL-STARS IN CHARITY GAME WITH MOLES

It was as though fate were offering him an opportunity to complete the


1
WATCH YOUR HAT AND COAT
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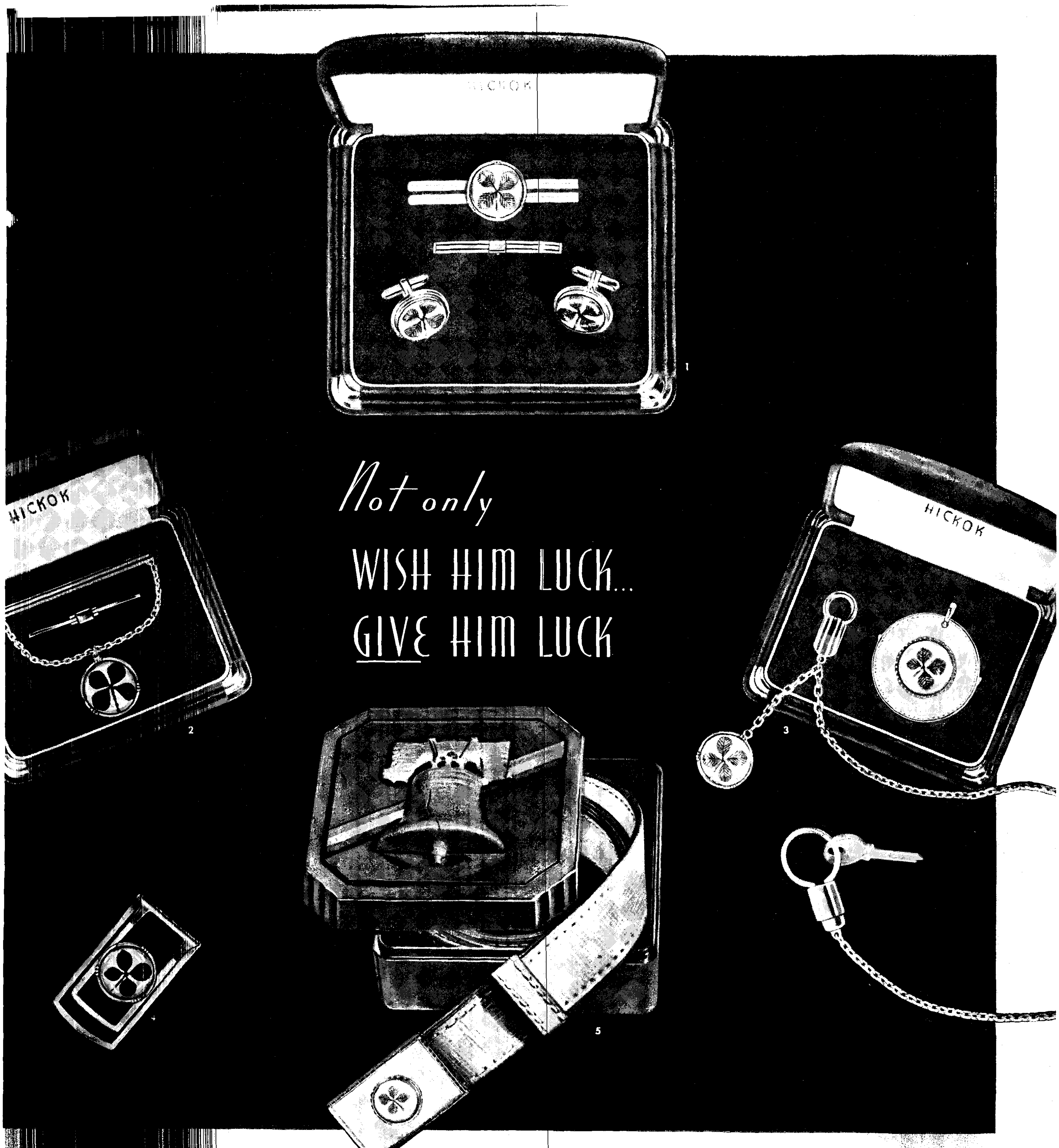
WATCH YOUR HAT AND COAT

A. JOHN KAUNUS



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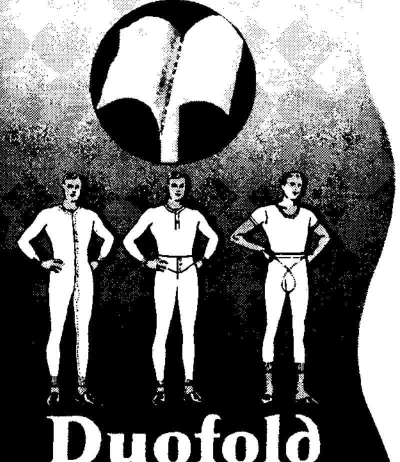

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weighing of his new life against the old. *Four years of failure balancing four* months of achievement. Somehow Reynolds had become a symbol. Clifford had no feeling about him, now, except as an idea that blocked a clear view of the way ahead. Reynolds was the game, and the game was the solvent. In the fierce hour of its playing lay the key to his future.

The afternoon before the game, the Moles were taken to a country club where they were to remain overnight. They held a final signal practice on the golf links.

"Eastern's coach is drilling the All-Stars," Clifford told the players. "Reynolds will play Eastern's game. Our game is based on the same style. Similar strategy will checkmate each side. We've got to watch every minute for the unexpected."

When the practice was over, Clifford went toward the clubhouse. He saw Stan waving to him.

"You're wanted on the phone."

Clifford entered the booth and took up the receiver.

Julie's voice said, "Hello, hello, Cliff. How's about running out for a little party?"

Clifford hesitated. He could vision the familiar scene—the quiet, lovely rooms, the well-dressed people, the servants, cocktails, the light talk. Julie in the center of it all, animated, easy *to look at.*

"It's been years," she went on. "You've become almost a legend, Cliff. And just as unreal."

"No," he answered. "Not unreal. . . . I guess not, Julie. I'll have to stay here with the gang. Sorry."

There had been two periods of complete deadlock.

Clifford gave Reynolds grudging admiration. He had diagnosed the Moles' every attack and stopped it cold. And only superb line play had kept the All-Stars from scoring.

"Come on, you mugs," Buck Wilson said, by way of a pep talk. "Let's get started."

The collegiate team opened the second half by kicking to the five-yard line. Two plays failed and Clifford called for a kick. The All-Stars came out of their huddle and Reynolds walked up to the line.

"Anybody understand English?" he asked.

"Whatit you mean, Engleesh?" growled Jo Bogda.

"Oh, you do? Tell your boy wonder we're going to town."

"Tough guy, ain't he?" Stan said, laughing.

But it began to look as though Reynolds' words were not boasting. Out of a razzle-dazzle of laterals and spinners, the ball was advanced to the Moles' eighteen-yard line. Here they held. Reynolds dropped back. His narrow, dark eyes glittered under the thick edge of helmet. He kicked a perfect field goal and the scoreboard registered: All-Stars 3, Moles 0.

THE game bogged down again between the forty-yard lines. The last period opened and the teams struggled through twelve sullen minutes. The play was close and hard; like two boxers working inside, the blows hidden from the spectators.

The All-Stars began to freeze the ball. With a minute to play, the Moles finally got it on their own thirty-four-yard line.

Maciek got six yards over left tackle; Bogda made it first down. Pete lowered his head and pounded toward the same spot, his empty arms folded over his stomach. Clifford was circling the opposite end. It was the first time he had ever carried the ball. Stan blocked out the halfback.

Clifford saw the side line open and *remain unguarded to the goal. The* white lines flashed under his feet. He was past the All-Stars' forty, the thirty-five . . . Reynolds appeared from nowhere, lunged at him, struck his legs, slid off. . . . Like a tight-rope walker, Clifford teetered on the chalk mark at the field's edge, lost balance, and stepped out of bounds.

"Tough," Stan said.

Reynolds stood with his hands on his hips, laughing.

In the huddle, Clifford called "Eighty-two." His mind had been busy over it from the moment he got to his feet. He figured that Reynolds would expect him to run it, then seeing how obvious it was, would decide the Moles would really pass.

The ball was passed. Pete began to fade. Clifford saw the All-Stars' defense move to the right and come in fast. Reynolds had outguessed him. They were counting on the play being a run. Pete was going back; desperation on his face.

Clifford ran to the left, his arms lifted and swinging. If only Pete could see him—realize . . . The ball came over the line of scrimmage like a bullet, but it was leading him too far. Clifford threw himself forward. The ball seemed to balance on his out-thrust fingers. He squeezed the smooth leather, held it, and ran over the goal line. The gun *cracked the game's ending.*

CLIFFORD saw his father standing tall and assured by the bus that was to take the team home. Instinctively he drew tight his weary muscles.

"Well, Cliff . . ."

"Hello, Dad."

"Now that this nonsense is ended, I'm going to have you brought back to the main office."

"Have I failed, down there?"

"Failed? No, you've done well, very well."

"Then I'd rather stay."

Mr. Davis moved his broad shoulders impatiently.

"You've got to come back sometime," he said. "You might come home tonight. We could talk it over."

"Thank you. I think I'd better go back."

"If you really want to live among those hunkies and Polacks . . ."

"I like them," Clifford said. He smiled. "We get along together. I want *to do some things, make a few changes.*"

"I won't stand for any coddling."

"Don't worry. I'm sure you'll approve, back me up."

"We'll see," his father said.

Clifford got into the bus. He saw Pete Maciek and said, "I never thought you'd heave it."

Pete grinned. "I didn't know what the hell to do. All season you bin hollerin': 'Run them plays like they're planned.' Three steps, see, not four."

"Sometimes," Clifford said, "you have to decide for yourself."

"Yeah. But, boy, I nearly bust a brain decidin'."

CLIFFORD dropped wearily into a seat. The letdown had taken possession of him.

Stan got in and Clifford pointed to the place beside him. Stan grinned and said: "That seat's reserved."

"Who for?"

"Passenger comin' in now."

Clifford looked up and saw Manya. "Why," he stammered, "hello."

"How do you feel?"

"Swell. A little tired."

"You were fine," Manya said.

The bus moved out. There was a five-hour ride ahead. Already many of the team were asleep.

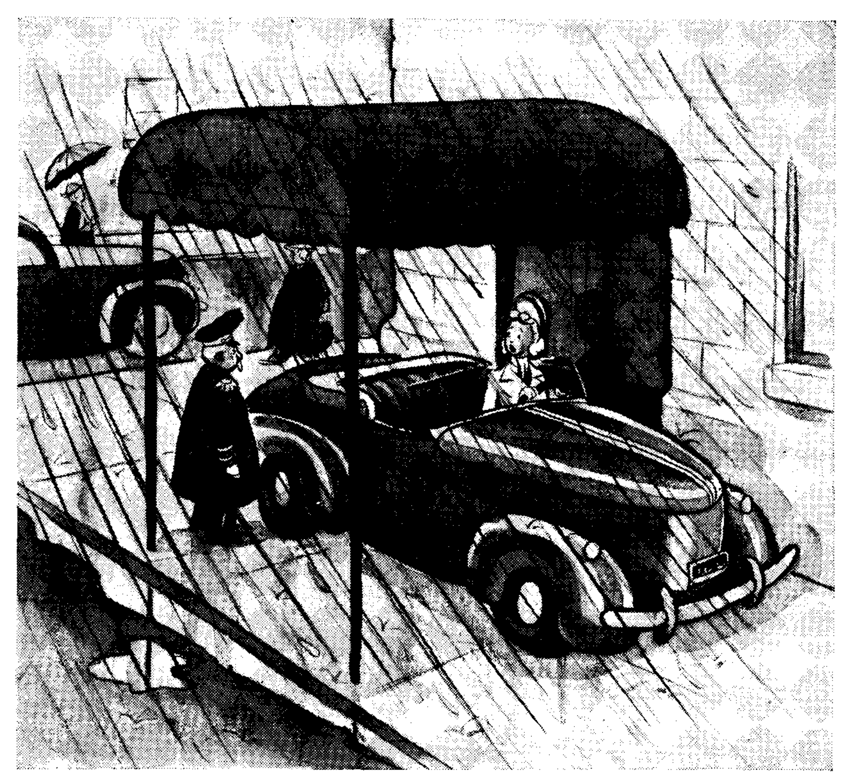
"Look at them," Manya said. "They're still smiling." Her clear, slanting eyes *passed warmly over Clifford's face.* "Sleep," she said, as though he were a child.

"I'm too jittery."

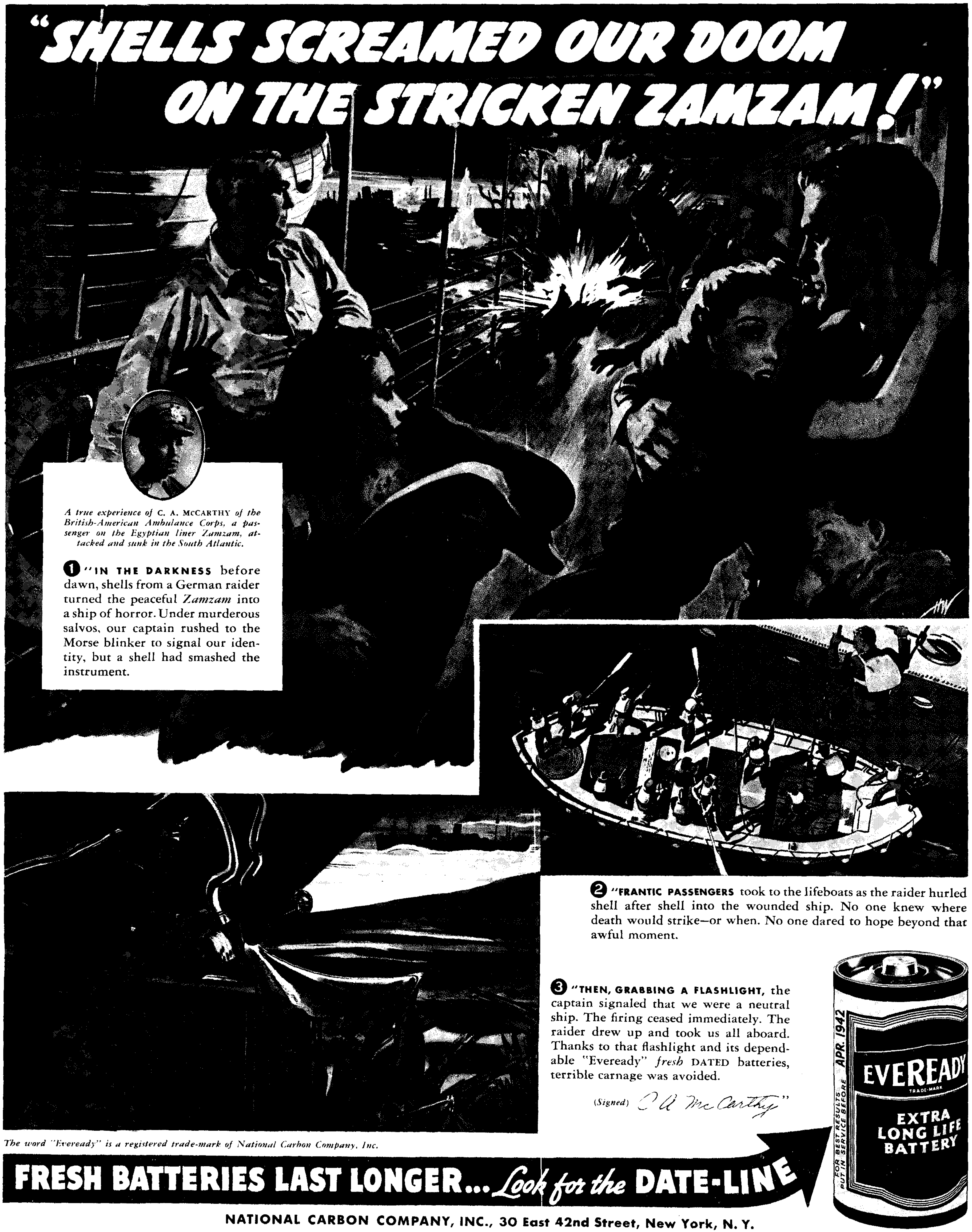
But in a moment his eyes were closed. He dozed fitfully. The bus went in a smooth rush across the dark countryside. Occasionally as they passed through a town, Clifford awoke and in the brief flash of lights outside caught a glimpse of Manya's calm face. Once he was dimly aware of her drawing the blanket up under his chin.

A moment's wonder about Julie floated across his mind. Tomorrow would she read the newspaper, see his name, Davis, among the Golemskis and Kurnakowiezs? They didn't seem strange and intimidating to him any more. Manya Polansky! It was like foreign music; he was released from the mold of his heritage and education. He reached out his hand, and felt the firm welcome touch of Manya's fingers.

"Sleep," she said.



"Do you mind? I can't get my top up!" GEORGE SMITH



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A true experience of C. A. McCARTHY *of the British-American Ambulance Corps, a passenger on the Egyptian liner Zamzam, attacked and sunk in the South Atlantic.*

❶ "**IN THE DARKNESS** before dawn, shells from a German raider turned the peaceful *Zamzam* into a ship of horror. Under murderous salvos, our captain rushed to the Morse blinker to signal our identity, but a shell had smashed the instrument.

❷ "**FRANTIC PASSENGERS** took to the lifeboats as the raider hurled shell after shell into the wounded ship. No one knew where death would strike—or when. No one dared to hope beyond that awful moment.

❸ "**THEN, GRABBING A FLASHLIGHT,** the captain signaled that we were a neutral ship. The firing ceased immediately. The raider drew up and took us all aboard. Thanks to that flashlight and its dependable "Eveready" *fresh* DATED batteries, terrible carnage was avoided.

(*Signed*) C A McCarthy"

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So whether you're dining "out" or "in", you'll li *Heinz*—the soups that always taste *homema*

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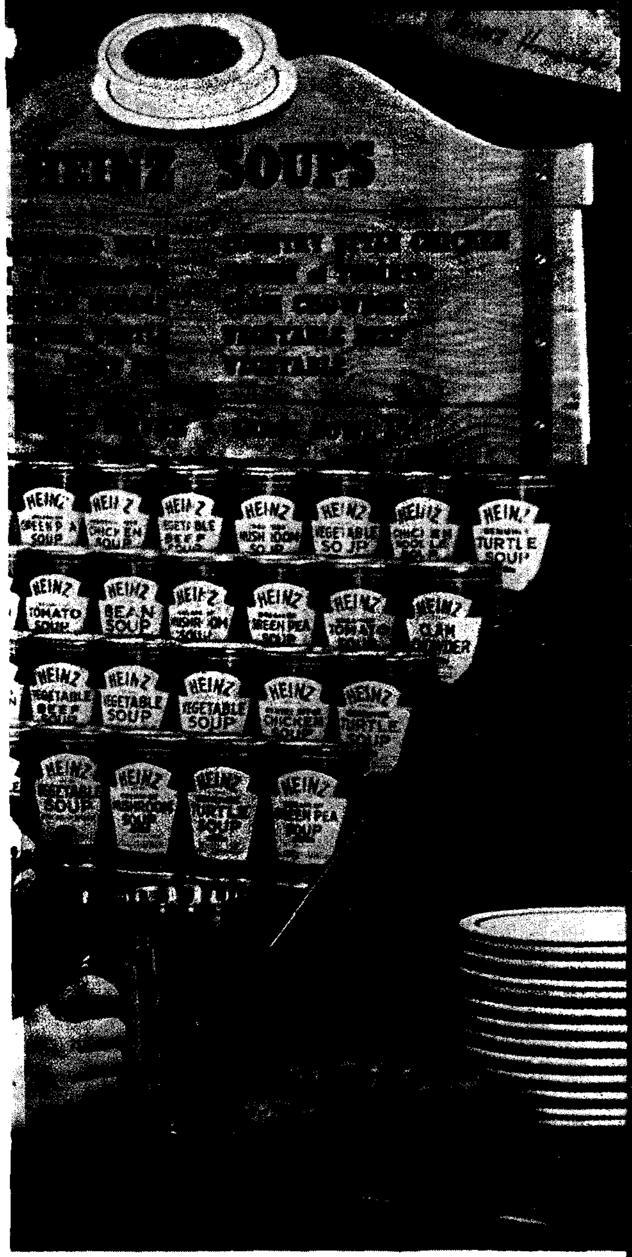
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HEINZ SOUPS
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CREAM of MUSHROOM
CHICKEN NOODLE
GENUINE TURTLE
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COUNTRY STYLE CHICKEN
CREAM of TOMATO
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two minutes flat this delicious, nutritious oup is steaming-hot—fragrant—ready to njoy! Nothing has been added, for Heinz oups are simply perfect, fresh-tasting nd complete when poured from the tin.

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READY TO SERVE
HEINZ
VEGETABLE SOUP
WITH BEEF STOCK
HEINZ
57 VARIETIES
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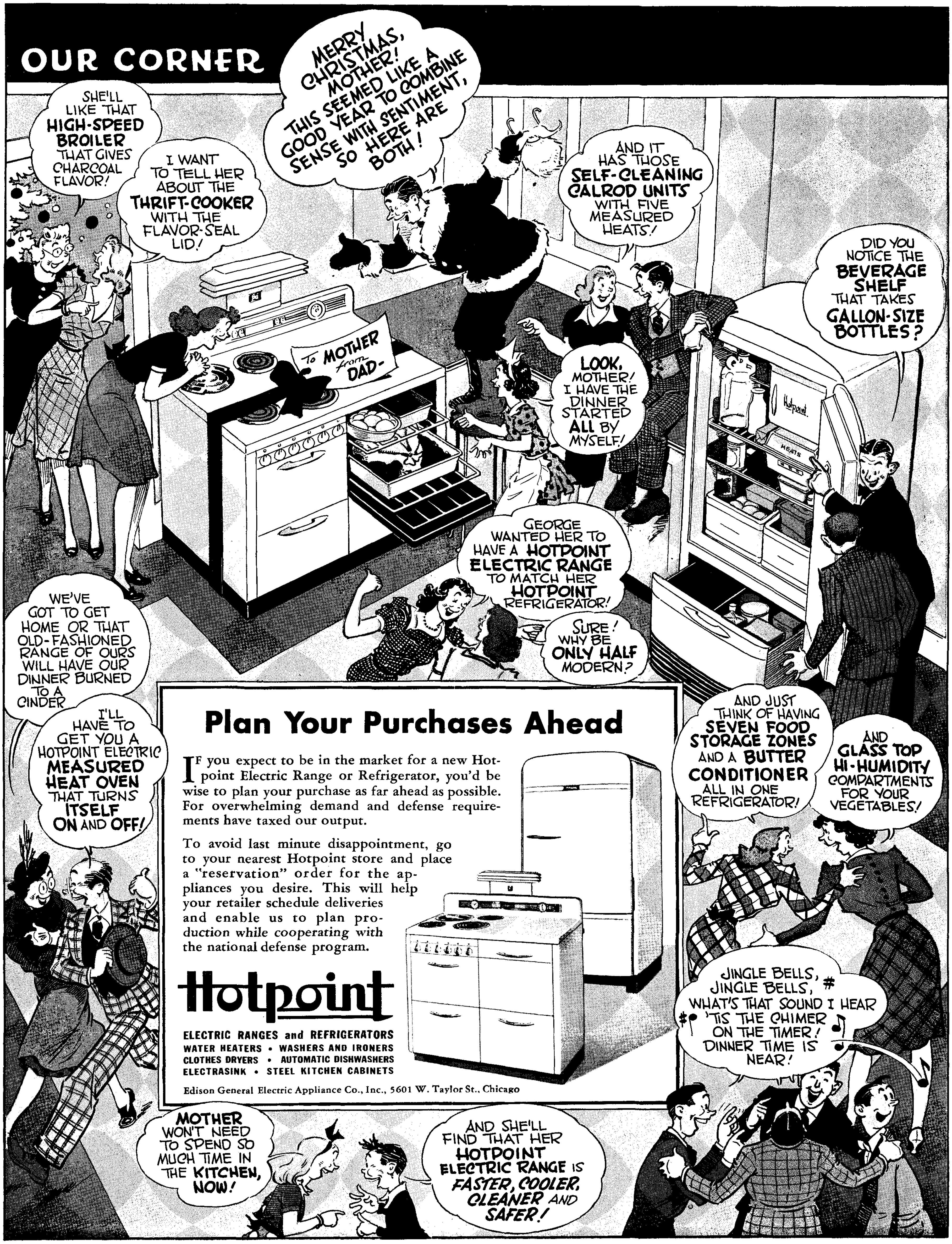
OUR CORNER
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MOTHER! THIS SEEMED LIKE A GOOD YEAR TO COMBINE SENSE WITH SENTIMENT, SO HERE ARE BOTH!
SHE'LL LIKE THAT HIGH-SPEED BROILER THAT GIVES CHARCOAL FLAVOR!
I WANT TO TELL HER ABOUT THE THRIFT-COOKER WITH THE FLAVOR-SEAL LID!
AND IT HAS THOSE SELF-CLEANING CALROD UNITS WITH FIVE MEASURED HEATS!
DID YOU NOTICE THE BEVERAGE SHELF THAT TAKES GALLON-SIZE BOTTLES?
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JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, WHAT'S THAT SOUND I HEAR 'TIS THE CHIMER ON THE TIMER! DINNER TIME IS NEAR!
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The Pied Piper

Continued from page 16

Dijon. "I am desolated that I should appear so dirty," he said. "Presently perhaps I could wash?"

She smiled at him, and he found comfort in her smile. "It is not easy to keep clean in times like these," she said. "Tell me from the beginning, monsieur—how did you come to be in France at all?"

He lay back in the chair. It would be better to tell her the whole thing; indeed, he was aching to tell somebody, to talk over his position. "You must understand, mademoiselle," he began, "that I was in great trouble early in the year. My only son was killed. He was in the Royal Air Force, you know. He was killed on a bombing raid."

She said, "I know, monsieur. I have the deepest sympathy for you."

He hesitated, not quite sure if he had understood her correctly. Some idiom had probably misled him. He went on, "It was intolerable to stay in England. I wanted a change of scene, to see new faces."

HE PLUNGED into his story. He told her about the Cavanaghs at Cidoton. He told her of Sheila's illness, of their delay at Dijon. He told her about the chambermaid, about *la petite* Rose. He told her how they had become stranded at Joigny, and touched lightly upon the horror of the Montargis road because Pierre was with them in the room. He told her about the Royal Air Force men, and about the little Dutch boy they had found in Pithiviers. Then he sketched briefly how they had reached Chartres.

It took about a quarter of an hour to tell, in the slow, measured, easy tones of an old man. In the end she turned to him in wonder.

"So really, monsieur, none of these little ones have anything to do with you at all?"

"I suppose not," he said, "if you like to look at it that way."

She got to her feet. "You will wish to wash," she said. "Come, I will show you. And then I will see that the little ones also wash."

She led him to an untidy bathroom; manifestly they kept no servant in the flat. He looked around for a man's gear, hoping for a razor, but could find none. He contented himself with a wash, resolved at the first opportunity to see if he could get a shave.

THE girl took the children to a bedroom, and washed them one by one quite thoroughly. Then it was time for lunch. By padding out the midday meal with rice, Madame Rougeron had produced a *risotto;* they sat down to it around the table in the salon and had the first civilized meal that Howard had eaten since Dijon.

And after lunch, sitting around the littered table over coffee, while the children played together in a corner of the salon, he discussed his future with them.

"I wanted to get back to England, of course," he said. "I still want to. But at the moment it seems difficult."

Madame Rougeron said, "There are no boats to England now, m'sieur. The Germans have stopped everything."

He nodded. "I was afraid so," he said quietly. "But I must get the children to England. When I do, I'll send them over to America until the war is over. They will be quite safe there." He explained, "My daughter, who lives in the United States, has a big house on Long Island. She would make a home for them till the war ends, and then we could try to find their parents."

The girl said, "That would be Madame Costello?"

He turned to her, faintly surprised. "Yes, that is her married name. She has a little boy herself, about their age. She would be very good to them."

"I am sure of that, m'sieur."

For the moment the difficulty of getting them to England escaped him. He said, "It's going to be practically impossible to find the little Dutchman's parents, I'm afraid. We don't even know his name."

Beneath his arm, Sheila said, "I know his name."

He stared down at her. "You do?" And then he said, "What do you think he's called?"

She said, "Willem. Not William, just Willem."

Howard said, "Has he got another name?"

"I don't think so. Just Willem."

Ronnie looked up from the floor. "You are a story," he said without heat. "He has got another name, Mr. Howard. He's called Eybe." He explained. "Just like I'm called Ronnie Cavanagh, so he's called Willem Eybe."

"Oh . . ." said Sheila.

Madame said, "But if he can't speak any French or English, how did you find that out?"

The children stared at her, uncomprehending, a little impatient of adult density. "He *told* us," they explained.

Howard said, "Did he tell you anything more about himself?" There was a silence. "Did he say who his daddy or his mummy was, or where he came from?"

The children stared at him, awkward and embarrassed. The old man said, "Suppose you ask him where his daddy is?"

Sheila said, "But we can't understand what he *says.*" The others stayed silent.

Howard said, "Never mind, then." He turned to the two women. "They'll probably know all about him in a day or two," he said. "It takes a little time."

The girl nodded. "Perhaps we can find somebody who speaks Dutch."

Her mother said, "That might be dangerous. It is not a thing to be decided lightly, that. One must think of the Germans."

SHE turned to Howard. "So, monsieur," she said, "it is clear that you are in a difficulty. What is it that you want to do?"

He smiled slowly. "I want to get to England with these children, madame," he said. "Only that."

He thought for a minute. "Also," he said gently, "I do not wish to get my friends into trouble." He rose from his chair. "It has been most kind of you to give us lunch," he said. "I am indeed sorry to have missed seeing Monsieur le Colonel. I hope very much that when we meet again you will be reunited."

The girl sprang up. "You must not go," she said. "It is not possible at all, that." She swung around on her mother. "We must devise something, Mother."

The older woman shrugged her shoulders. "It is impossible. The Germans are everywhere."

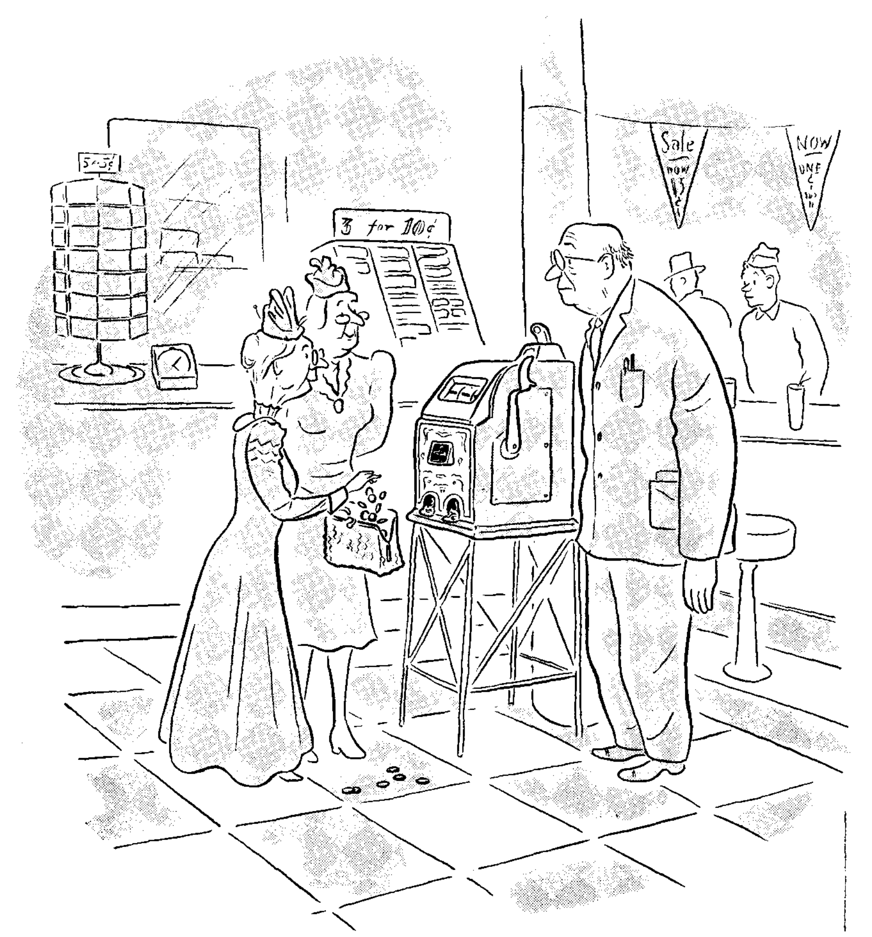
The girl said, "If father were here, he would devise something."

There was a brief silence.

Howard said, "You must not put yourselves to inconvenience on our account. I assure you, we can get along very well."

The girl said, "But, monsieur—your clothes alone—they are not in the French fashion. One would say at once that you are an Englishman, to look at you."

He glanced down ruefully; it was very true. He had been proud of his taste in tweeds, but now they were quite



"We'd like to play another nickel. Would you fill up the jack pot again, please?"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

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undeniably unsuitable for the occasion. "I suppose so," he said. "It would be better if I got some French clothes, for a start."

She said, "My father would be glad to lend you an old suit, if he were here." She turned to her mother. "The brown suit, Mother."

Madame shook her head. "The gray is better. It is less conspicuous." She turned to the old man. "Sit down again," she said quietly. "Nicole is right. We must devise something. Perhaps it will be better if you stay here for the night."

He sat down again. "I will stay," he said. "And I shall be grateful for the clothes."

A few minutes later, in the corner of the settee in the salon, he fell asleep, and slept uneasily until nearly six o'clock. Madame had made soup for the children's supper, and she had prepared a bed in her own room for the two little girls. The three little boys were to sleep in a bed which she had made up on the floor of the corridor; Howard had been given a bedroom to himself. He thanked her for the trouble she had taken.

"One must first get the little ones to bed," she said. "Then we will talk, and devise something."

IN AN hour they were all fed, washed, and in bed, settling for the night. Howard sat down with the two women to a supper of a thick meat broth and bread and cheese, with a little red wine mixed with water. He helped them to clear the table, and accepted a curious, thin, dry, black cigar from a box left by his absent host.

Presently he said, "I have been thinking quietly this afternoon, madame," he said. "I do not think I shall go back to Switzerland. I think it would be better to try and get into Spain."

The woman said, "It is a very long way to go." They discussed the matter for a little time. The difficulties were obvious; when he had made the journey there was no sort of guarantee that he could ever get across the frontier.

The girl said, "I also have been thinking, but in quite the opposite direction." She turned to her mother. "Jean Henri Guinevec," she said, and she ran the two Christian names together to pronounce them Jenri.

Madame said placidly, "Jean Henri may have gone already, *ma petite*."

Howard said, "Who is he?"

The girl said, "He is a fisherman, of le Conquet. In Finisterre. He has a very good boat. He is a great friend of my father, monsieur."

They told him about this man. For thirty years it had been the colonel's habit to go to Brittany each summer. In that he had been unusual for a Frenchman. The sparse, rocky country, the stone cottages, and the wild coast attracted him, and the strong sea winds of the Atlantic refreshed him. Morgat, le Conquet, Brest, Douarnenez, Audierne, Concarneau—these were his haunts, the places that he loved to visit in the summer. He used to dress the part. For going in the fishing boats he had the local costume, faded rust and rose-colored sailcloth overalls and a large, floppy black Breton casque.

"He used to wear the sabots, too, when we were married first," his wife said placidly. "But then when he got corns upon his feet he had to give them up."

His wife and daughter had gone with him, every year. They had stayed in some little pension and had gone for little, bored walks while the colonel went out in the boats with the fishermen, or sat yarning with them in the café.

"It was not very gay," the girl said. "One year we went to Paris-Plage, but the next year we went back to Brittany."

She had come to know his fishermen friends through the years. "Jenri would help us to help Monsieur Howard," she said confidently. "He has a fine big boat that could cross easily to England."

"It's a long way to go," Howard said a little ruefully. It was; Brest is two hundred miles or so from Chartres. "Perhaps I could go by train." He would be going away from Paris.

They discussed it in all aspects. Obviously it was impossible to find out how Guinevec was placed; the only thing to do would be to go there and find out. "But if Jenri should have gone away," the mother said, "there are all the others. One or other of them will help you, when they know that you are friendly with my husband." She spoke with simple faith.

The girl confirmed this. "One or other of them will help."

The old man said presently, "It really is most kind of you to suggest this. If you would give me a few addresses, then —I would go tomorrow, with the children." He hesitated. "It will be better to go soon," he said. "Later, the Germans may become more vigilant."

"That we can do," said Madame.

Presently, as it was getting late, she got up and went out of the room. After a few minutes the girl followed her; from the salon Howard could hear the mutter of their voices in the kitchen, talking in low tones.

After a time Nicole came back. "I have been talking with my mother," she said. "We both think that it would be better that I should come with you to Brittany, Monsieur Howard."

There was a momentary silence; the old man was taken by surprise. "That is a very kind offer," he said. "Most generous of you, mademoiselle. But I do not think I should accept it."

He smiled at her. "You must understand," he said, "I may get into trouble with the Germans. I should not like to think that I had involved you in my difficulties."

She said, "I thought you might feel that, monsieur. But I assure you, I have discussed the matter with Maman, and it is better that I should go with you. It is quite decided."

He said, "I cannot deny that you would be an enormous help to me, mademoiselle. But one does not decide a point like that all in one moment. One weighs it carefully, and one sleeps upon it."

IT WAS growing dusk. In the half-light of the salon it seemed to him that her eyes were very bright, and that she was blinking a little. "Do not refuse me, Monsieur Howard," she said at last. "I want so very much to help you."

He was touched. "I was only thinking of your safety, mademoiselle," he said gently. "You have done a very great deal for me already. Why should you do any more?"

She said, "Perhaps you did not know, monsieur. Your son and I . . . John . . . we were good friends." There was an awkward pause.

"So it is quite decided," she said, turning away. "We are quite of one mind, my mother and I. Now, monsieur, I will show you your room."

She took him down the corridor and showed him the room. Her mother had been before her, and had laid out upon the bed a long, linen nightgown, the slumberwear of Monsieur le Colonel. On the dressing table she had put his cut-throat razor, and a strop, and his much-squeezed tube of shaving paste, and a bottle of scent called *Fleurs des Alpes*.

The girl looked around. "I think that there is everything you will want," she

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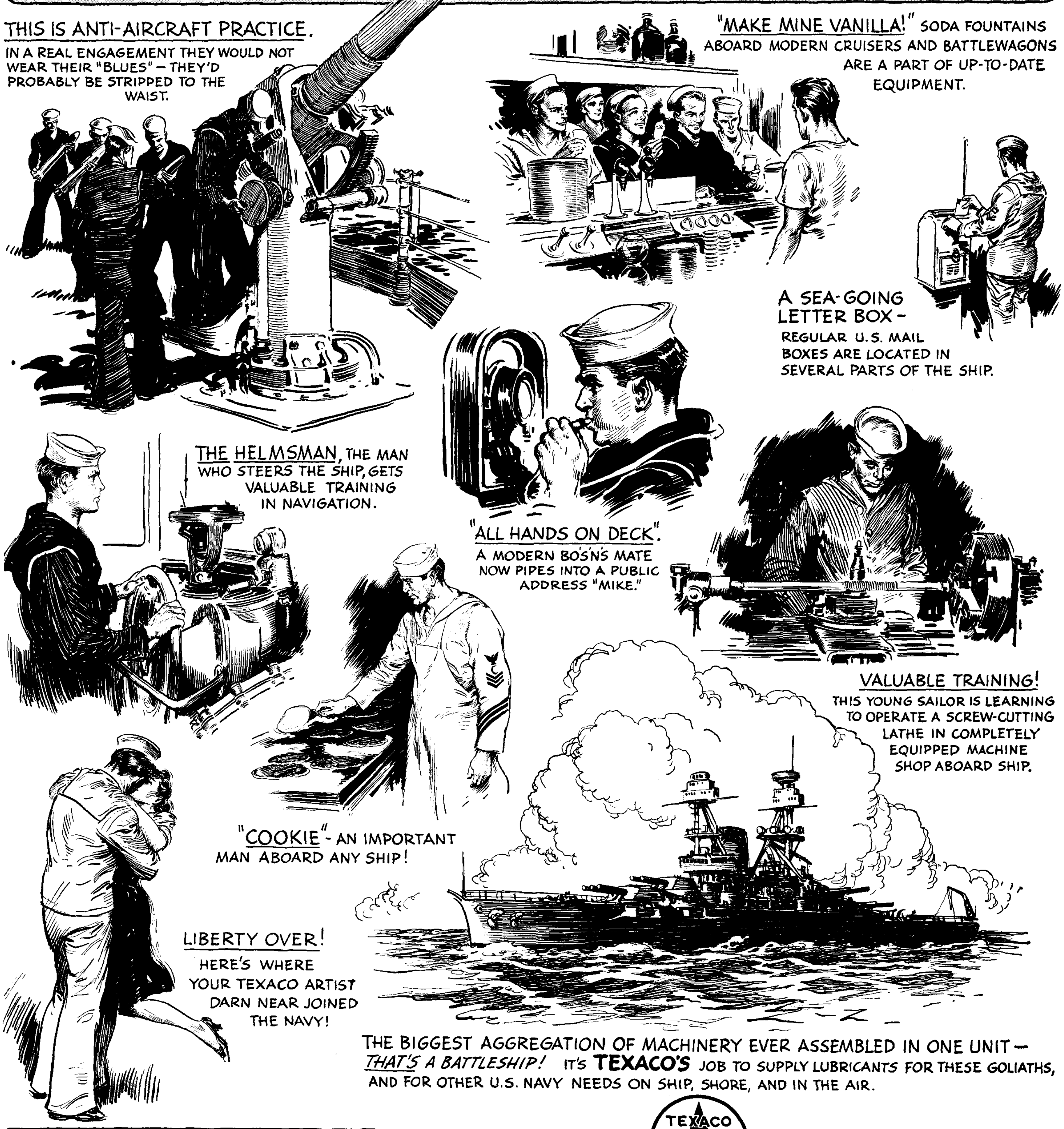

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said. "If there is anything we have forgotten, I am close by. You will call?"

He said, "Mademoiselle, I shall be most comfortable."

She went out and closed the door behind her; he remained for a time staring thoughtfully after her. She was, he thought, a very peculiar young woman. He could not understand her at all. At Cidoton, as he remembered her, she had been an athletic young creature, very shy and reserved, as most middle-class French girls are. He remembered her chiefly for the incongruity of her close-curled, carefully tended hair, her daintily trimmed eyebrows and her carefully manicured hands, in contrast with the terrific speed with which she took the steepest slopes when sliding on a pair of skis. John, who himself was a fine skier, had said that he had his work cut out to keep ahead of her upon a run.

That was, literally, about all the old man could remember of her. He turned from the door, and began slowly to undress. . . .

HE SLEPT all through the night, an unusual feat for a man of his age. He was still sleeping when Nicole came in with coffee and rolls on a tray at about a quarter past eight. He woke easily and sat up in bed, and thanked her.

She was fully dressed. Beyond her, in the corridor, the children stood, dressed and washed, peeping in at the door.

The old man said a little anxiously, "I do hope that they have not been a trouble to you, mademoiselle."

She said, "Children will never trouble me, monsieur."

He thought again, a very odd young woman with a very odd way of expressing herself.

She told him that her mother was already out marketing in the town, and making certain inquiries. She would be back in half an hour or so; then they would make their plans.

The girl brought him the gray suit of her father's, rather worn and shabby, with a pair of old brown canvas shoes, a horrible violet shirt, a celluloid collar rather yellow with age, and an unpleasant tie. "These clothes are not very chic," she said apologetically. "But it will be better for you to wear them, Monsieur Howard, because then you will appear like one of the little bourgeoisie. I assure you, we will keep your own clothes for you very carefully."

Three quarters of an hour later he was up and dressed and standing in the salon with Nicole when Madame Rougeron came in. She put down her basket on the table in the salon. "There is a train for Rennes at noon," she said unemotionally. "There is a German soldier at the ticket window who asks why you must travel, but they do not look at papers. They are very courteous and correct." She paused. "But there is another thing."

SHE took from the pocket of her gown a folded handbill. "A German soldier left this paper with the concierge this morning. There was one for each apartment."

They spread it out upon the table. It was in French, and it read:

CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC!

The treacherous English, who have forced this unnecessary war upon us, have been driven in disorderly flight from our country. Now is the time to rise, and root out these plutocratic warmongers wherever they may be hiding, before they have time to plot fresh trouble for France.

These scoundrels who are roaming the country and living in secret in our homes like disgusting parasites will commit acts of sabotage and espionage and make trouble for all of us with the Germans, who are only anxious to build up a peaceful regime in our country. If these cowardly fugitives should commit such acts, the Germans will keep our fathers, our husbands, and our sons in long captivity. Help to bring back your men by driving out these pests!

It is your duty if you know of an Englishman in hiding to tell the gendarmerie, or tell the nearest German soldier. This is a simple thing that anyone can do, which will bring peace and freedom to our beloved land.

Severe penalties await those who shield these rats. *Vive la France.*

Howard read it through quietly twice. Then he said, "It seems that I am one of the rats, madame. After this, I think it would be better that I should go alone, with the children."

She said that it was not to be thought of. And then she said Nicole would never agree.

The girl said, "That is very true. It would be impossible for you to go alone, as things are now. I do not think you would get very far before the Germans found that you were not a Frenchman, even in those clothes." She flipped the paper with disgust. "This is a German thing," she said. "You must not think that French people talk like this, Monsieur Howard."

"It is very nearly the truth," he said ruefully.

"It is an enormous lie," she said.

She went out of the room. The old man, grasping the opportunity, turned to her mother. "Your daughter has changed greatly since we were at Cidoton, madame," he said.

The woman looked at him. "She has suffered a great deal, monsieur."

He said, "I am most sorry to hear that. If you could tell me something about it—perhaps I could avoid hurting her in conversation."

She stared at him. "You do not know, then?"

"How should I know anything about her trouble, madame?" he said gently. "It is something that has happened since we met at Cidoton."

She hesitated for a minute. Then she said, "She was in love with a young man. We did not arrange the affair, and she tells me nothing."

"All young people are like that," he said quietly. "My son was the same. The young man is a prisoner in German hands, perhaps?"

Madame said, "No, monsieur. He is dead."

Nicole came bustling into the room, a little fiber case in her hand. "This we will carry in your perambulator," she said. "Now, monsieur, I am ready to go."

There was no time for any more conversation with Madame Rougeron, but Howard felt he had the gist of it; indeed, it was just what he had expected. It was hard on the girl, terribly hard; perhaps this journey, dangerous though it might be, would not be altogether a bad thing for her. It might distract her mind, serve as an anodyne.

There was a great bustle of getting under way. They all went downstairs; Madame Rougeron had many bundles of food which they put in the perambulator. Then they left the apartment and started down the street, Howard pushing the loaded pram and Nicole shepherding the children. She had produced a rather shabby black Homburg hat for the old man, and this with his gray suit and brown canvas shoes made him look very French. They went slowly for the sake of the children; the girl strolled beside him with a shawl over her shoulders.

PRESENTLY she said, "Give me the pram, monsieur. That is more fitting for a woman to push, in the class that we represent."

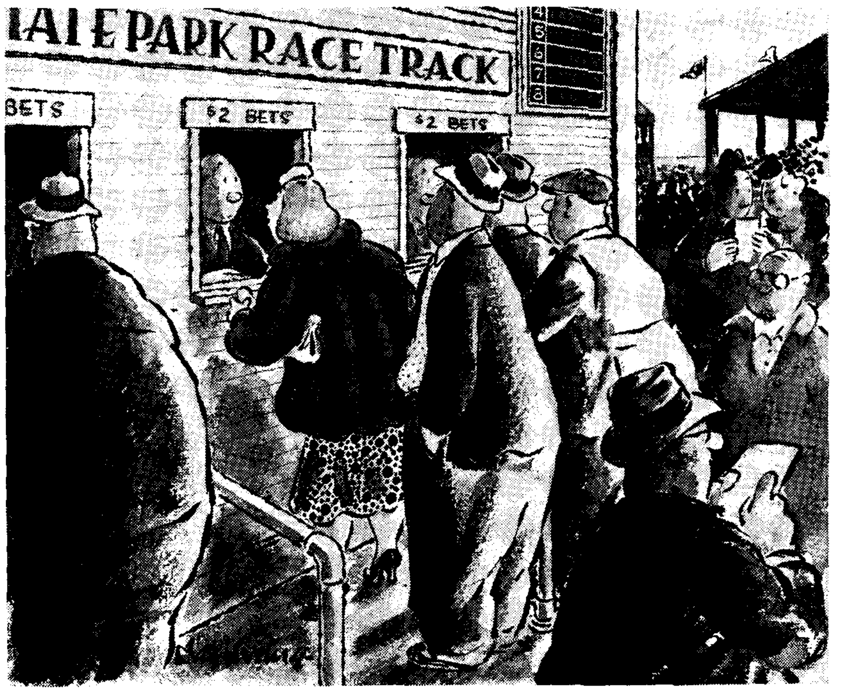
He surrendered it to her; they must play up to their disguise. "When we come to the station," she said, "say nothing at all. I will do all the talking. Do you think you could behave as a much older man? As one who could hardly talk at all?"

He said, "I would do my best. You want me to behave as a very old man indeed?"

She nodded. "We have come from Arras," she said. "You are my uncle, you understand? Our house in Arras was destroyed by the British. You have a brother, my other uncle, who lives in Landerneau."

"Landerneau," he said. "Where is that, mademoiselle?"

She said, "It is a little country town twenty kilometers this side of Brest, monsieur. If we can get there we can then walk to the coast. And it is inland, forty kilometers from the sea. I think they may allow us to go there, when



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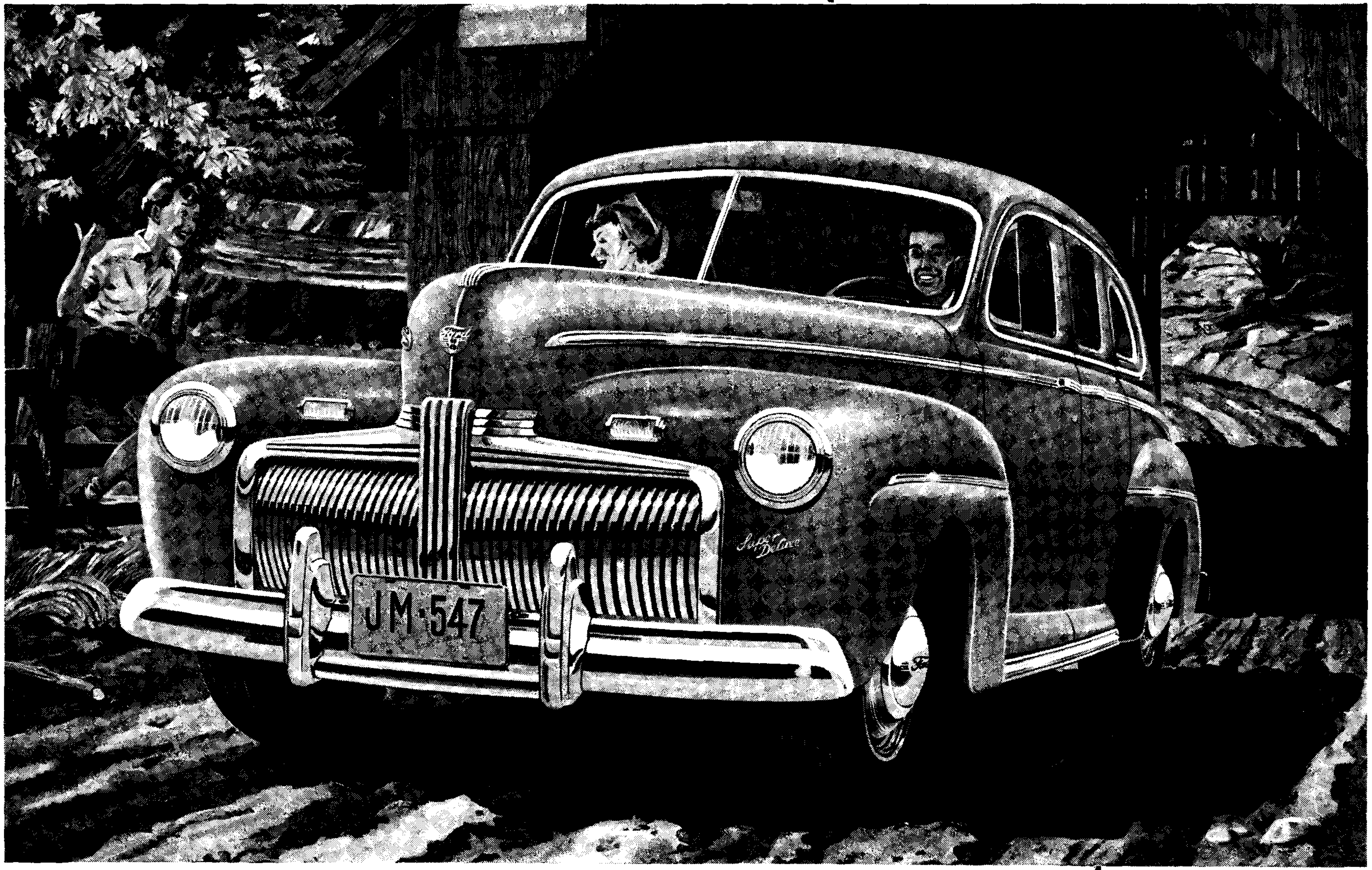

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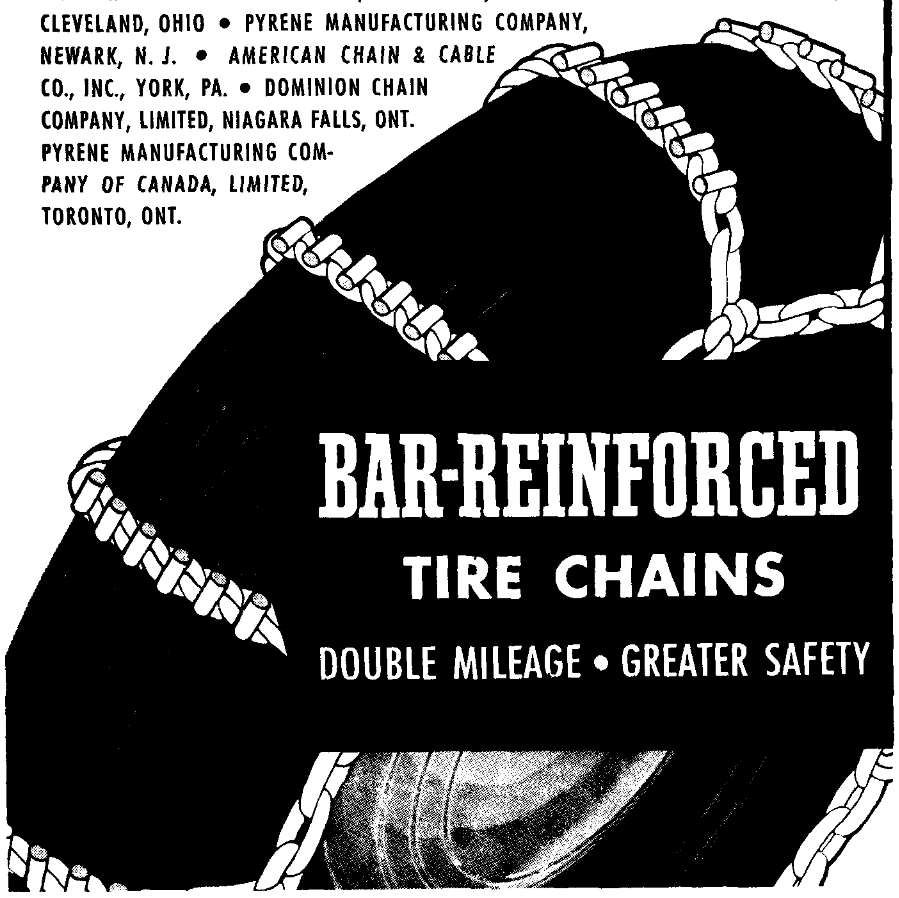

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it would be impossible for us to travel directly to the coast."

They approached the station. "Stay with the children," she said quietly. "If anyone asks you anything, be very stupid."

The approach to the station was crowded with German transport lorries; German officers and soldiers thronged around. Nicole pushed the pram through into the booking hall, followed by Howard and the children. The old man, mindful of his part, walked with a shambling tread; his mouth hung open a little, and his head shook rhythmically.

Nicole shot a glance at him. "It is good, that," she said. "Be careful you do not forget your role."

She left the pram with him and pressed forward to the booking office. A German *Feldwebel*, smart and efficient in his gray-green uniform, stopped her and asked a question. Howard, peering through the throng with sagging head and half-closed eyes, saw her launch out into a long, rambling explanation.

She motioned toward him and the children. The *Feldwebel* glanced over them, shabby and inoffensive, their only luggage in an ancient pram. Then he cut short the current of her talk and motioned her to the booking office. Another woman claimed his attention.

Nicole came back to Howard and the children with the tickets. "Only as far as Rennes," she said, in coarse peasant tones. "That is as far as this train goes."

The old man said, "Eh?" and wagged his sagging head.

She shouted in his ear, "Only to Rennes."

He mumbled thickly, "We *do not want* to go to Rennes."

She made a gesture of irritation, and pushed him ahead of her to the barrier. A German soldier stood by the ticket puncher; the old man checked and turned back to the girl in senile bewilderment. She said something cross, and pushed him through.

Then she apologized to the ticket puncher. "He is my uncle," she said. "He is a good old man, but he is more trouble to me than all these children."

The man said, "Rennes. On the right," and passed them through. The German stared at them indifferently; one set of refugees was very like another. So they passed through onto the platform, and climbed into a very old compartment with hard wooden seats.

Ronnie said, "Is this the train we're *going to sleep in, M'sieur Howard?*" He spoke in French, however.

Howard said, "Not tonight. We shan't be in this train for very long."

But he was wrong.

From Chartres to Rennes is about two hundred and sixty kilometers; it took them six hours. In the hot summer afternoon the train stopped at every station, and many times between.

AT THE long last, when the fierce heat of the day was dying down, they pulled into Rennes. There the train stopped and everyone got out. There was a German officer by the ticket collector. Howard put on his most senile air, and Nicole went straight up to the collector to consult him about trains to Landerneau.

Through half-closed eyes Howard watched her, the children clustered round him, dirty and fretful from their journey. He waited in an agony of apprehension; at any moment the officer might ask for papers. Then it would all be over. But finally he gave her a little pasteboard slip, shrugged his shoulders, and dismissed her.

She came back to Howard.

"Tomorrow," she said, "at eight in the morning, a train leaves for Brest. We can go on that as far as Landerneau."

She told him that the German officer had given them permission to go there. She produced the ticket he had given to her. "We must sleep tonight in the refugee hostel," she said. "This ticket admits us. It will be better to go there, monsieur, like all the others."

He agreed. "Where is it?" he inquired.

"In the Cinema du Monde," she said. "I have never slept in a cinema before."

He said, "Mademoiselle, I am deeply sorry that my difficulties should make you do so now."

She smiled. "Perhaps as it is under German management it will be clean. We French are not so good at things like that."

They gave up their cards at the entrance, pushed their pram inside, and looked around. The seats had all been removed, and around the walls were mattresses stacked, filled with old straw. There were not many people in the place; with the growing restrictions upon movements as the Germans took over control the tide of refugees was less than it had been. An old Frenchwoman issued them a mattress and a blanket each and showed them a corner where they could make a little camp apart from the others. "The little ones will sleep quiet there," she said.

There was an issue of free soup at a table at the end of the hall, dispensed by a German cook who showed a fixed, beaming smile of professional good humor.

AN HOUR later, the children were laid down to rest. Howard did not dare to leave them, and sat with his back against the wall, tired to death but *not yet ready for sleep.* Nicole went out and came back presently with a packet of French cigarettes. "I bought these for you," she said. "I did not dare to get English ones; it would not be safe, that."

He was not a great smoker but, touched by her kindness, he took one gratefully.

For a time they talked in low tones of their journey, about her plans for the next day. Then, fearing to be overheard, he changed the subject, and asked about her father.

She had little more to tell him than he already knew. Her father had been commandant of a fort in the Maginot Line not very far from Metz; they had heard nothing of him since May.

The old man said, "I am very, very sorry, mademoiselle." He paused, and then he said, "I know what that sort of *anxiety means . . . very* well. It blackens everything, for a long time afterward."

She said quietly, "Yes. Day after day you wait, and wait. And then the letter comes, or it may be the telegram, and you are afraid to open it to see what it says." She was silent for a minute. "And then at last you do open it."

He nodded. He felt very close to her; they had shared the same experience. He had waited and waited just like that when John had been missing. For three days he had waited; then the telegram had come.

Quite suddenly, he felt that he would like to talk to her about John. He had not been able to talk about his son to anybody, not since it happened. He had feared sympathy, and had shunned intrusion. But this girl Nicole had known John. They had been skiing companions—friends, she had said.

He blew out a long cloud of smoke. "I lost my son, you know," he said with difficulty, staring straight ahead of him. "He was killed flying—he was a squadron leader, in our Royal Air Force. He was shot down by three Messerschmitts on his way back from a bombing raid. Over Helgoland."

There was a pause.

She turned toward him. "I know that," she said gently. "They wrote to me from the squadron."

(To be continued next week)

Appointment in Martinique

Continued from page 15

had designed them and black slaves kept them trim.

He said, "I have set your marriage date for the eighth day of August. In St. Pierre, of course. Edouard d'Aubigne has informed me that he cannot leave Martinique in this season; his business holds him there. He has written me to ask that you go to Martinique. The marriage will be effected in the cathedral at St. Pierre."

THE girl nodded but did not speak. Into her mind rushed a picture of Edouard d'Aubigne—very little younger than her father—black-bearded, paunchy. She felt a quick wave of hysteria mount within her, and by conscious effort she suppressed it. Once, ten years before, Edouard d'Aubigne had visited her father on matters of business and she had been led into the smoking room at the dinner hour—which was then her bedtime—and she had curtsied before the gentleman, who had chucked her under the chin and remarked upon the prettiness of the child. The child! And he had seemed immeasurably ancient then—and seemed hardly less ancient now.

"In St. Pierre—" she said.

"Yes," her father said. His voice sounded arid and stereotyped in the cool, dim room; strangely without the blood of life in it. She felt that he would speak exactly in this way to a clerk through whom he was directing a shipment of two hundred tons of coffee to Martinique. And truly—was not her proposed marriage to Edouard d'Aubigne a thing of clever bargaining? A matter of commerce? In Tortuga, Henri Thiers dealt in coffee, tobacco, cinnamon, mahogany; in Martinique, Edouard d'Aubigne traded the cloth of France and the metalware of the German states. Both were rich; each had a firm grip on the exchange of his community. Would not a linking of their houses be of mutual advantage? And what better link than marriage?

Amandine Thiers touched her temples lightly with her fingers. She concealed the trembling of her hands.

"Father," she said, "will you permit me to have a fortnight to think about this—"

He interrupted curtly: "I am not aware that there is anything for you to think about. I have conducted a detailed correspondence with Edouard d'Aubigne; nothing pertinent to the union has been overlooked. I may tell you that I have been able to arrange the dowry in a manner entirely satisfactory to me."

He narrowed his eyes. "I suppose the suddenness of this has startled you a little," he went on, somewhat more gently. "It needn't. Edouard d'Aubigne is a good man, a good businessman, intelligent. As his wife you will have a secure and proper place in the society of Martinique."

"I don't know him," the girl said. Her voice was scarcely above a whisper now, and she looked steadily at her father from the depths of the chair. "I've seen him only once—"

"Are you saying that you doubt my judgment?"

"No, Father," the girl said evenly. "It's rather that—"

"There's no need to discuss it further." Henri Thiers crossed the room with heavy steps and sat stiffly in the chair behind his desk. "The Duc d'Anvout of Le Havre sails in six days for St. Pierre in Martinique. I have already applied to Captain Gautier for your passage. Your maid will accompany you, of course."

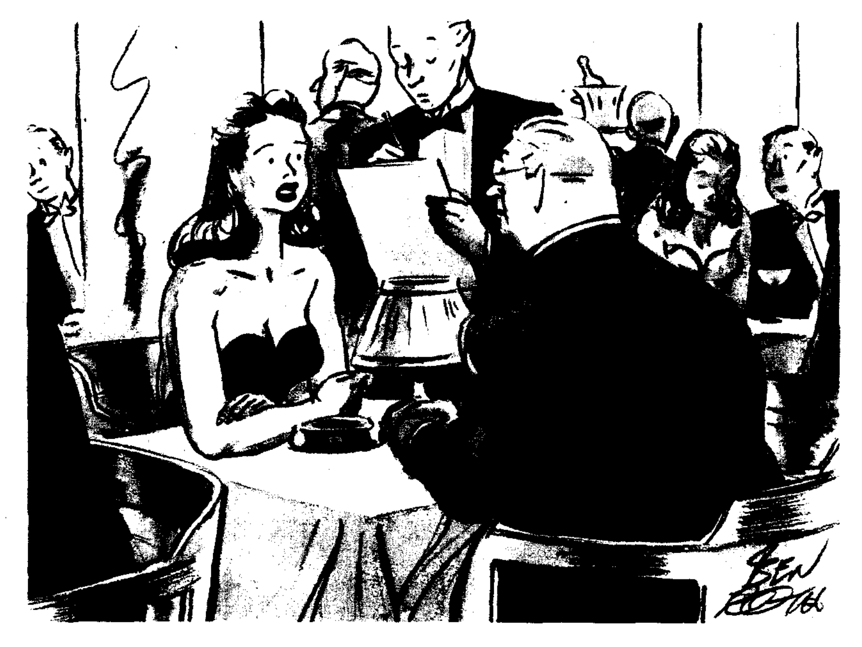
Then he waved his hand, a sign of dismissal. The girl rose from the chair. In the pale light of the room, her father—had he looked—could have seen nothing of the distress, the cold unhappiness that lay in her eyes.

CAPTAIN TOBIE GAUTIER stood on deck, close to the rope ladder, his brown hands on the rail, and watched the shallop come away from Cayona wharf.

The sky was a lustrous satin blue that obviously would have been very soft if one could have brushed it with one's fingers.

But the water of the harbor leaped up under the pressure of a fresh east wind, and the shallop danced. They'd have trouble coming aboard, Mademoiselle Thiers and her maid. The ship's ladder swayed dizzily. Captain Gautier saw that Henri Thiers was also in the shallop. He soberly stroked his chin and trusted there would be no unseemly delay. He'd like to put the wind to good purpose.

"Ruegger," he said to his mate, "drop a second ladder. You will assist



"I'll take champagne—I think we should do all we can to help France"

BEN ROTH

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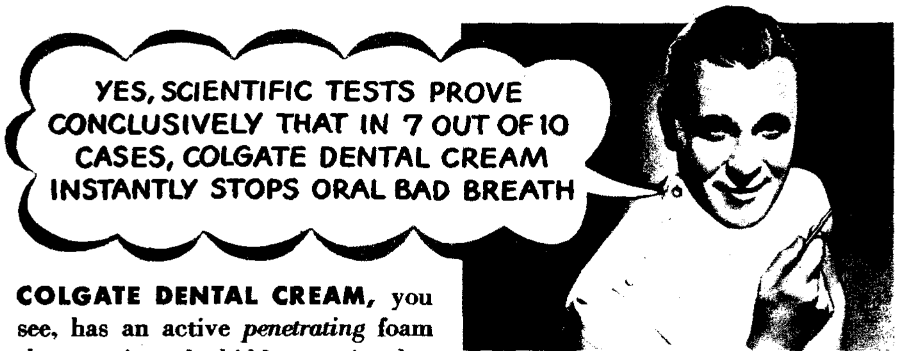
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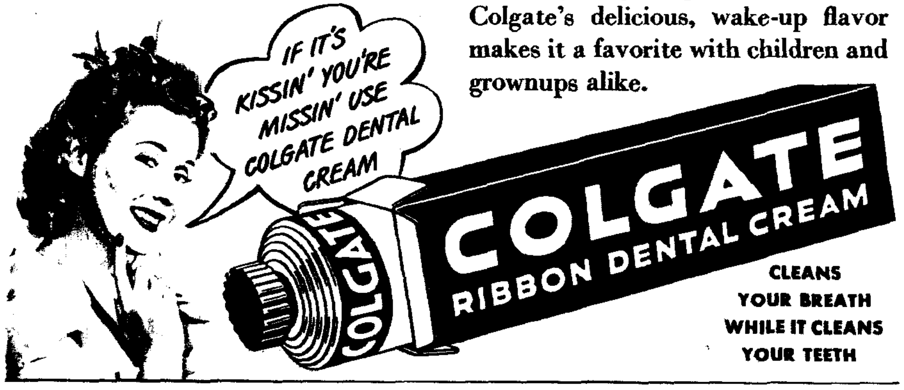
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Pulling together fo

IT has been said many times how much the automobile has had to d with the shaping of America and the lives of its people.

Perhaps not enough has been said about the vital part it plays today, o the contribution automobile dealers have made and are making.

All over the country, willing hands are hard at work on production o goods needed for national strength and security.

Once these goods would have been made in factories with the working men's homes close by, so as to be within ready walking distance of the jo

Today, a parking lot for every modern factory is a first requirement. Me drive to work not only from the immediate neighborhood, but from dis*tances of twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five miles or more.*

It is essential to these men—and to the country as well—that their car be kept in good running order, and that they be able to get replacement when their present cars reach their last mile.

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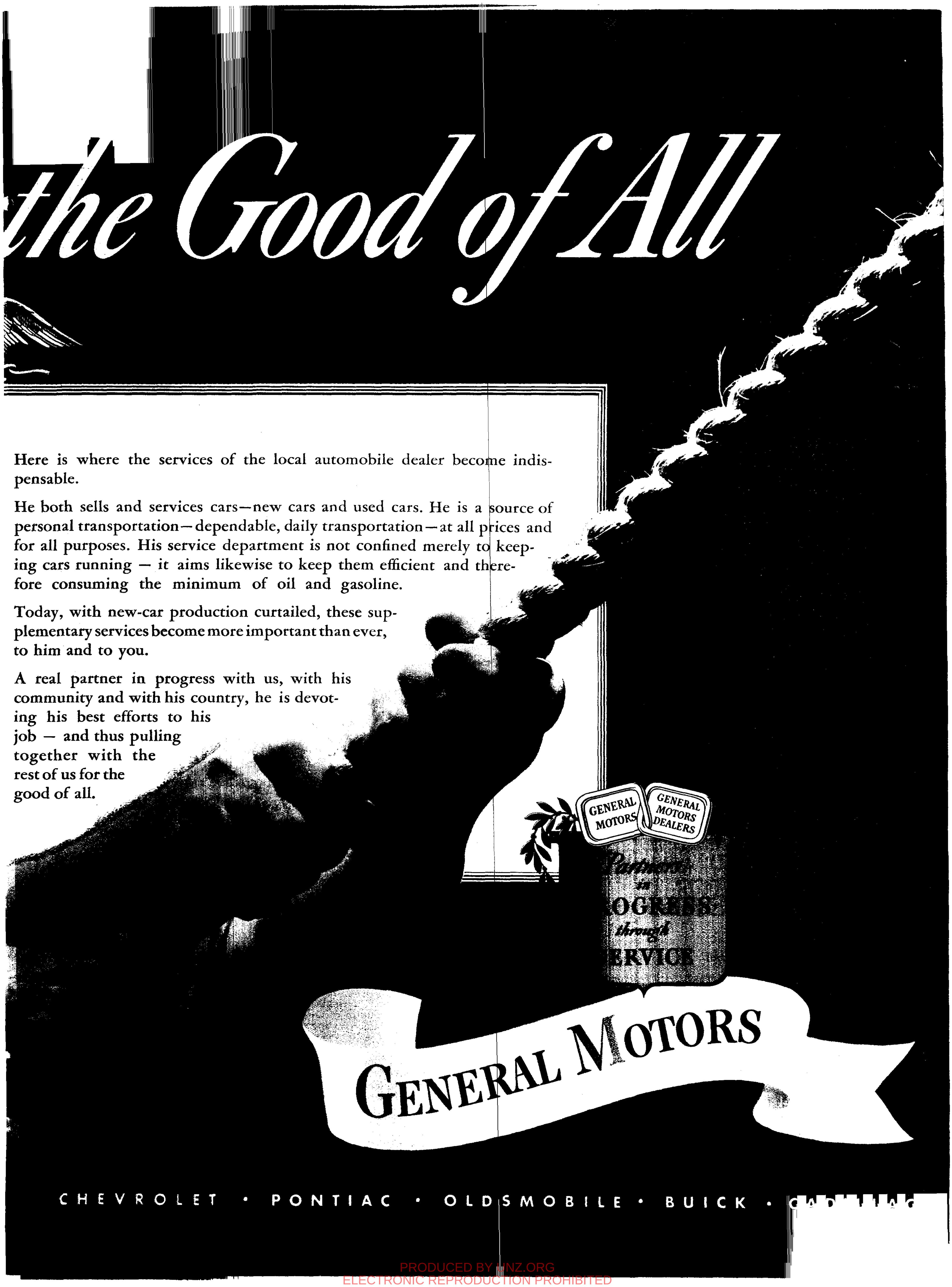
Today, with new-car production curtailed, these supplementary services become more important than ever, to him and to you.

A real partner in progress with us, with his community and with his country, he is devoting his best efforts to his job — and thus pulling together with the rest of us for the good of all.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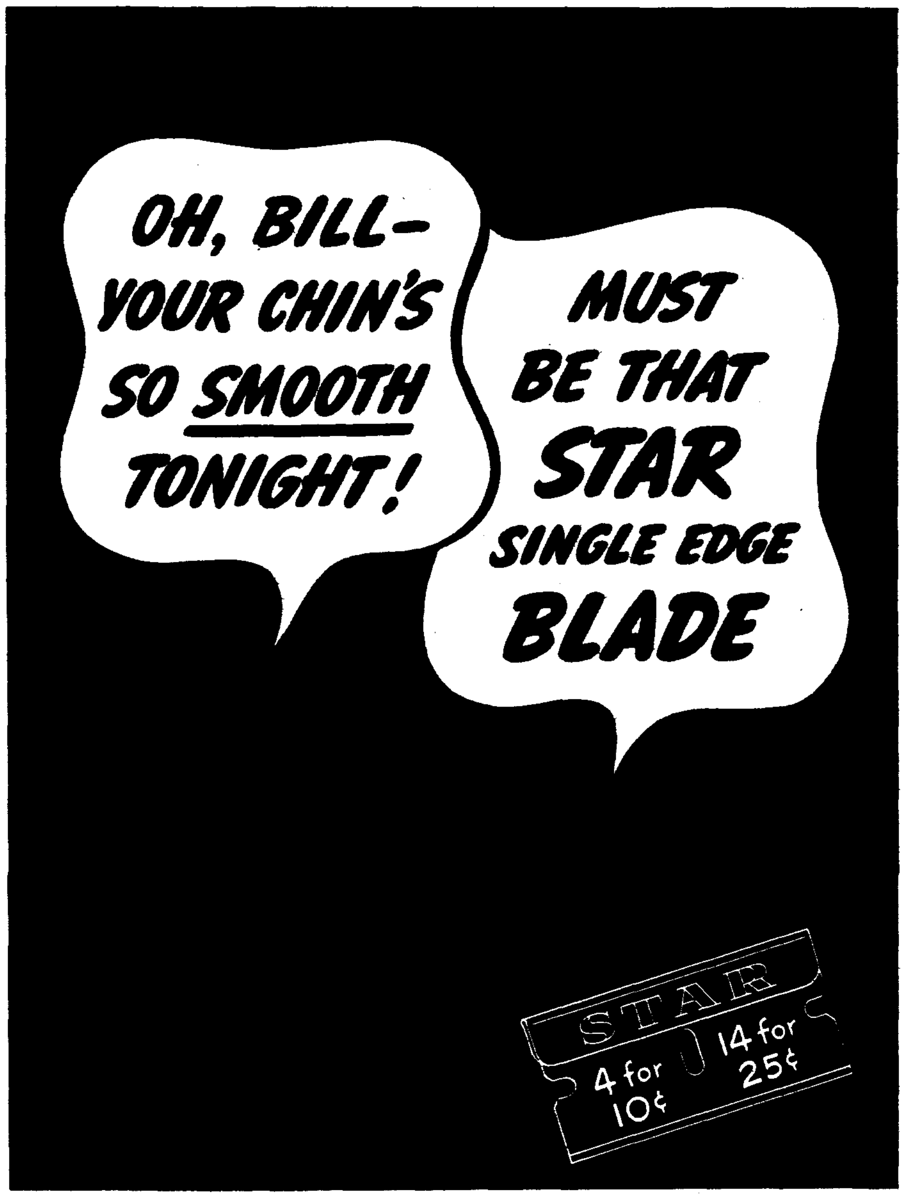

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the lady and her maid in boarding."

Then he turned away and stared westward toward the Windward Passage and the distant, invisible Cuban shore. He observed the configuration of high clouds above the horizon, and made certain mental calculations touching upon the wind, the tide, currents. He dismissed Mademoiselle Thiers—who was simply another passenger—from his mind.

He was a tall young man of competence and coolness, at home on the sea, uneasy on the land. His shoulders were broad and his waist rather remarkably slim. His face, lean, firm and well-shaped, was burned to the color of good Tortugan mahogany; the tropical sun had graven small wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

He looked as though he made a careful practice of avoiding surprise.

They said, in the islands, that Tobie Gautier knew every blue-water reef between Havana and the Orinoco. They also said he was an incomprehensible young man, for the precise reason that he was predictable. He had shown himself to be steady, rational, temperate, serious, even grave. He stayed on his ship and out of the taverns. He held to his announced sailing schedule with what amounted to a miraculous surmounting of the vagaries of wind. He had a reputation for cold, unbending aloofness.

In a time when tavern-brawling was the universal relaxation of seamen, Tobie Gautier was thought to be a queer stick. There was even a rumor—unsubstantiated, naturally—that he wrote music in the privacy of his cabin. Many West Indians felt this to be provoking gossip originated by persons who envied Tobie Gautier his command of the Duc d'Anvout at twenty-five.

The shallop from Cayona wharf scraped alongside. Tobie Gautier heard his mate bawling orders to the Negro boatmen. Then Mademoiselle Thiers was handed to the deck. Her father followed her.

"My daughter, Captain Gautier," Henri Thiers said.

Tobie Gautier bowed slightly. And he saw the cold gray malaise in the girl's eyes. It did not occur to him to wonder at it; he observed, and that was all. It was none of his affair. But he was aware that Amandine Thiers was a singularly pretty girl. Aware, and unmoved.

"I hope our cabin accommodations will please you," he said. "We will be under way in ten minutes. If you will make your farewells—"

HENRI THIERS touched his arm. "I give my daughter into your safekeeping, Captain Gautier. Perhaps you have heard that she is to be married in Martinique on August eighth—"

But not happily, Tobie Gautier told himself; plainly not happily. This, too, was none of his affair. "I had not heard," he said.

"I mention it," said Henri Thiers quickly, "only to impress upon you the importance of placing my daughter in St. Pierre before the eighth of August. Unfortunately, due to certain business matters, I cannot accompany her."

"We shall be in St. Pierre not later than the fifth."

Then Henri Thiers kissed his daughter complacently on both cheeks, and she said, "Goodby, Father," and he crossed the deck rapidly and went down the ladder. It was in Tobie Gautier's mind that the girl was relieved to see him go. Some of the strain seemed to slip from her face. She turned away, impassive, without a word.

Captain Gautier, after a moment's hesitation, struck his hands together. He lifted his voice. The crew went in the rigging. The capstan revolved slowly. The ship came alive.

They went westward in Tortuga Channel, with the wind hard in the sails, and through the night tacked on a broad zigzag course across the Windward Passage, to make the most of fitful breezes. In the morning, Cuba was a thin line like a finger laid upon the horizon in the west.

The sun burned in a sky that was without any cloud. Amandine Thiers ordered a chair placed on deck for her, in the shadow of the mainsail. There she sat. She read a leather-covered book of plays. Plays of Scarron. She thought them unutterably dull. After a while she let the book fall in her lap. She gazed at the sea, a wide blue blanket crossed by white seams; and to Captain Gautier, strolling forward along the deck, she seemed to be fighting with some profoundly moving emotion.

He paused beside her chair.

"You slept well?" he asked. "The sea did not distress you?"

She looked up, startled. "Yes," she said. "Yes. I slept well."

THOSE were really the first words they had spoken to each other. On the day before, at the time of their meeting, the presence of Henri Thiers had been like a barrier between them. More exactly, awareness of him had occupied both their minds to the exclusion of anything else. Now, in the brilliant sunlight, with the calming whisper of the sea in her ears, Amandine Thiers realized suddenly that the bronzed, tall man beside her chair was, in at least several respects, unusual.

He was young to command as fine a ship as this; and his eyes were grave and looked as though they might on occasion be stubborn, but his mouth was gentle.

She thought she detected in him something of that singular spell which the sea is said to exert on certain lonely natures. And she was lonely herself, and her unhappiness seemed somehow a bond between them.

He spoke to her of the course they were following, of the prevailing winds of summer in Caribbean waters. She drew him out—she asked about Havana and Maracaibo, about Panama, places she had never seen. He seemed pleased to talk with her; he stood lightly braced against the motion of the ship and replied thoughtfully to her questions. She received the impression that Captain Gautier, for all his youth, was not given to making any statement, however trivial, without carefully weighing his words. A staid, serious—even solemn—young man.

She said, "This is, you know, my first voyage away from Tortuga."

"You've never been in France—to Normandy, to Paris?"

She smiled. "I'm a true colonial. Must I confess to you that I was born in Tortuga?"

"You'll find that Martinique is very like Tortuga—"

"I could wish it would be different. I think I should like a change from endless sun."

"I know," he said somberly. "Often I find myself hating the sun. The blind, scarring, brutal force of it. Some day I want to go back to a place I know—a place of soft rains and gentle light. In Normandy. A man can make a living fishing there; and not be burned black! I was born in Normandy—"

He paused, as if embarrassed by having confided a deeply personal feeling. And then he nodded, a kind of formal inclination of his head, and went away. Amandine Thiers sat quietly in her chair; after a little while she was aware that she had been picturing in her mind *a place of soft rains and gentle light*—and it occurred to her that she had, for a space, entirely forgotten Martinique. But only for a space.

That was the first of a series of small intimacies between them. In the afternoon of that day Captain Gautier invited her to drink coffee with him in his cabin—her maid accompanied her as a matter of course, to provide chaperonage they both recognized as proper—and early next morning he called her on deck to see the high green wall of Cape San Miguel standing out of the sea in the east. That would be their last sight of Haiti; now the Caribbean stretched southward to the Spanish Main, and Martinique lay more than nine hundred miles to the southeast.

"The next land we're to see will be Martinique," Tobie Gautier said, watching the girl beside him at the rail.

Her shining, soft black hair blew freely in the morning wind. Her body was straight and firm; her hands touched the rail lightly. Only her eyes and the almost imperceptible quick trembling of her lips told him what she was thinking.

He said abruptly, "You aren't happy."

She avoided his eyes. "No," she said.

"It's not my right to speak to you of this," he said quietly. "I don't want to invade your privacy. Believe me. But I'm distressed to see—"

"I understand." She turned then and looked at him. "I'm grateful. But there's nothing to be said."

They were silent for a moment.

"It's your father's friend Aubigne?" Tobie Gautier asked.

"Yes."

Tobie Gautier's strong, brown hands closed upon the rail. Then they stood without speaking, watching the forested head of Cape San Miguel retreat into the sea.

AFTER that she perceived that he avoided her.

When, passing from his cabin to the afterdeck, he encountered her, he spoke calmly, with almost an excess of formality; he gave the appearance of speaking to her without any actual awareness of her physical presence—a subtle operation of the mind.

Day followed day. The wind stayed persistently in the east and the Duc d'Anvout progressed slowly, laboring, fighting for every mile, on a series of long and infinitely complicated tacks. Amandine Thiers, in her chair on deck, gazed at the monotonous indigo sea and shut out of her mind any thought of the future, any memory of the past. Finally she achieved, by deliberate and difficult effort, a kind of suspension of all thinking. She knew that this was only a deferment; she knew that she was only half alive. And she was desperately unhappy.

ON THE morning of the day of storm she breakfasted early and alone—her maid was not, had not been, well—and went on deck and sat in her chair. She was conscious of a nervous uneasiness. Her hands were restless. The day was anything but promising: almost no breeze, a leaden and oppressive sky. The sea, pulsing feverishly under the long Caribbean swell, was lead-colored, too. She thought: The sea is oily; there will be rain.

She did not see Tobie Gautier until he was beside her chair. He said, "Good morning." She looked up slowly. His face was constrained and stiff. He nodded his head in a little polite gesture. And he went on, mounting the ladder to the afterdeck. If he had not spoken she would have thought he had not seen her.

She gave herself, then, to watching the slanting sails—observing without curiosity that puffs of wind blew across the ship and died, and came again, fitfully. In time, when the sun was higher, burning callously behind the gray gauze of cloud, the wind swung abruptly into the southeast. Then it came steadily. In a minute it was strong; in five minutes, violent.

The crew leaped to the rigging and took in sail. Amandine Thiers left her chair; she stood at the rail, clutching it, her hair blowing wildly. The ship yawed and fell off, then got the wind astern of her, with a countering sea lifting her at a crazy angle. And Amandine Thiers saw Tobie Gautier running along the deck toward her—running lightly, easily, with catlike balance against the shifting level of the planking. He stood before her and laid his hand upon her arm. "You must go below," he said.

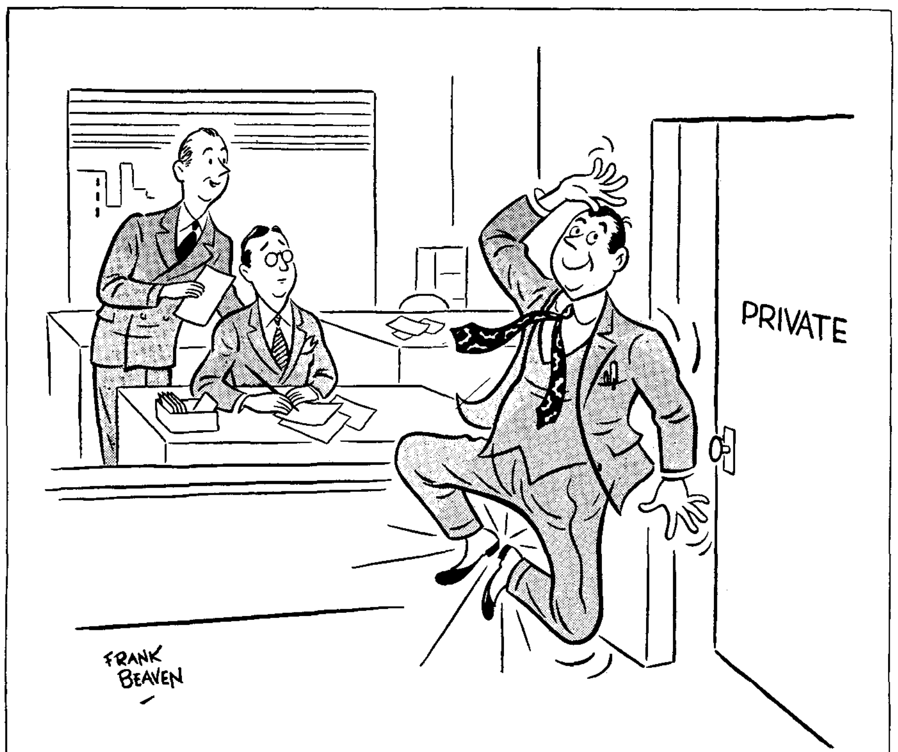
His dry voice frightened her.

"Will it be bad?" she asked.

The wind tore at her words, but he heard her and he nodded.

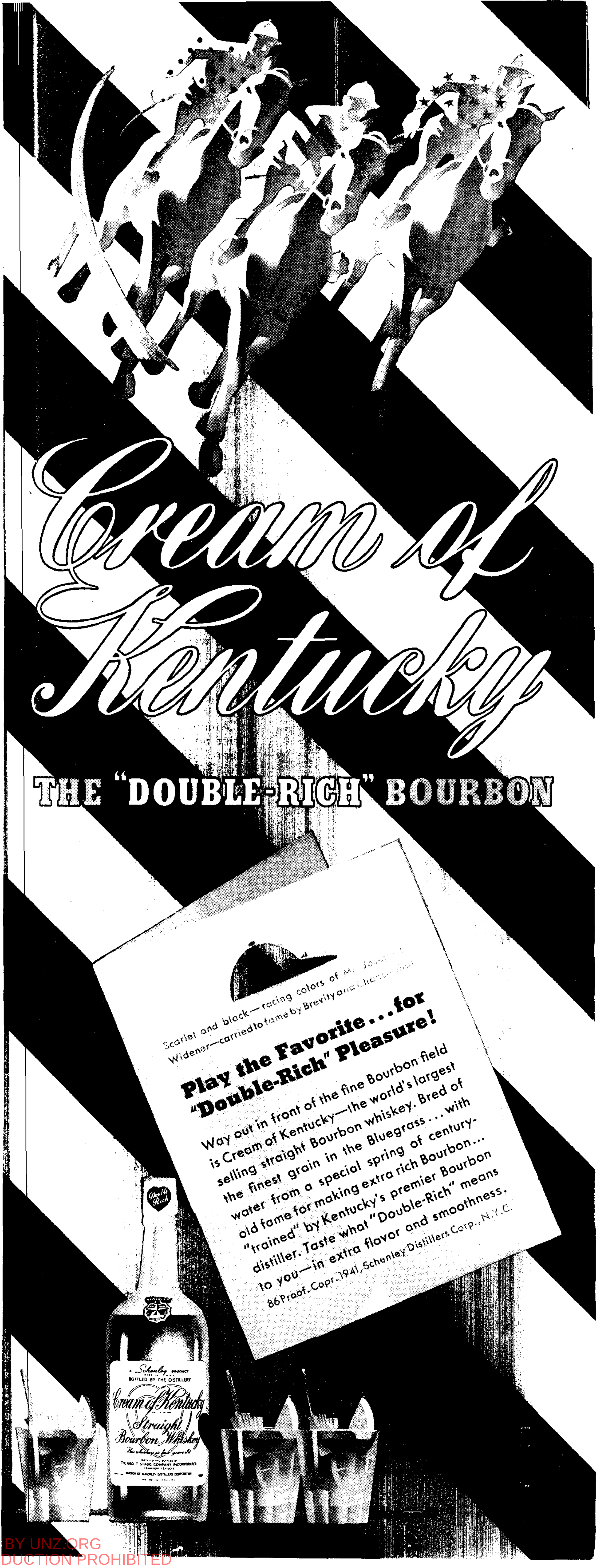
"Yes," he said. "Bad. This is the season—"

He held her arm and guided her across the deck to the companionway. In the shelter of the deckhouse the wind swirled and eddied; but it was quieter there. The noises of the pounding ship seemed distant, deadened. "Not very



"Wynkoop just asked the boss for a raise—wonder how he made out?"

FRANK BEAVEN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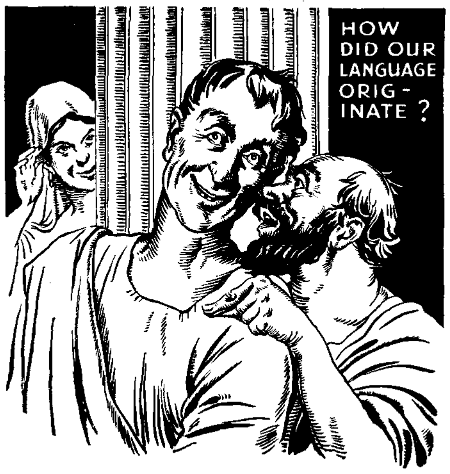
HOW DID OUR LANGUAGE ORIGINATE?

Anecdote

an unpublished tale

AMONG the ancient Greeks, a story known only privately was called *anekdotos*, literally meaning "not published." The word was formed by combining *a*, *an*, "not," and *ekdotos*, "given out." From this source comes our English *anecdote* which originally retained the Greek meaning "unpublished narrative." But many intimate tales are now frequently given out for publication and the word *anecdote* has lost its original meaning.

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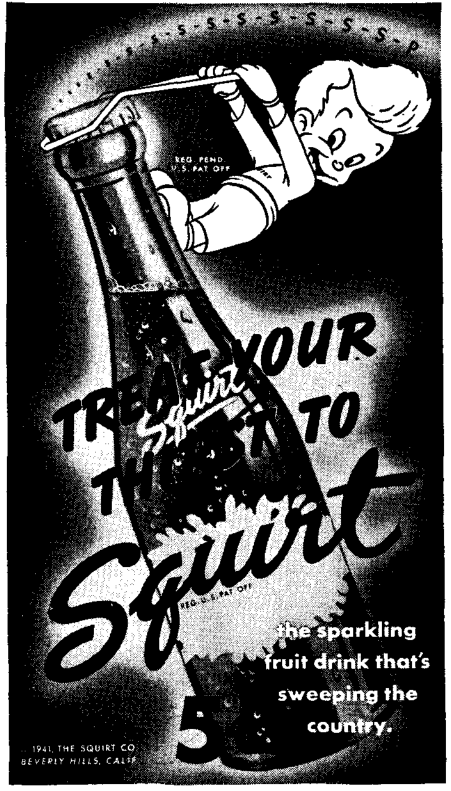
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bad," Tobie Gautier was saying. "Not too bad. You mustn't worry. We'll ride it out well enough. But you must stay below—"

The ship's bow lifted, then dropped dizzily away. A sea combed over the stern; they saw the rush of water on the leaning starboard deck. Tobie Gautier's fingers held the girl's arm tightly.

"I'll help you below," he said.

She did not move. Her eyes were on his face. "I'm afraid for you," she said. "The sea's washing over—"

He looked as though he had not heard her. His eyes, searching her face, told her nothing. Then, for the first time, he smiled. And the miracle happened with the speed of light; they felt the surge and power of it in the blood of their bodies, and their hands came together and they were, for a brief space, breathless and alone, an entity, insensible of time, of place. The ship leaped beneath them and they felt nothing of it. His arms closed about her and she lifted her face to him.

He felt his senses dimming with the happiness that possessed him—a wild thing burning with the violence of pure light. She knew the strength of his arms—

Then the urgency of the moment flooded back over them and he carried her blindly down the narrow well of the companionway to the door of her cabin. He left her without speaking a word.

Once, an hour later, she heard his voice shouting a savage command on deck. Seas thundered aboard; and time was forgotten in the gray murk of lashing rain. It was late afternoon before the storm abated. At six o'clock a hush descended suddenly upon the sea, as though a blanket had been lowered over it; and there was no more wind.

Amandine Thiers sat in her cabin and tried not to feel the quick beating of her heart. She tried not to think. When Tobie Gautier tapped upon her door she hesitated, catching her breath, before she spoke to him.

IN THE morning the sea was sweetly blue and the sky cloudless; a brisk wind, with a rare touch of coolness in it, fled out of the north. The ship strained forward eagerly, it seemed, almost consciously, as if purposefulness and a knowledge of its destination lay within its beams and cordage. And Amandine Thiers went early out of her cabin and to the deck, where she walked in the long shadows of the sails.

She was inexplicably happy—happy, what is more, in the face of the uncertainty that loomed before her. She was like a young rider feeling the excitement of the first perilous steeplechase; like a wire walker exhilarated by the magic of balance. She stepped lightly on the deck, and her eyes were wide, and she was waiting.

He came after a few minutes.

They stood at the rail. He said, speaking low, "I was mad. I had no right—you understand."

"I was mad, too," she said.

"I went to your cabin, after the storm had passed. I knocked. You didn't hear me."

"I heard you. I spoke to you. But you had gone."

He nodded. "I didn't wait. I suppose I was afraid to say what I surely would have said."

Her heart twisted suddenly. "Why afraid?" she said softly.

He swung round to face her, almost savagely. "Do you want me to say it?" he asked, and his voice was hard and taut. "Do you want me to say I love you, Amandine Thiers? Would it please you to hear me say that, forgetting the impossibility—"

She put a hand on his arm. "I forget nothing."

"Listen to me," Tobie Gautier said harshly. "Edouard d'Aubigne of Martinique owns the cargo in this ship. He has a dozen vessels of his own—and houses. And land. And slaves. He's powerful—full of money. In Martinique it is Edouard d'Aubigne, in Tortuga it is Henri Thiers—"

"Yes," she whispered, meeting his eyes. "They're powerful, Edouard d'Aubigne and my father. But old. And you are young."

He stared and did not answer.

"And I am young," she said.

"But what have I to give you?"

"You've already told me. You've said you love me—and you shall give me that."

"It's not enough," Tobie Gautier said. His eyes held a torturing uncertainty.

"You fool," the girl breathed. Her hands clutched the rail with rigid violence.

It was then that he caught her up in his arms again; though the mate at the wheel had a clear view of them. He pressed her to him with a crushing strength, and he kissed her.

He put her down. He said, "You're not a maiden of much modesty," and he was smiling.

"Because you're a man who must be pushed," she answered him, accusingly. Her eyes were frankly on his face. "I am, you'll come to realize, my father's daughter." She stood straight and firm before him. "There's this to be said for the family Thiers—when we know what we want we go after it."

Abruptly he turned away. He left her there on the deck, and climbed the ladder to stand beside the mate at the wheel. Her eyes followed him, astonished.

THE land came out of the sea in the evening, an hour before dark. Amandine Thiers was in the bow when the lookout cried the shore.

The warm air washed over her. It seemed to her that she could smell the odors of the land—trees, and the pungency of earth. She said, under her breath: "Now is the fourth day of August; and there is Martinique. And nothing is decided. For I saw very clearly the uncertainty in his eyes—"

She heard the footfalls on the deck and knew his step. She did not move her head. And then he was beside her.

"The land—" he said.

He laughed, and touched her shoulder. "For the first time," he said, "the ship that was Tobie Gautier's command will arrive late in Martinique."

SHE did not understand. She controlled her voice carefully: "This is only the fourth day of August."

"Yes," he said lightly. "But that's not Martinique you're staring at."

She was aware that she was trembling. "What are you saying?" she asked.

"Guadeloupe," he said evenly. "The land you see is Guadeloupe. Martinique is to the south, a good day's sail. But we'll not see Martinique, you and I. For us, this is the end of the voyage—and the beginning."

His hand found hers. "You changed the course," she murmured. He nodded.

"My mate will take the ship to Martinique," he said. "And I'll resign command. And in Guadeloupe we'll find another ship to carry us to the place I spoke of—"

"What place?"

"You've forgotten? The place of soft rains and gentle light—"

She smiled. "I hadn't forgotten. I wanted to hear you say it. The coast of Normandy."

"You're not afraid? You haven't changed, from thinking of it?"

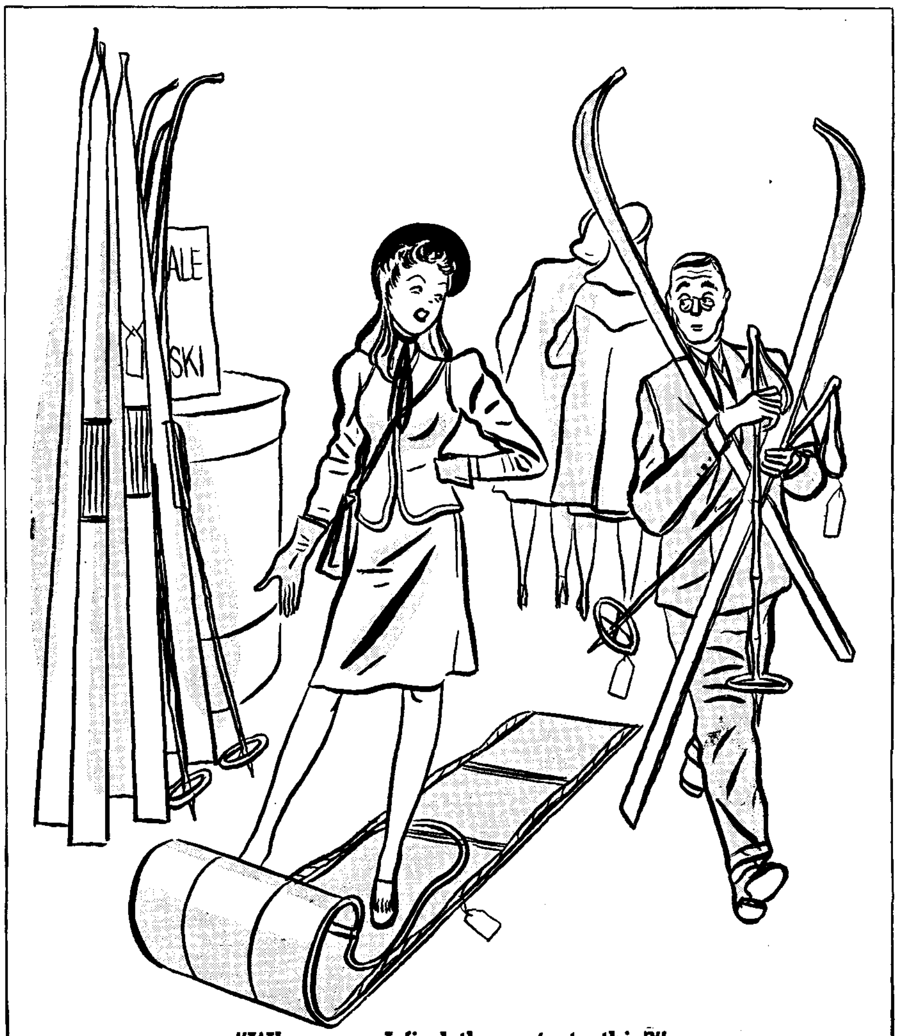
She shook her head. The breeze disturbed her hair. "The daughter of Henri Thiers will learn to cook fish stew," she said.

"For a fisherman husband. Be careful that it's good."

She clung to him. "How lovely now to say," she whispered, her mouth beside his cheek, "that I haven't an appointment in Martinique. Never to see Martinique! Tell me—at what hour do the priests awake in Guadeloupe?"

"You're shameless," he cried.

"Of course," she said, and kissed him.



"Where can I find the mate to this?" FRITZ WILKINSON

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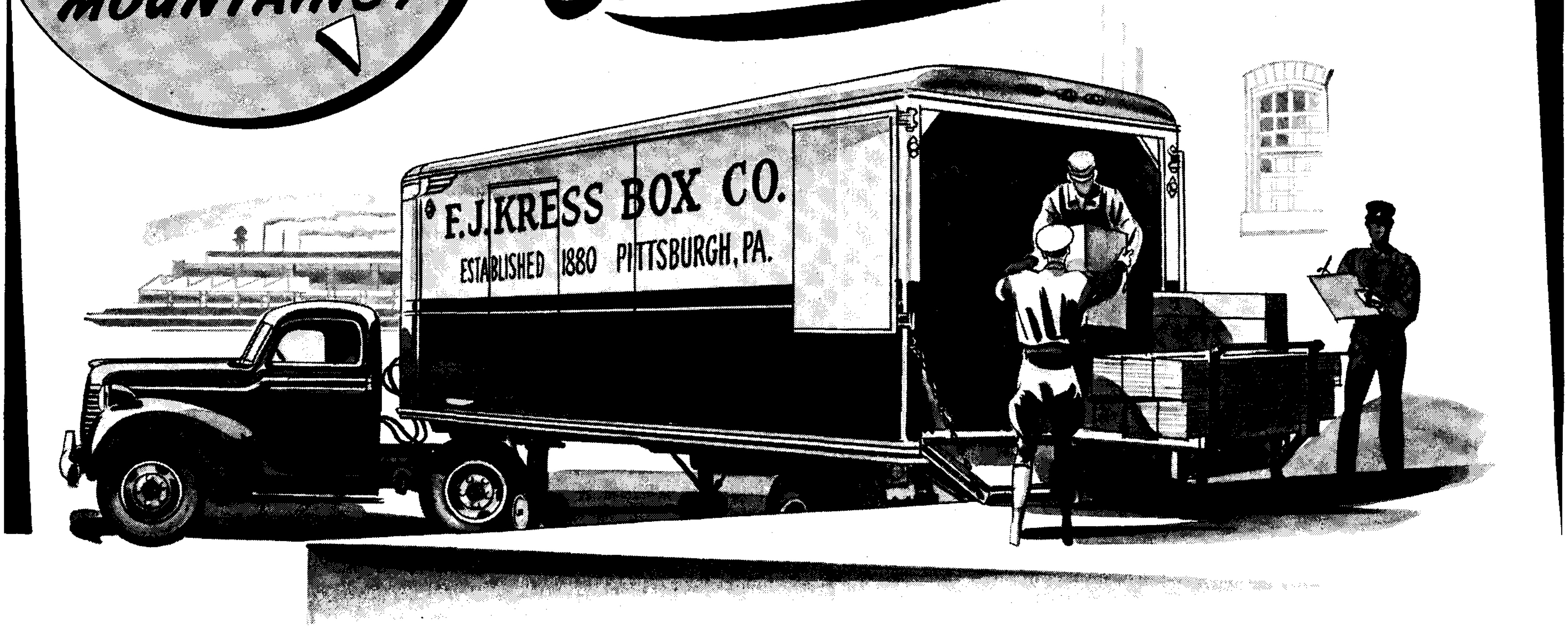

F. J. KRESS BOX CO.
ESTABLISHED 1880 PITTSBURGH, PA.

● WHEN THE F. J. KRESS BOX COMPANY, of Pittsburgh, switched to Truck-Trailers, they (1) saved literally thousands of dollars in equipment costs, (2) increased hauling output 20 percent without increasing handling costs, (3) began saving up to 20 percent in gasoline and oil.

The Kress Company has a tough hauling job. It manufactures cartons, mostly for glass jar and pottery factories in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia . . and deliveries are generally from 30 to 150 miles, over mountain roads in the Alleghenies. Most of the year, deliveries continue right around the clock. It's a punishing job for transport equipment.

THREE-WAY SAVING!

About a year ago, the Kress Company bought two 10-ton Fruehauf Trailers . . and, *to pull* them, one inexpensive 2½-ton truck. That was the first big saving, because three powerful trucks, costing thousands of dollars more, would have been required to carry the same load capacity!

Then the second saving . . through the "shuttle system." The truck and driver are constantly busy . . always pulling one Trailer while the other is being loaded or unloaded. No wasted time for men or equipment! 20 percent more hauling output!

And the third saving! Since a *smaller* truck pulls a *bigger* load, it uses up to 20 percent less gasoline and oil for the same tonnage!

SO . . THEY BUY MORE TRAILERS!

So gratifying were the money-saving and improved service that three months later the Kress Company duplicated their order . . two more Fruehauf Trailers and one inexpensive truck!

There is probably one . . possibly two, three or more ways . . in which Truck-Trailers would save you money, too. A Fruehauf engineer will study your operation and give you the facts. Why not send for him . . today?

★ ★ ★

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT

FACTORIES: DETROIT, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, TORONTO

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF TRUCK-TRAILERS

SALES AND SERVICE IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

★ IS MOTOR TRANSPORT helping to win the Battle of Production? An airplane factory in Tennessee, with highly important army contracts, is several miles from a railroad. A motor carrier hauls in all production material and hauls away many completed planes, disassembled and boxed for distant delivery. Thousands of other motor transport operators throughout the country are handling equally essential jobs.

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"
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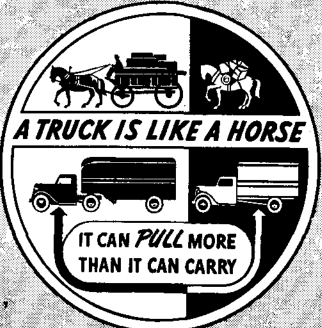


A TRUCK IS LIKE A HORSE
IT CAN *PULL* MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

★ ★ ★ MOTOR TRANSPORT IS ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE ★ ★ ★

Our New Army

Continued from page 19

allied subjects, but he must be thinking plenty. . . . The reason being that the good general recently climbed into the same boat with General Eckfeldt, figuratively speaking. In a potential blitz party comprising some forty men, five armored scout cars, a weapons carrier and a jeep, General Truesdell whipped down a road until he came to a Rocky River bridge near Albemarle. At this precise spot and moment a patrol of 176th Infantry (29th Division) lads opened up with a mess of theoretical fire power that pulverized the mechanized column. General Truesdell bounded from his car, sprinted into the woods and skated over slippery pine needles with extraordinary speed, but the patrol got him. Sgt. P. K. Daniel covered the corps commander with a machine gun and a field judge bawled, "You're out—until midnight." General Eckfeldt should be very happy.

29TH DIV. A FEW weeks of field maneuvers give a guy's gustatorial discrimination a terrible beating. Look what happened to the members of an antitank company in this same (176th) infantry regiment. Ordered late one night to move into a new position with all possible dispatch, the outfit got out of the bivouac in no time flat. For the sake of speed, the kitchen gang tossed a scrub bucket, some dishrags and a gasoline lantern into a coffee urn—and forgot about them. At their new location the cooks filled the urn with water and coffee and put it—dishrags, lantern, scrub bucket and all—on the fire. The resultant brew should have caused riot and rebellion, but there wasn't even a single complaint.

CAMP DAVIS, Hollyridge. Mimeographed orders and instructions for using equipment are customarily stuffy, but every now and then the military mind goes native—and human. According to the mimeographed directions handed out to men in the 96th Coast Artillery for the handling of the wire cable winch on Army trucks, the setup "is as temperamental as Greta Garbo, and treating it carelessly is like asking Lana Turner to scrub the kitchen floor." The boys are treating the apparatus with due respect.

MICHIGAN

5TH DIV. FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. The Army is versatile enough. Having for months maintained recruiting offices in civilian centers and kept recruiting posters pasted on factory walls, it has now opened civilian employment offices in Army population centers to help smooth the adjustment from military to civil life. Within the next three weeks this fort will be returning more than 1,000 men to reserve status, and Industrial Placement Manager Henry Van Dyke, in the Battle Creek office of the Michigan Employment Service, is trying to find jobs for these soldiers. Mr. Van Dyke is finding a number of men who entered the Army with no industrial training but who have acquired sufficient mechanical knowledge working around Army trucks and such to make them better adapted for defense-industry jobs.

HIS mother was killed when the dive-bombing vanguard of Hitler's invasion forces pounded Poland's Lwów to bits, and his father, believed to be somewhere in occupied Poland, hasn't been heard from since last March—which is why Stanley Czarnopy, Co. A, Reception Center, is glad his third attempt to get into Uncle Sam's Army worked out. Faltering English kept Pvt. Czarnopy out the first two times; after intensive study he tried again under Selective Service and made the grade. What's more, he wants to enlist for three years if his halting English isn't too much of a handicap. There's a soldier for you.

ILLINOIS

CAMP GRANT, Rockford. While Camp Commander Brig. Gen. John M. Willis was making a routine inspection of the Camp Quartermaster laundry he stopped to ask a question of one of the colored employees. Her answer was, "Yassuh, Cap'n." The general smiled. "Do you know my proper rank?" said he. "I spects," said she, "you is a sergeant maybe."

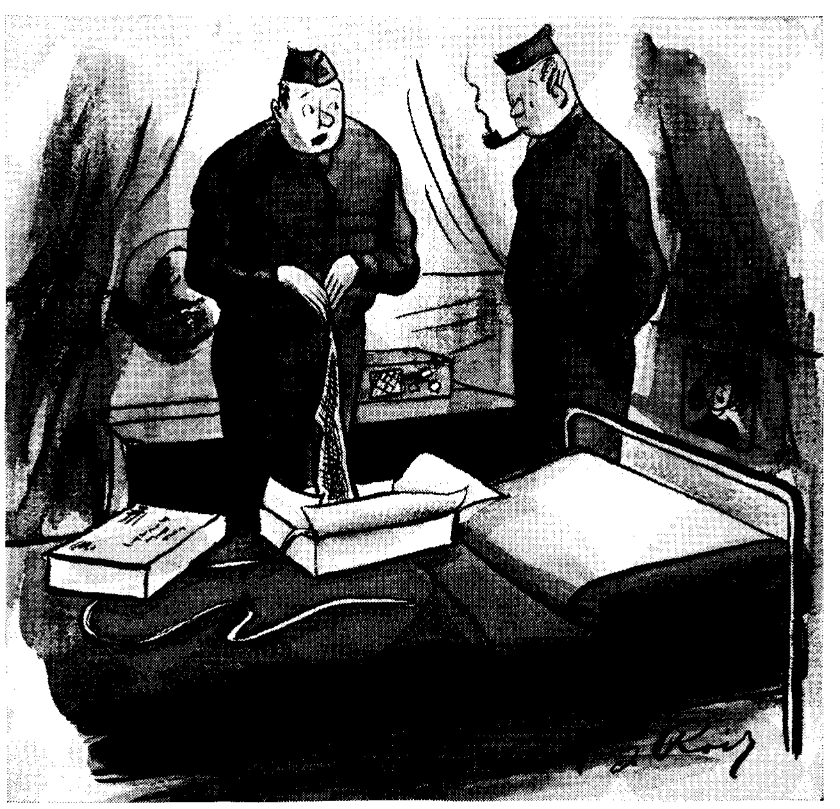
GEORGIA

CAMP STEWART, Hinesville. This week's lesson on how to get along in the Army comes from an unidentified private who's not very handy with his dukes but whose brain functions with an enviable amount of steam. "The captain," announced the topkick of his company one morning, "wants somebody to build him a bookcase. Anybody here a carpenter?" Nobody was. Whereat our quick-thinking private, who didn't know the difference between a gimlet and a gimmick, loudly announced that he could bat out an exquisite piece of furniture for the captain. Why, certainly. The sergeant gave him the nod and our friend was detached from duty so he could build the bookcase. Couple of weeks later a buddy dropped around to see how the imitation carpenter was doing. He was doing fine. "It took a week," he reported as he hammered aimlessly away at a ramshackle, cockeyed piece of woodwork, "to get the tools and nails and another week to get the right kind of lumber. The paint ought to be along any day now." His pal nodded. "But what," asked he, "are you gonna do about that flimsy excuse for a bookcase?" "That's easy," our hero told him. "Soon's I get tired of finagling around with the job I'll cart the whole thing down to Savannah and get a carpenter to fix it up. Only cost me a few bucks—and I've practically had a furlough."

WASHINGTON

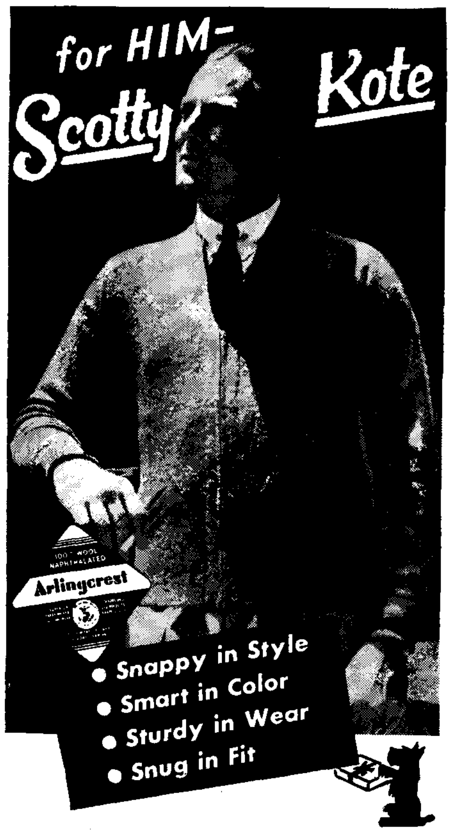
GRAY FIELD, Tacoma. The Air Forces may have stayed up nights working out a camouflage system but it doesn't work in Alaska. Up there the airplanes undergo another paint job, to keep them from being camouflaged, the idea being that ships forced down in the North country must be kept visible from the air. Gray Field's 2d Photo Squadron developed its own color scheme during its recent four months in the sourdough country and was dubbed Northrup's Flying Circus by startled Alaskans. The checkerboard design of light green and international orange, explains Commanding Officer Major G. G. Northrup, resulted from a combination of laziness and necessity. Because they couldn't get Chinese red they used orange, slapped in alternate strips on the existing green priming coat.

Working with the 29th Engineers, the squadron exposed some 50,000 negatives during the summer survey of the mountains and wide open spaces. They had found parts of inland Alaska to be giant patches of unrelieved green, looking from the air like dense tropical growth; in other sections glaciers made 100-square-mile areas of dazzling white. Flying in formation, pilots discovered that reflections from the snow made it almost impossible to see other ships in the flight only a few hundred feet away, which, as one pilot expressed it, "was somewhat disconcerting." The new color scheme fixed all that. Incidentally,



"It must be a sweater. If it were socks there would be two of them"

IRVING ROIR



Gives warmth without weight, protection without bulk, skin-snug fit without bind. (Buy your suit size to insure correct, snug fit.) Knitted from resilient, Arlingcrest worsted yarns made from 100% Wool Naphthalated (fleeces cleansed in naphtha).

Talon-fastened. Handsome Heather shades and rich plain colors.

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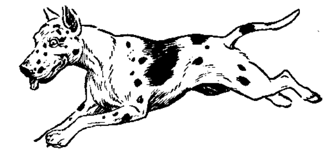
and leading stores everywhere

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY, INC., Canandaigua, N.Y.

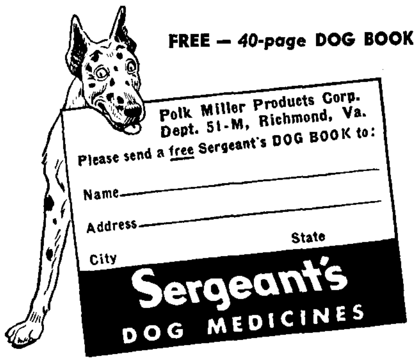
SURE I'M TOUGH—but I can't win over worms by myself! I had 'em bad, last month. "They're nothing," says the Boss. "Oh yeah?" I groans, and he finally gets wise that they're dangerous.

"THIS'LL SLAY 'EM," he says, bringing out some Sergeant's SURE SHOT CAPSULES. He's right! "You should've learned to read," he grins. "I got the dope from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK!"



"BIGGER THEY ARE, HARDER THEY FALL," is the worms' battle-cry. Don't give them a chance at *your* dog. Get SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES at any drug or pet store—and be ready to get the worms early!

FREE — 40-page DOG BOOK!



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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

"Oh! For a girl like you...in every port!"

Mother hasn't forgotten the way to a son's heart. She remembers all his whims, his favorite dishes and—"extra special"—his gusto for *"Custom Ground"* A&P Coffee—fresh, fragrant, satisfying coffee.

Two words—*Custom Ground*—hold the secret of the finer, extra flavor of A&P Coffee. For every pound is *Custom Ground* exactly right for each coffee pot. Just choose your favorite blend—Eight O'Clock, Red Circle or Bokar—tell the clerk the type of coffee pot you use, then watch: The dial on the red coffee mill is set for *you* and the fresh coffee beans are *Custom Ground* the precise fineness for *you*—so you'll get *all* the magnificent flavor in your cup of coffee.

From plantation to you—from source to sale—the quality of A&P Coffee is guarded. This same care all along the line accounts for the extra goodness of many fine foods that are sold exclusively by A&P. The famous 33 Ann Page Foods are a capital example . . . or oven-fresh Marvel Bread . . . delicious Jane Parker Cakes and Donuts . . . and many others.

But you get more than quality—you save too! Actually, many of the fine A&P brands bring you remarkable savings, because they are brought direct to you, minus extra handling charges and middlemen's profits that usually increase prices.

Make a mental note *now!* Visit your A&P . . . buy *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee . . . enjoy its magnificent flavor. Enjoy it this very day!

SAVE UP TO 25%* ON MANY FINE FOODS

A&P

FOOD STORES

*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our Marvel White Bread and Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts —The 33 Ann Page Foods—A&P Coffees and Teas—White House Evaporated Milk—34 A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables—Sunnyfield Hams and Smoked Meats and Pilgrim Turkeys—and many others.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P

CUSTOM GROUND A&P COFFEE
BOUGHT BY EVERY 7th FAMILY IN AMERICA

CONSUMER FACTS: Each type of coffee pot brings boiling water into contact with ground coffee for a different length of time. Hence coffee should be *Custom Ground* to a different degree of fineness for each type of pot. That's why "any grind for every pot" is wrong. That's why you get more flavor, better flavor with *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee.

EIGHT O'CLOCK COFFEE
RED CIRCLE COFFEE
BOKAR COFFEE

THE COFFEE OF MAGNIFICENT FLAVOR

© 1941—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

No wonder I'm proud
—he gave me a genuine

CASWELL-RUNYAN
CEDAR HOPE CHEST

ROMANCE TODAY AND TOMORROW—
Capture a world of romantic dreams for HER with this Caswell-Runyan Cedar Hope Chest! It's the gift every girl wants. To her it is a symbol of future happiness—her dreams come true.

EXQUISITE BEAUTY IN DESIGN AND FINISH—
Beauty to make her catch her breath! Smart, stunning designs . . . rich, lustrous finishes make these Caswell-Runyan Cedar Chests a charming addition to any girl's room.

CEDAR CHESTS ARE NOT ALL ALIKE—
Caswell-Runyan Cedar Hope Chests *are not merely cedar lined.* The entire body is made of ¾" Tennessee Red Cedar. Built by experienced craftsmen—they have exclusive features which assure you extra years of enjoyment and useful service.

EXCLUSIVE CASWELL-RUNYAN FEATURES—
Caswell-Runyan Cedar Hope Chests have features that are characteristic of only fine furniture . . . exclusive tray arrangements . . . construction advantages that give them lifetime durability.

SAFEKEEPING—
A Caswell-Runyan Cedar Hope Chest provides a safe, convenient place for HER personal possessions. She is the only one who has the key to it. Treasures, with romantic memories of the past—hopes for the future, can be safely secluded.

GUARANTEED PROTECTION FROM MOTHS—
These sturdy, practical Cedar Chests offer a safe place for lovely fabrics, soft woolens, cherished furs, and sheerest silks. And if there's a man at camp, his civilian clothes can be effectively safeguarded until his return.

There's a variety of styles and several sizes. See them at leading furniture dealers today.

C-R CEDAR HOPE CHEST

This trademark is your assurance of Quality, Craftsmanship and Extra Value

THE CASWELL-RUNYAN COMPANY, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

it raised "the noise level" of the squadron, which is Major Northrup's way of describing morale-building. His noise-level assistant *is* Lieut. *John Philip* Stewart, who, being of Scottish descent, is endowed with a set of bagpipes and a kiltie outfit. The lieutenant made a nightly habit of pacing up and down the runway at Anchorage's Elmendorf Field playing The Caissons Go Rolling Along. It was the first bagpipe music most of the Alaskans had ever heard but none of the natives could be reached for an interview.

Many of the squadron members joined the Alaskan Society of Short Snorters before they came back to the States. Founded by Alaskan commercial pilots, the club's membership rule requires all men to carry with them a folded dollar bill bearing the society's name and the signature of a member with whom he has guzzled. Any member caught in a pub and unable to produce the bill has to buy a buck's worth of liquor for any other member present. The boys found this did wonders toward raising the noise level in bars.

CALIFORNIA

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Camouflage is doing wonders here but there's nothing warlike about it. A few soldiers figured a geranium here and a snapdragon there would make the company and battery streets look like something. Citizens of near-by Morro Bay got wind of the plan and began donating plants and shrubs. More came from garden clubs in San Luis Obispo and other towns. But it took Pfc. George Muto, Co. K., 159th Inf., to put things over in a big way. When he told fellow members of the Japanese Nursery Association of Southern California what was going on they loaded 20 camp trucks with about $25,000 worth of rose bushes, flowering cherry trees and stuff—for free. The horticultural barrage buried camp landscapers, who are now digging their way out and evolving a master plan for the whole place, which ought to romp off with all prizes, come spring.

CAMP SEELEY, Imperial Valley. Pvt. Hilaire DeMilner, of Service Unit 1961, lets 11th Cavalry members fire the guns while he shoots with a camera. *He specializes in wild life and* goes to considerable trouble to get his pictures. One day some of his buddies found him sprawled on the desert *slightly drenched with tomato juice.* They were concerned but Pvt. DeMilner was only annoyed. "You guys," he yowled, "probably spoiled the best shot I ever almost got! I am lying here, covered with blood, playing dead here for those three buzzards flying around up there!"

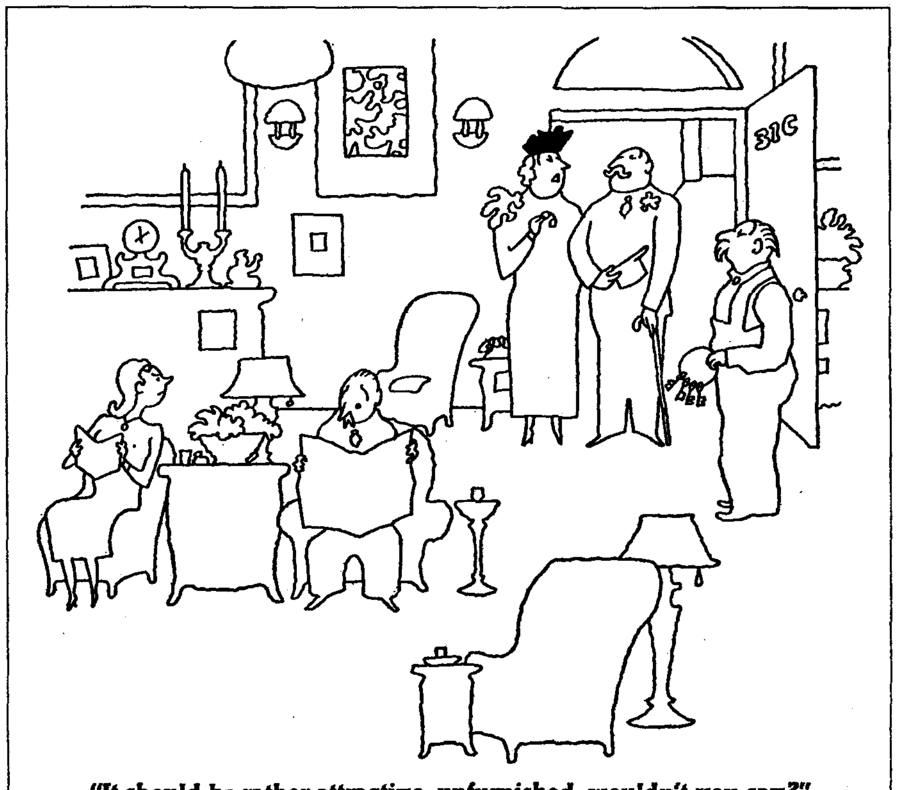
7TH DIV.

FORT ORD. Heading into its second winter the 7th Division—a year ago only a skeleton of its first World War self—isn't worrying any more about getting into a rut. New tanks and guns have stepped up interest, and transfer of an infantry regiment as a Presidio of San Francisco replacement for the veteran 30th Infantry, sent there from Fort Lewis, makes 7th members feel the division has arrived. *Any regiment chosen for* the San Francisco spot, where visiting bigwigs are saluted and paraded for, has to be good. A sudden increase in civilian attention also has made the lads at Fort Ord feel less out of the world. The fort made ready to entertain 20,000 on its first general visitors' day and hoped 15,000 would show up. More than 40,000 finally arrived, fully equipped with cheers, curiosity, cigarettes—and quite a few new phone numbers.

GENERAL

A DETROIT gal named Betty Barit has started something with her Letters, Inc. She figured that if soldiers were really griping about Army life, the women of America ought to be banded together to write encouraging missives, so she got some Detroit friends (Jane Mowers, Betty MacPhail, Georgia Burton, Betty Pucket and Pat Faulkner) to help her get started. The mass-production idea doesn't mean the letters are stereotyped. *Rule is, they must be sprightly, informative and en*tertaining, the girls agreeing to tackle any subject at all, using a dictionary and encyclopedia if necessary. The idea is spreading and gals in a lot of states are working for Letters, Inc. Headquarters are at 2975 Chicago Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

IT'S the answer to a soldier's prayer—*and ours.* G. W.



"It should be rather attractive, unfurnished, wouldn't you say?"

GARDNER REA

Cock 'n Bull

Continued from page 14

The first day you combine one pint of cream, three or four ounces of sugar, the whites of two eggs and one glass of sherry, beat this combination into a whip, and put it into a cool place to stiffen. The next day, the party day, you assemble the following items: One pint of custard, which you have made from eight eggs plus one pint of milk; twelve ladyfingers, twelve macaroons, bitter-almond flavoring if you like bitter almond flavoring, two ounces of sweet almonds, blanched and shredded, one lemon rind, grated, some raspberry jam, half a pint of sherry and six tablespoonfuls of brandy. You then lay the foundation for your trifle by placing the ladyfingers and macaroons in the bottom of a deep glass bowl and pouring over them the sherry mixed with brandy, allowing them to become thoroughly soaked. Sprinkle on the grated lemon rind, the almonds, and spread a layer of raspberry jam. Pour on your custard, which has by now cooled. Finally heap the whip, made yesterday, over the top, gently encouraging it to stand as high as possible. Garnish with bright strips of currant jelly or crystallized fruits, to suit your fancy. And don't have too much else for dinner.

Leftovers are an important part of the Cock 'n Bull's home cooking, and they are relished with all the zest devoted to the dishes of their origin. Every week two ladies who live in Pasadena telephone to discover when shepherd's pie is to be on the menu, so that they may make their weekly luncheon date accordingly. This is how Mrs. Tiffin who, by name and Scotch descent, is two up as head of the Cock 'n Bull's kitchen, cooks her shepherd's pie.

Grind beef left over from a roast. Season well with chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Mix with a little cream and grated raw onion, and put in a baking dish. Cook in salted water enough potatoes to make a two-inch covering for your pie, and run them through a potato ricer. Mix them lightly with plenty of cream, being careful not to crush the fluffiness out of them. Put them on top of your meat, dot with plenty of butter and sprinkle with paprika. Bake 35 to 45 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

Salvage Those Vegetables, Too

Vegetables are cooked quickly in a minimum of water, and should there be any water left it is cherished for soups and gravies. "A very good leftover vegetable recipe," says Mrs. Tiffin, "is zucchini cooked with corn. This is delicious and one of our most popular vegetable dishes."

You make it by slicing your cooked zucchini squash very thin, and mixing it with corn which has been cut from the cob. (Or use creamed corn, eight ounces to two and a half pounds of squash.) Sauté minced green pepper and onion in butter, add one tablespoonful of flour and half a pint of cream or milk, to which the yolks of two eggs have been added. Cook over boiling water until thick. Pour over the vegetables, mix well, and put into a baking casserole. Spread with buttered bread crumbs and bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven.

A stickler for the genuine and the traditional in his restaurant, but ever fond of a profit, Mr. Morgan has been greatly troubled by one thing—the exorbitant cost and great scarcity of fine, imported ginger beer. By tradition ginger beer is an essential ingredient of Pimm's Cup, the best-selling drink of the house. But the cost sheet, indifferent to tradition and concerned only with turning a few pennies, has insisted on the substitution of lemon soda. Now, however, Mr. Morgan is able to remedy this shameful condition. Working for months with chemists, he has had concocted what he modestly assures you is the finest ginger beer ever produced. He had also acquired a carload of what he knows are the best-looking bottles you have ever seen, and he defies you to distinguish them from earthenware. They are actually glass, conforming to sanitary codes for refilling, but their earthenware look pleases him mightily and he is happy to fill them with his ginger beer and stamp them with the Cock 'n Bull label. Now, when your Pimm's comes over the bar, it will be in every detail the authentic Pimm's Cup, pleasing Mr. Morgan—and you—very much indeed.

Try It for Yourself

You put a Pimm's together in this fashion: First, take a pewter tankard, preferably old. Put into it a jigger of Pimm's (an alcoholic ingredient bottled in England, and still coming through), add ginger beer, a slice of lemon, a stick of cucumber rind, a lot of ice and a sprig of borage. This small, purple-flowered herb, the final touch to every genuine Pimm's Cup, was first furnished to the Cock 'n Bull by Myrna Loy, out of her own garden. Now Mr. Morgan has become self-sufficient on borage, too, after considerable struggle on his home grounds, and has ten plants producing for daily use.

Jack Morgan has had another trouble, also created by his passion for the genuine. When he furnished the Cock 'n Bull, he put his best British foot forward. He hung his finest English prints on the wall, installed an ancient Welsh dresser that had once traveled around the Horn, history-laden pewter platters, costly old pewter tankards, etc., etc., and ten times over he could have sold all of them out of the place. Their cash offers refused, and their collector instincts getting the better of them, some of his guests finally fell to downright snitching. "We have now," he says, "anchored all the best things with wire and only an occasional knife or fork or pewter tankard walks away without permission."

Preferring, however, not to frustrate his guests, and seeing a way out that would be good for business, Mr. Morgan has recently fixed it so that you can come by fine small things honestly in the Cock 'n Bull. A new department has been added where you may purchase antiques of pewter, copper, porcelain, fine prints and paintings; any of the things you are apt to crave after soaking up a few Pimm's and plenty of English atmosphere in the other room. And, free service to patrons, there's a small library to go with art, wine and food, where you may bolster your reputation as a wit and a connoisseur. The name of this offspring of the Cock 'n Bull is, naturally enough, The Feathered Calf.

Deep in all the ramifications of his business that started as a hobby, Mr. Morgan has not relinquished touch with the South Seas. His novel on Samoa is in the works. So are his papers for naval aviation. An aviator in the last war, he doesn't expect to be handed a plane this time, but he's ready for whatever job they'll give him. We don't know about the novel, but it looks as though the Cock 'n Bull could fend very well for itself if the boss should be away—and take good care of its Feathered Calf.

For Clear-Eyed
MORNING FRESHNESS

Just Do This At Bedtime Tonight

IF your mirror shows you looking tired and listless in the morning—if your freshness and sparkle seem to be slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times, here is important news.

Today, throughout the world, there is a *new idea* of what to do to meet special strain. A revolutionary, *scientific idea* of how to build up increased vitality to stand physical and nervous stress. You've undoubtedly read about it in recent newspapers and magazines—scientists, governments of warring nations, and our own authorities all endorse it—the idea that people need special food in addition to the normal diet *to be at their best*—particularly those under special strain.

What To Do

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are taking a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine each night and morning. For Ovaltine is a special food-concentrate designed to do two important things:

First: When taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep, in a safe, natural way, *without* drugs. It has the power to relieve that feeling of "nervous tension," thus helping to condition the mind for rest.

Second: Ovaltine supplies a special combination of food factors designed to replenish vitality *while you sleep*—rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells. It provides—in a food specially processed for easy digestion—the rarer food elements—Vitamins A, B_1, D and G, protecting minerals, all the essential amino acids, pyridoxine, pantothenic acid—elements now known to be deficient in many foods. Thus acts as an insurance against strength-sapping food deficiencies which affect more than one-third of all people today.

So by all means, try this "special food" idea modern science is urging. Turn to new, improved Ovaltine at night and in the morning, starting tonight. See if you don't soon begin to look and feel far fresher mornings—with far more sparkle and new zest for life.

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Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and informative illustrated booklet on nutritional values. One sample offer to a person.

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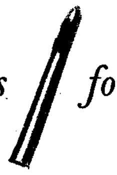
Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

The year's outstanding gift for men
REMINGTON FOURSOME

The Remington "Foursome" Shaver—only electric shaver with FOUR cutting heads. Newest addition to the Remington line, used and recommended by 16,000 barbers.

FOR CHRISTMAS—THE WORLD'S FINEST ELECTRIC SHAVER. *The purchaser of an ordinary electric shaver might well ask, "Does it really shave?" But to question the performance of a Remington electric shaver is very much like asking if a Remington Rand printing calculator will multiply correctly* *or if a Remington portable typewriter is really practical.* *The new "Foursome" is backed by the same precision manufacturing organization that has contributed so much to modern business* *and today is assisting national defense by manufacturing precision products*  *for the United States and British Governments.*

REMINGTON RAND

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Calculating	Film-a-record	Safe-Cabinets	Sorters	Standard	Ribbons
Bookkeeping	Portagraph	Filing Cabinets	Tabulators	Portable	Duplicator Stencils

Hunter's Choice

Continued from page 18

deer-hunting trip, and he was drunker with the rare wine which such comradeship affords than he was with the hundred-proof bourbon. This was the thing he had dreamed about for years and had come many miles to savor. He was sort of shy and serious-mannered, with none of the cockiness of the average kid, and this experience was heightening colors in his nature which had heretofore been neutral drab.

They understood all that and tolerated him good-humoredly because they knew he was trying hard to hit their faster stride and stay with it. Likely he'd make a real deer hunter some day, but it wasn't likely that Jeff Croy would invite him back next year. Too young and green.

He was still laughing at the last joke with that nervous, jerky giggle, when Jeff Croy's mild statement whacked down on the conversation like the warning slap of a beaver's tail when you come too near the still waters of his pond. Young Joe Harrow kept laughing for a moment longer, until he discovered that the others had fallen strangely silent. He gulped and turned white and then red; he looked as embarrassed as though he'd been caught with his hand in somebody else's packsack.

"These early storms sometimes last two days," Jeff Croy went on. "Supper's cooked. I won't eat until I get back!"

THE wind came whooping over the hills and got under the roof shakes and made the rafters rattle. The big kerosene lamp hanging to the ridgepole swayed and vibrated metallically. Jeff Croy went over to a peg and got his mackinaw—not the greasy old canvas hunting coat which he wore when the deer season was closed, because it looked too much like the hide of a buck in the thickets, and he didn't aim to have some jumpy hunter taking a pot shot at him.

He screwed tight the cork which stoppered his small bottle of matches, and he slipped a short-handled hunter's ax into his right-hand coat pocket. Then he got a pint flask, rinsed it well and filled it with drinking water. He took a carbide lamp, fed by a rubber tube which led from a small generating tank, turned the water valve and then lighted the thing. When it was burning at full strength, he slipped the strap of it over his cap, so that the lamp pointed ahead, a strong yet soft and white light that would cut through falling snow. Finally he buttoned the mackinaw under his chin, and you knew that he was ready to take the trail.

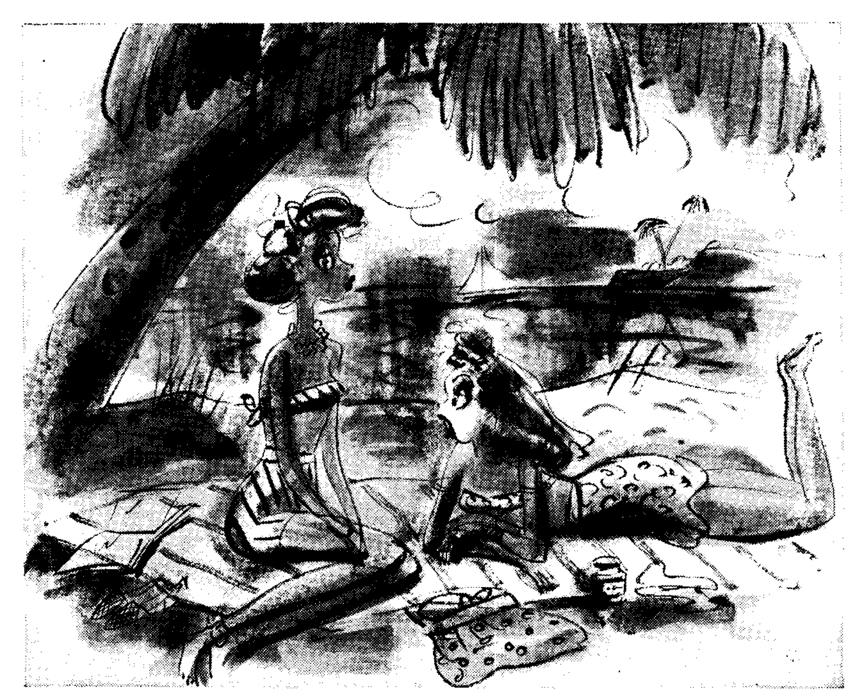
But that curious silence held. That little man in the dark outside was still there, throwing sand at the windows, yet it was a sound which did not belong in the room. All such sound did not belong in this room, where the silence was something that could be whittled with a sharp knife. Filian had rubbed it in pretty hard. Jeff Croy just stood there, turning his head a little so that the carbide lamp seemed to be a white-hot eye reaching around the room. The wind came through the chinks and winnowed the smells of cooked meat and coffee, and these were hungry men who had been out in the hills since daylight, with only a cold snack at noon. This was a warm and likable spot and the company was easy.

This Filian was an unpleasant stranger, yet he knew his way around; he'd gone to a lot of trouble to make that clear. This wasn't tough country. A man might get far enough from camp so that when darkness came it would be needless hardship to come in; a strong man with matches and a gun could live in this country a week. Jim Markham reached for his glass with finality. Bill Dean stirred and rubbed his chin. Morrie Clymer raised his head and looked at Pete Brill as if a new thought had just come to him.

Young Joe Harrow's chair scraped the rough floor as he got up. "Jeff," he said hopefully, "I'd like to go along." The wind sucked and died along the eaves, and the carbide lamp on Jeff Croy's cap steadied brilliantly. "I'll try not to get underfoot," Harrow went on. "You show me what to do and I'll do it."

Jeff Croy nodded. "Don't bring a thing," he advised. "We'll need to go light." They went out a few minutes later, and young Joe Harrow's face was shining like that lamp on Jeff Croy's cap. When they slammed the door shut, silence clapped down like the stroke of an ax.

After a moment Jim Markham said irritably, "Well, Dean, for Pete's sake pass the bottle! That's *my* liquor, if I'm not mistaken. I brought six quarts!"



"The moment her divorce became final he sat down and edited her out of his home movies"

BARBARA SHERMUND

Conversation picked up and there was quite a lot said. As they talked, Jeff Croy and young Joe Harrow were outside in the blizzard, the sleety wind stroking their cheeks as though with sharkskin gloves, and Jeff told his companion, "You walk ahead so that the light will spill around you. Up to the head of the draw, where Dean killed the buck this morning. You see anything of Filian after that?"

HARROW shook his head. His guess was that nobody had seen Filian since then. Croy went on: "Got to find where Dean and Clymer hauled that buck over the logs. Filian left 'em there, and likely went straight north." Jeff wasn't the loquacious sort, but he seemed to want to talk now: "A man never will pick the hardest way for himself. Filian would know that the brush thins out at the head of the draw, and that he could travel along open ridges. I allow he went that way."

Harrow couldn't have told how Jeff Croy was going to find where Dean's buck had been skidded down the slope, because that was going to need a sixth sense and a hound-dog nose. There was a layer of powder snow which blanked all sign and landmarks, and more coming down; it dropped a curtain in front of him which was like floodwater pouring over a cliff.

HARROW knew he was lost after the first hundred yards, but he wasn't worried about it at all. He couldn't see beyond that wavering fringe of light which Jeff's lamp threw ahead, and sometimes he couldn't see at all because the shadow of his legs got in the way, but the light would shift and he would follow it again; and all the while he could hear Jeff's pacs crunching along behind and Jeff's voice coming calm and cheerful.

The wind made Harrow stagger at times and pounded the breath out of his chest; it slapped brittle snow in his face until he winced. He got sort of tired after a time and the heavy going made him sweat, but Jeff didn't seem to think about stopping for a two-minute blow; that light kept creeping on ahead, through snow-beaten brush, over rocks and logs, and Harrow got fascinated with the idea of trying to walk it down, but could never quite catch up. Then he got the whimsical notion that he was a prisoner whom Jeff had captured and was marching along to some unknown doom. After a long while he became aware that the light had stopped and he had stopped, and Jeff was saying, "Should be along here somewhere."

Then Jeff had taken off the cap and was holding the light close to earth. The ice particles struck the hot metal shield of the lamp and made fizzing sounds. Jeff pawed the snow from a log and studied it, but there was no sign that a buck had been dragged here; there was no telltale patch of hair to show that Dean and Clymer had worked the deer downhill in the direction of camp. Jeff held the flame of the lamp close to the wood everywhere, and pretty soon Joe Harrow could smell deer hair burning.

Jeff straightened up and put the cap back on his head. "Bear straight on," he advised. "Soon as we get to the top of the ridge we'll yell. Carry downwind as well as a gunshot. If he's upwind in this breeze he couldn't hear a gun anyway."

Higher they went until they topped the first hogback, and the storm found them and tried to wipe them off the earth. Jeff Croy came up close to Harrow's shoulder and yelled, "Brush is thicker off to the left. We'll turn right." The carbide lamp flickered and threatened to go out, but Joe Harrow was surer of himself now. He turned right along the ridge and kept his legs spraddled out a bit as he walked so that the light fell between them and ahead. He felt that he was getting the hang of things, and he had enormous confidence in Jeff Croy. But he still didn't understand how a lost man could be found out here at night in a storm, when he might have gone ten miles in any direction.

They went on a little way and Jeff Croy cupped his hands to his mouth as the wind died for a moment and yelled loud enough to be heard a mile. Joe Harrow tried it, too, but they didn't get any reply. The blizzard wailed in mockery and they went on again, still downwind.

"He'd turn here," said Jeff suddenly, "because it's open country."

THEY paused and yelled again, and just before they started off Joe Harrow heard what sounded like the muted snapping of a twig. There was a lapse of three, four seconds, and then another twig snapped.

Jeff cupped his hands and yelled again, and pretty soon two more twigs snapped. Joe Harrow's spine tingled. "There's some blowdowns and a stand of spruce yonder," remarked Jeff. "Seems like he'd head for that." Joe Harrow was impressed that Filian knew his way around in hunting country; he knew the signal a man should give when he was lost, and he'd head for a spruce thicket and windfalls in a storm. A man never picked the hardest way, any more than a gray buck did. Yet Filian hadn't drifted with the storm after all. Young Harrow wondered why Jeff Croy could have known that.

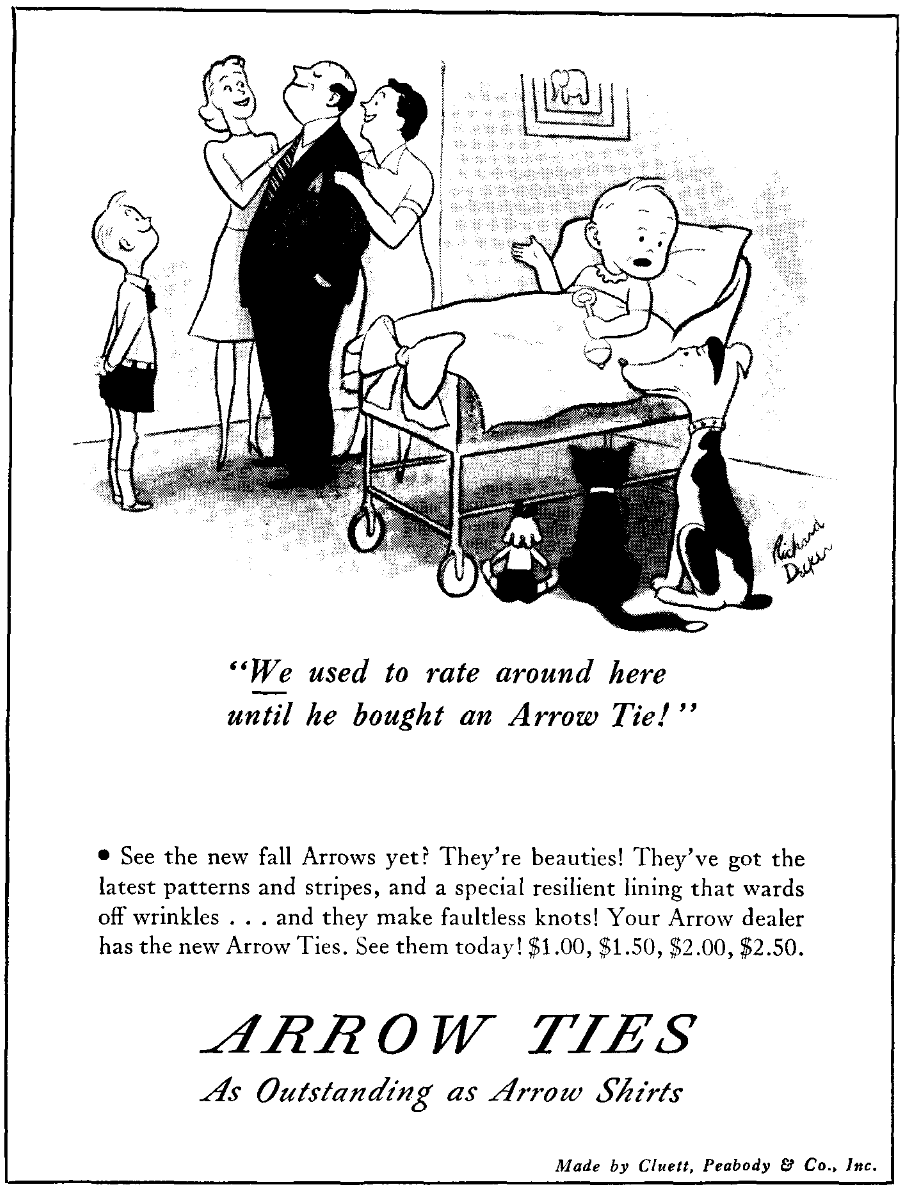
They went on for a few hundred yards almost unerringly, and when Jeff Croy paused again he let the light fall on a snow-covered hump beside an uprooted tree which had gone down in some storm of other years. There was a whopper of a dead buck beside the log, too—Harrow could make out the gleaming horns despite the snow—and he could see a man's arm and a blue-black rifle. The snow hump stirred and he heard Filian's voice, which sounded unnatural because it was so tired.

Jeff Croy came up and bent over, exploring him. "Through my right hip," Filian explained. "The horn went clear through. He was going to spear me again when I killed him . . . You bring a drink, Croy?"

Jeff took out the pint flask and unscrewed the top and handed it over. Filian put it to his lips and looked surprised and grateful. He took a deep swallow and handed it back. "Water!" he exclaimed. "This snow has parched my mouth as though I'd been eating sand!"

"That's a hell-roarer of a buck you got there, Filian," Jeff remarked. "Biggest I've seen for years!"

Filian looked up with a grin of pride, then wagged his head. "I've been a hell of a fool," he admitted. "I took one shot at that buck and figured it was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enough. But he had other ideas, and he hooked me clear over this log and started after me to finish the job. I should have known better." The thought seemed to cling, for he added after a moment, "I've been a hell of a fool!"

He stirred and pain stabbed him so hard that his face screwed up as though he was going to cry. After a moment he went on stubbornly, "But I've never had time to think things out clearly until tonight. Croy, I hope I'm not so much a fool hereafter!" Young Joe Harrow stood there in silence, listening, not having any words to put into the conversation, which seemed naturally to belong to these two seasoned men.

"You stand up and slip your arms around our necks," Croy said to Filian. "I brung Joe Harrow along because I figured I'm too old to do this alone anyway. That buck will keep where he is until daylight. No wolves or cougars abroad tonight. Leave your gun, too!"

Joe Harrow felt Filian's arm tighten around his own neck and it made Harrow feel strong when Filian's weight sagged down onto his shoulders. He knew better than to say anything, Harrow did, but he needed his breath anyway and, moreover, this was a time to listen. A lot of things had happened tonight that were worth remembering.

He knew that if he ever shot a blacktail buck as big as the one Filian had killed he would never take the chance Filian had taken until he was sure that the game was dead, because a wounded buck can be as dangerous as a wounded grizzly; and he thought that if he ever had to find a lost deer hunter in a storm he'd go about it just as Jeff Croy had. There wasn't much that had happened tonight that Joe Harrow would forget; and he was mighty grateful that Jeff Croy had let him come along. So they went on, the three of them, following the path of light that Jeff's carbide lamp threw ahead.

THE going was plenty tough. Sometimes Joe Harrow felt Filian sag on his shoulder, and when that happened they'd stop and let the injured man down gently and rub a little snow on his face and give him a swig of water; and then he'd awaken and look at them strangely, but he didn't say a word because he was no longer the bluff and blustering Filian that he had been. Something had been uprooted from his nature, as though he realized that if he had been sitting there at dawn by the log and the dead buck he would surely have been an icicle, for after all this was a pretty tough country when a freak blizzard came down from the north. Joe Harrow was practically carrying him when they came stumbling down the last draw, because Jeff Croy was an old man and had just about pulled his cork tonight.

But Joe Harrow, although his eyes were bulging with the effort he was making and he could taste blood from biting his lips, kept on going. . . .

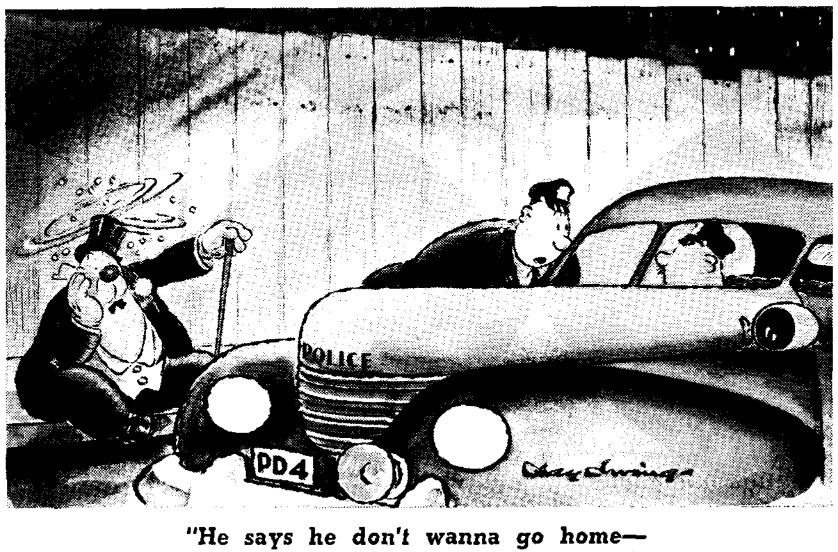
The cabin was dark but Jeff Croy got the door open; and then the carbide light played around the bunks where they had been lying down and pretending to sleep, and it blinded them so that they acted like noonday owls. When they saw Filian drooping on Harrow's shoulder, they yelled in relief and started to get up. But Jeff Croy, always a mild-spoken man, stopped them without raising his voice.

He said hoarsely, "Stay right where you are! The first man that gets up is likely to find a thirty-thirty slug in his gizzard. There's three of us going to have a drink, and then we're going to eat a mess of grub, and the rest are going to stay in their bunks and watch and keep quiet."

And that's what happened because they knew that Jeff Croy was a man who meant what he said. They lay there and pretended to sleep some more while Jeff roused up the fire and got water hot for Filian's leg. And after that the cabin got smoky with frying deer liver and bacon and onions; for all the three men at the table seemed to notice, there wasn't anybody else in the place. Joe Harrow got a drink tall enough to drown a cat, and when that hit bottom he felt like walking up the side of the cabin.

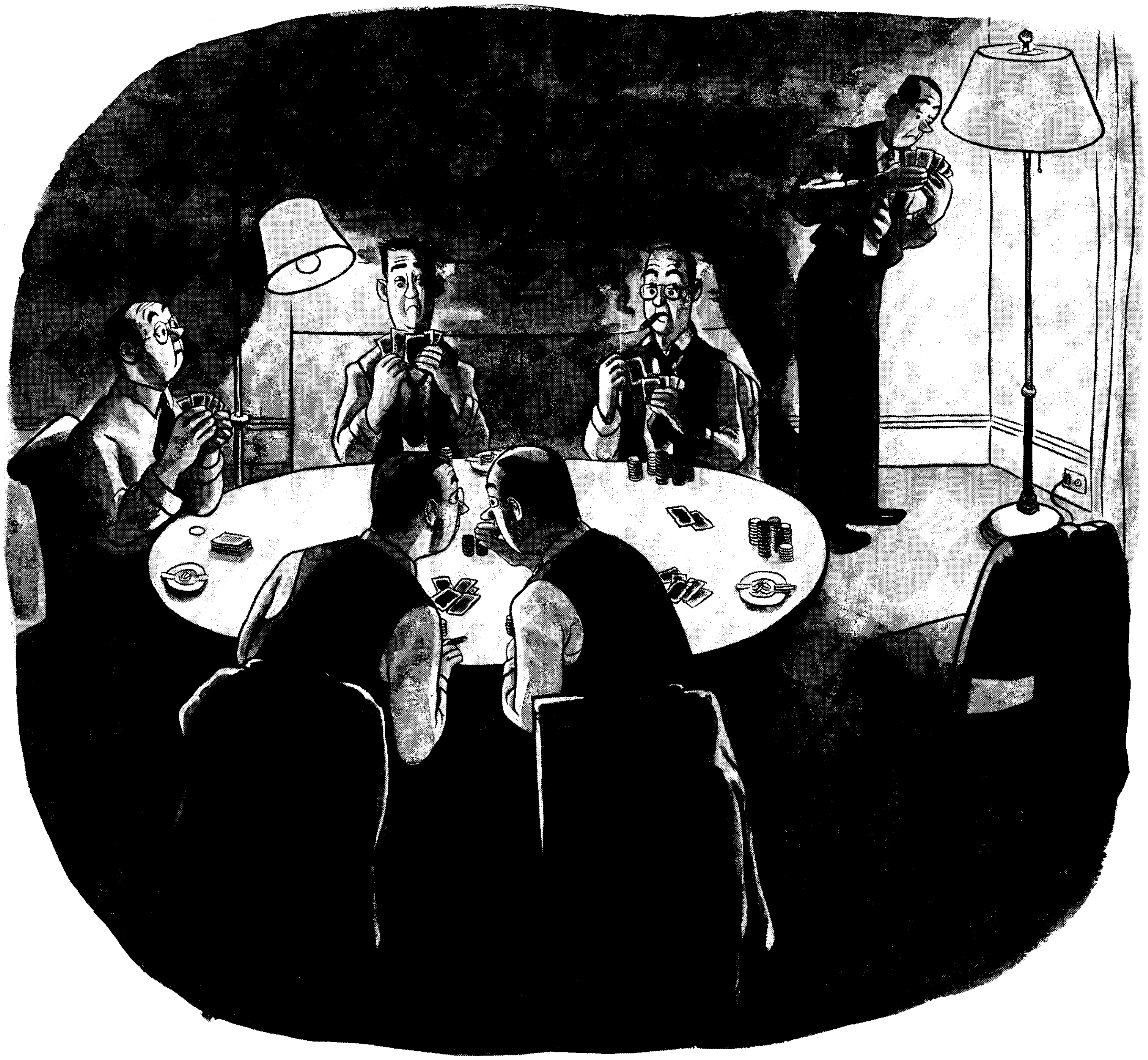
Jed Filian laughed at him and reached over and rubbed his ears in a fatherly way, because Filian was feeling fine again; Jeff Croy has the knack of fixing up a flesh wound just about as slick as a doctor can do it. Joe Harrow got red and white with embarrassment, as though somebody were pinning a medal on him, but he grinned back at Filian, for these two understood each other. Jeff Croy didn't pay any attention, but kept right on with his cooking; he wasn't standing there and listening any more although you could tell that he knew what was going on. By and by the three of them turned in because the night was shot to pieces, and that's about all there was to it.

Young Joe Harrow didn't get his buck that trip, which was last fall; but he hopes to make a real deer hunter of himself this year, for Jed Filian will be along to show him the ropes, and Filian knows his way around, having shot big game all over the world, including the record blacktail of the Turnagain. He and Joe Harrow are going back—Jeff Croy asked them. There'll be room, Croy said. for Filian and Harrow and four newcomers because Markham and the others won't be there.



"He says he don't wanna go home—he's in no condition to defend himself"

JAY IRVING



"Fred isn't sure, but he thinks they're all hearts."

We point cheerfully to the unhappy-looking man at the end of the table: He is the host who thought the old cards were still plenty good enough for the boys. They've straightened him out on that, however, with repeated assurances that he'll have no trouble finding their favorite U. S. Playing Card brand at any of the stores. ♥ Bridge, poker, pinochle, rummy, hearts—they're all more fun with fresh, clean cards. Whatever price you pay, your top value is one of the popular brands made by The United States Playing Card Company.

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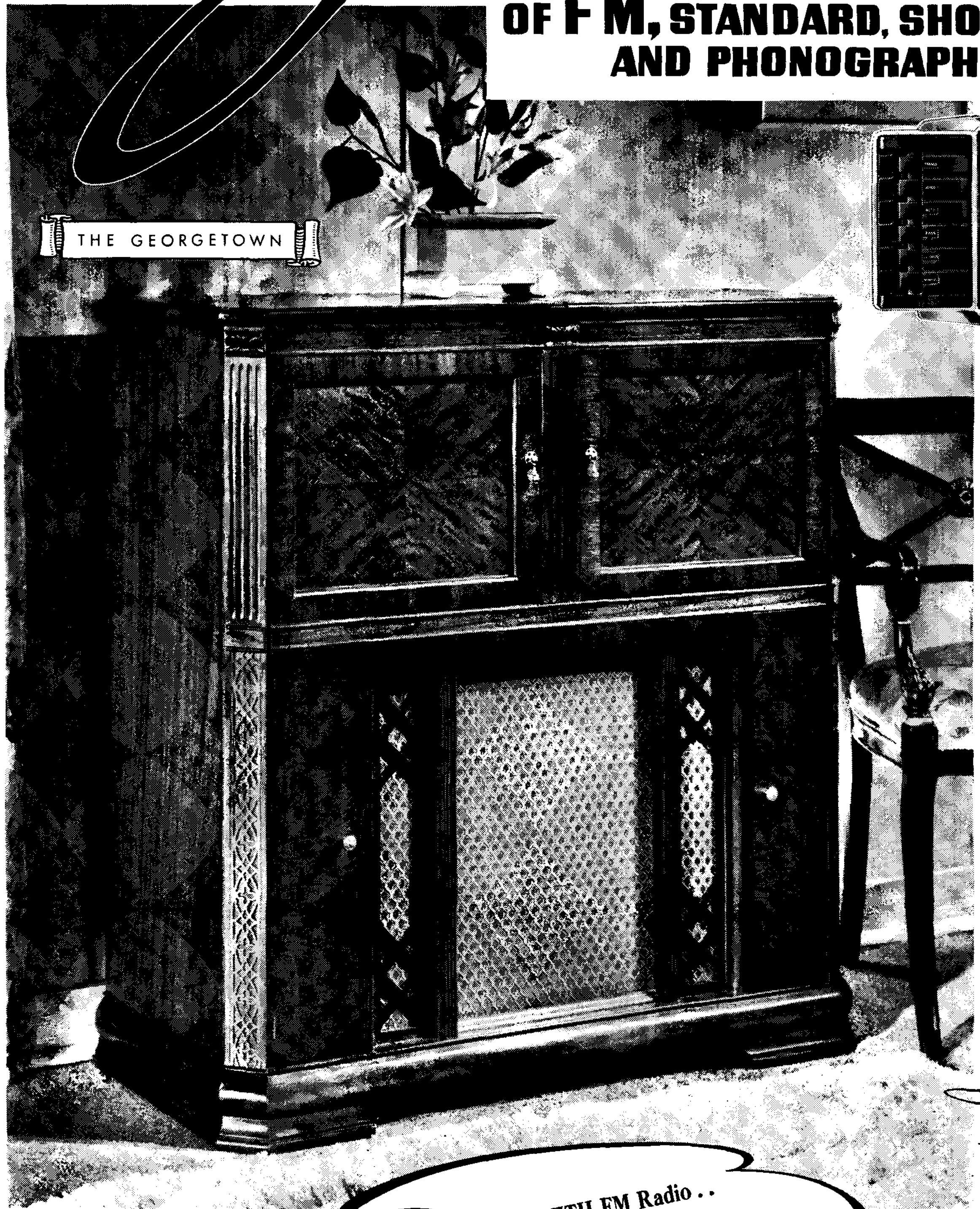

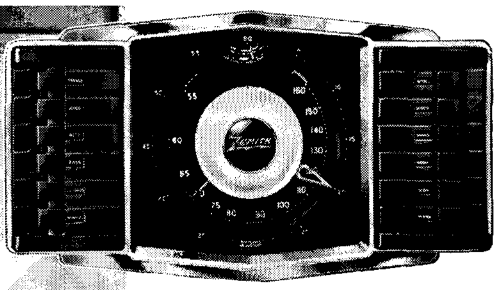

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BOSS OF THE OPERA

By Howard Taubman

The man who manages the Metropolitan Opera has to be adept at handling everything from high finance to artistic temperament. If in addition he's something of an international lawyer as well as a star singer, he's likely to make good. Meet Edward Johnson

Edward Johnson is in his seventh year as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, which is today enjoying the widest popularity of its long history

WHEN Edward Johnson was appointed general manager of the Metropolitan, in the spring of 1935, a friend took him aside. "Listen, Eddie," he said, "you have to step out. Get a decent apartment, live in style. You can't be a big shot and live in a joint like that!"

The friend referred to the three-room flat that Johnson, as a leading tenor, had called home for years—a walk-up on bustling Madison Avenue. A junior executive—very junior—might get by in it, but for a famous tenor it was too modest. For the general manager of the Metropolitan? What would the boxholders and the public think? A duplex on Fifth Avenue, a butler and a good chef were *de rigueur.*

Today Edward Johnson is in his seventh year as Great White Father of the opera. And where does his nibs live? In the walk-up flat. He has no butler, chef or social secretary; only a part-time maid who comes in to tidy up.

Five years ago they also admonished Eddie Johnson to get a limousine. He got a fancy number, and hired a chauffeur. Daily the chauffeur drove him from Madison Avenue a short distance to the opera house; nightly he drove him home. The rest of the day the chauffeur just sat, and Johnson worried about what the fellow thought of an employer who never used his car. Finally, Johnson shed both limousine and chauffeur and felt free again. Now he walks from office to home, which is what he used to do before putting on the dog.

Just What the Doctor Ordered

Walk-up flat and nervousness over a chauffeur are keys to Johnson's character. It isn't a question of money—some years ago he gave $25,000 to his native town to assist in musical education. He can be social; he is at home in tails and white tie. He knows his way around pâté de foie gras, terrapin, crêpes Suzette and Château d'Yquem. But by faith, conviction and works he is a democrat, and being at the head of the opera has only reinforced his ideas.

Johnson is just what the doctor ordered for the opera. Today any citizen can horn in on this opera racket by turning on his radio, and he is beginning to have opinions about Flagstad, Pons, Crooks and Tibbett.

You don't have to take Eddie Johnson's word that there is a vast, new, nation-wide interest in opera. In the 1940 drive, which raised more than a million dollars for the Metropolitan, was some old-fashioned largess in checks of $10,000, $5,000 and $1,000. But more than half was in donations of $5, $2, $1, and some in coins, even pennies. Radio appeals brought close to 200,000 answers with checks, money orders and cash. They came from the forty-eight states, Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Virgin Islands, Canada and the Latin-American republics.

Eddie Johnson proposes to remember this demonstration. He would have been impressed if that many people wrote letters of appreciation. But when they backed it up with dough, that made the Metropolitan a national institution, with a duty to the country as a whole.

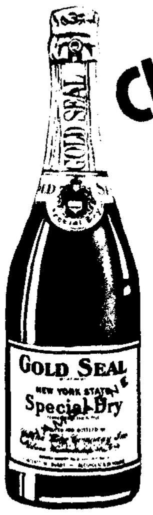
Johnson has discovered that the Metropolitan is an international affair. It gives the great operas of the world in four languages—English, French, German and Italian. There is hard feeling against Germany and Italy. Maybe we are not indignant at the languages themselves. Certainly we have nothing against geniuses like Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Rossini and Puccini. Yet Eddie Johnson has headaches about this problem of languages and the war.

Aïda is one of the prize operas of all time. The Metropolitan gives it often and sometimes uses it for the hoop-la of opening night. This year Johnson is cautious about Aïda. Why? Well, there is a scene where an officer leads his men off to the wars for king and country. It happens that king and country are Egyptian. But the boys and girls are singing in Italian, and they hail their hero, "Ritorna, vincitor!" which means "Return, a conqueror!" Johnson knows that Italian-Americans attend Aïda. Somebody might yell, "Down with Mussolini!" Somebody might respond, "Evviva Mussolini!" The first thing you'd

(Continued on page 83)

GOLD SEAL

NEW YORK STATE
Wines



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Wine Wisdom

All-America Makers

Continued from page 20

phone every night, with this message—"Hello, Benny. Don't forget. On and over."

Bill Roper, who trained Princeton's forces for so many years, was no believer in any set system. Roper had no hesitation in taking plays from rival teams that seemed to suit his material. He was a great believer in fundamentals, especially in blocking and tackling, and a greater believer in the old "will to win." Jock Sutherland, high up on the list of All-America makers and undoubtedly one of the best that football ever knew, gave most of his work to two important factors—a fast-charging, aggressive line and a fast-moving backfield that was always perfectly drilled in its timing and all needed assignments.

The late Howard Jones of Southern California favored power above everything else. He usually had his full share of big, fast men who were taught to block, tackle and drive hard, the type that could use power more effectively than anything else. Yet his passing attack was always ready when raw power wasn't capable of breaking through.

Bob Neyland, with his brilliant record at Tennessee, must be placed high on the list. As one leading Southern coach told me—"We always find that Tennessee teams seem to know more football than any others we meet, no matter from what section."

Bernie Bierman of Minnesota, quiet, almost shy, looks more like a bank president than a football leader. Yet at Tulane and in the lair of the Golden Gopher he has proved his place.

Credit Where Credit is Due

Next week Collier's will present its 52d All-America football team, a roll of honor on the gridiron that goes back to the dawn of the game. For the first thirty-five years these selections were made by Walter Camp, still known as the "Father of Football." Since 1924, after Mr. Camp's death, they have been made by Collier's All-America Board, carrying out the Camp-Collier All-America tradition.

But before announcing the new selections, we want to give credit to the coaches who have given these All-America players their chance to know the headlines and to reap their reward. It seems to me that the fairest basis for such selection should start with 1906, for several reasons: (a) That was the year the forward pass and other changes brought in the open game, and (b) it was about this time football began to find a national appeal and the Ivy colleges no longer dominated the game. Here is the record of the leaders:

COACHES PRODUCING MOST ALL-AMERICA PLAYERS

(Those with five or more listed)

PERCY HAUGHTON (17)

At Harvard: Fish, *t*, 1908-09; Nourse, *c*, 1908; Minot, *hb*, 1909; McKay, *t*, 1910; Wendell, *hb*, 1910-11; Fisher, *g*, 1910-11; Felton, *e*, 1912; Pennock, *g*, 1912-13-14; Brickley, *hb*, 1912-13; Mahan, *fb*, 1913-14-15; Hardwick, *e*, 1914; Trumbull, *t*, 1914; Bradlee, *hb*, 1914; Gilman, *t*, 1915; King, *hb*, 1915; Dadmun, *g*, 1916.

At Columbia: Koppisch, *hb*, 1924.

GIL DOBIE (5)

At Navy: Perry, *g*, 1918; Roberts, *hb*, 1918.

At Cornell: Kaw, *hb*, 1921-22; Sundstrom, *t*, 1923; Pfann, *qb*, 1923.

HARRY KIPKE (5)

At Michigan: Morrison, *c*, 1931; Newman, *qb*, 1932; Bernard, *c*, 1933; Wistert, *t*, 1933; Heikkinen, *g*, 1938.

BILL ROPER (14)

At Princeton: Cooney, *t*, 1906; Wister, *e*, 1906; McCormick, *fb*, 1907; Harlan, *hb*, 1907; Tibbott, *hb*, 1908; Pendleton, *hb*, 1910; White, *e*, 1911; Hart, *t*, 1911; Duff, *g*, 1911; Murray, *qb*, 1918; Keck, *t*, 1920; Lourie, *qb*, 1920; Treat, *t*, 1922; McMillan, *c*, 1925.

FIELDING YOST (11)

At Michigan: Schultz, *c*, 1907; Benbrook, *g*, 1909-10; Wells, *e*, 1910; Craig, *hb*, 1913; Maulbetsch, *hb*, 1914; Steketee, *fb*, 1918; Vick, *c*, 1921; Kipke, *hb*, 1922; Blott, *c*, 1923; Oosterbaan, *e*, 1925-26-27; Friedman, *qb*, 1926.

JOCK SUTHERLAND (11)

At Pittsburgh: Chase, *t*, 1925; Welch, *hb*, 1927; Getto, *t*, 1928; Donchess, *e*, 1929; Montgomery, *g*, 1929; Quatse, *t*, 1931; Heller, *fb*, 1932; Skladany, *e*, 1933; Shotwell, *c*, 1934; Daniell, *t*, 1936; Goldberg, *hb*, 1937, *fb*, 1938.

HOWARD JONES (11)

At Syracuse: Horr, *t*, 1908.

At Iowa: Devine, *qb*, 1921; Locke, *qb*, 1922.

At Southern California: Kaer, *hb*, 1926; Drury, *qb*, 1927; Pinckert, *hb*, 1930; Shaver, *fb*, 1931; Smith, *t*, 1932; Rosenberg, *g*, 1933; Warburton, *qb*, 1933; Smith, *g* 1939.

POP WARNER (8)

At Cornell: Thompson, *g*, 1906.

At Pittsburgh: Peck, *c*, 1915-16; Hilty, *t*, 1918; Davies, *hb*, 1918; Stein, *c*, 1920.

At Stanford: Nevers, *fb*, 1925; Post, *g*, 1928; Corbus, *g*, 1932-33.

BERNIE BIERMAN (7)

At Tulane: Dalrymple, *e*, 1930-31.

At Minnesota: Larson, *e*, 1933-34; Bevan, *g*, 1934; Lund, *fb*, 1934; Smith, *t*, 1935; Widseth, *t*, 1936; Franck, *hb*, 1940.

TAD JONES (7)

At Yale: Moseley, *e*, 1916; Black, *g*, 1916; Callahan, *g*, 1920; Aldrich, *hb*, 1921; Mallory, *fb*, 1923; Milstead, *t*, 1923; Charlesworth, *c*, 1927.

KNUTE ROCKNE (6)

At Notre Dame: Gipp, *fb*, 1920; Stuhldreher, *qb*, 1924; Boeringer, *c*, 1926; Smith, *g*, 1927; Cannon, *g*, 1929; Carideo, *qb*, 1929-30.

BOB ZUPPKE (6)

At Illinois: Chapman, *g*, 1914; Macomber, *hb*, 1915; Carney, *e*, 1920; Grange, *hb*, 1923-24, *qb*, 1925; Shively, *g*, 1926; Crane, *g*, 1927.

BOB NEYLAND (6)

At Tennessee: Dodd, *hb*, 1930; Hickman, *g*, 1931; Feathers, *hb*, 1933; Wyatt, *e*, 1938; Molinski, *g*, 1939; Suffridge, *g*, 1940.

JIMMY PHELAN (6)

At Purdue: Sleight, *t*, 1929.

At Washington: Schwegler, *t*, 1931; Nisbet, *e*, 1932; Starcevich, *g*, 1936; Markov, *t*, 1937; Mucha, *c*, 1940.

CARL SNAVELY (5)

At North Carolina: Barclay, *g*, 1934.

At Cornell: Holland, *e*, 1937; McKeever, *t*, 1938; Roth, *g*, 1938; Drahos, *t*, 1939.

ALONZO STAGG (5)

At Chicago: Eckersall, *qb*, 1906; Steffen, *qb*, 1908; Des Jardien, *c*, 1913; McGuire, *t*, 1921; Thomas, *fb*, 1922.

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The Fuehrer of Sugar Creek

Continued from page 17

money. So she had come to tell the governor.

Gene let go with a tirade against Communism, the Atlanta Constitution, the Atlanta Journal, the Rosenwald Fund, the Rockefeller Foundation and several others we failed to catch. Gene talks fast. Anybody who knows Gene right good can tell you that he can talk you in so fast that you clean forget to say no. And he can talk you out so fast that you forget what you came for. Anyway, Gene grabbed the woman's baby, held it close in his arms.

"Lady," said he, "as governor of beautiful Georgia, I'm promisin' you here befo' witnesses that yo' lovely baby here ain't a-goin' to sit in the same schools to be dragged down to the same level with the Negrah. Not while there's life in Gene Talmadge. No, ma'am. In yo' misfortune, instead of givin' you and yo' baby money fo' food and shelter and clothing, the Rosenwalds and the Rockefellers are givin' money to our teachers to break down class distinctions and invite the Negrah to sit down at yo' table with you. The Communists and the newspapers are workin' hand in glove with them to teach our young folks that there ain't no difference between black and white."

Saved From Yankee Spies

We lost the rest of it. The woman got back her baby, the baby not seeming to care one way or another. Showing no emotion whatever, she stood her ground for a few moments, her face blanker than before if anything, heedless of the jostling of the politicians who trooped into the governor's private office at Gene's heels. In a small but noisy way, Gene's entry into the capitol that morning had been a triumph.

Just because he had fired ten professors and teachers from the University system, thereby saving the state and (who knows?) the nation from the Negro, Yankee spies were digging into his past. With money as tainted as Rosenwald and Rockefeller dollars, they were bribing his fellow Georgians to snoop the county of Telfair and particularly its county seat, McRae, hopeful of dredging up proof of some old campaign lies about the days of his youth. In this they weren't getting far because fire had destroyed county records—not that the dead records would have helped them. Gene says that if they'd come to him instead of standing outside wishing those records were still alive, he'd tell them the facts.

Just because he had cleaned the shelves of school and college libraries of books written by men who hated the Old Time Religion and loved the Negrah (the two being indisputably synonymous) he was being published a bigot, a Kluxer and a Nazi. Proof to the contrary is on the tip of his tongue. He is a graduate of the University of Georgia, the oldest chartered state university in America, the school he loves so much that he has braved all this Yankee defamation, all this carpetbagger persecution and all the sneers of Georgians unworthy of that holy name. Baring his breast, defying the Yankee Mammon, he has saved his beloved alma mater from capture by the Negrah and is prepared to take his place in history with such Georgia titans as Purnal Truitt, who first chopped cotton with a hoe, with Tom Watson and such governors as Wilson Lumpkin, Alexander H. Stevens, General John B. Gordon and the immortal Hoke Smith. And as for being a Kluxer, there is the testimony of Colonel James A. Colescott, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan of Georgia. Colonel Colescott says that the Klan is a right tolerant institution these days and doesn't hold with Gene's method of getting shut of those professors.

We could go on like that for pages. But perhaps you'd be more interested in precisely what happened, and why.

Mr. Talmadge is in the throes of a political comeback. He had served four years as governor just prior to the Rivers administration ending last January. Preferring to hold political office rather than till the sacred soil of Georgia and practice law, he offered himself to his people for the United States Senate. They declined with an enthusiasm which might have discouraged a man of thinner skin than Gene's. But when it came time to choose somebody to succeed Ed Rivers and Gene declared himself eager for this honor, they voted him back into the job on his promise that he'd stop thievery, reduce taxes, increase pensions of all kinds, pay schoolteachers and otherwise restore Georgia to her rightful place in the world.

No sooner had Gene been elected governor last fall than he began to cast about for an issue which would not only elect him to the Senate in 1942, replacing the Honorable Dick Russell, but make him undisputed boss of the state. Politicians elsewhere had but one issue—Defense Against Hitlerism. Both Senators George and Russell were hot for defense and thoroughly opposed to Hitler. Gene could shout louder than either of these gentlemen, but figured that by the fall of 1942 the United States might very likely be in a shooting war and that his voice, powerful as it is, might very well be lost in the din. If only he had something to holler about—something besides defense and Hitler, something even nearer and dearer to rural Georgians.

Talmadge Gets an Idea

It was while he was thus cudgeling his fertile brain that someone (a number of Georgians claim the honor) told him that Dr. Walter D. Cocking, dean of the College of Education, University of Georgia, and Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, president of the Georgia State Teachers College, had drawn up a plan to mingle whites and blacks on equal footing in the classrooms of their respective schools. Of course they had done nothing of the sort—not that it matters now. Also, it would have been impossible for them to institute such a revolutionary innovation in Georgia's educational system without rewriting Georgia's state constitution. And only the people of Georgia could do that at a general election.

What had happened was this: Drs. Cocking and Pittman, along with their faculties and with the knowledge of the Georgia Board of Regents, wrote a paper outlining their hopes for the progress of education in Georgia. It was a dullish, academic brochure not warranted to hold the interest of anyone except the pedagogue for more than a few paragraphs. Moreover, it was written nearly three years ago.

One of the few mildly interesting suggestions was that a lecture hall be erected on a spot some thirty minutes away from the University of Georgia where graduate students of Georgia's colleges who were about to devote their lives to teaching Georgia's young—black and white—might get together and discuss their problems and listen

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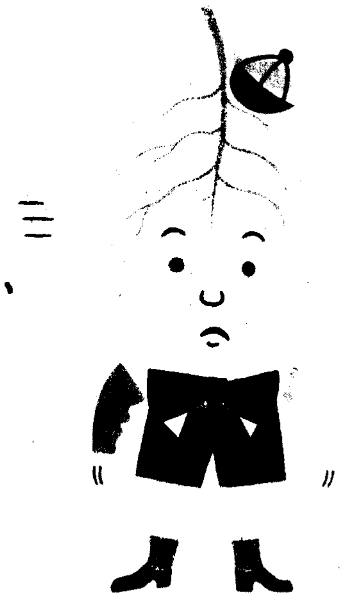

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to imported and domestic voices of experience. Naturally, there would be Negroes as well as whites in these gatherings. The Georgia law specifies *that black teachers shall teach black* pupils and white shall teach white. There was nothing whatever in the plan that advocated the intermingling of the two races in undergraduate halls. Furthermore, the idea won more than considerable applause from teachers of both races, it being their theory that they might conceivably understand each other better if they occasionally made personal exchanges of their educational ideas.

When and if this proposal should become practice, it was the hope of Drs. Cocking and Pittman and their associates that the Rosenwald Fund or the Rockefeller General Education Board, or both, should foot the bill. This would be entirely in accord with the wishes of the Board of Regents, always grateful for any contributions made to the cost of education in Georgia. There are about 16,000 public- or common-school teachers in the state system and approximately 1,500 in the university system. Thus far, the Rosenwald Fund and General Education Board have contributed half a million dollars to education in Georgia, to say nothing of helping to pay the salaries of some of the more expensive professors and administrators in the university. Careful research into the records reveals no previous protest by Gene against this "desperate attempt to declare the Negro to be what he is not and what he can never become—the legal peer and equal of the race which the Divine hand ordained as superior since the dawn of Creation." (We take the quotes hot from the pen of Gene himself in his newspaper, The Statesman—The People, Editor; Gene Talmadge, Associate Editor.)

Gene Takes Off

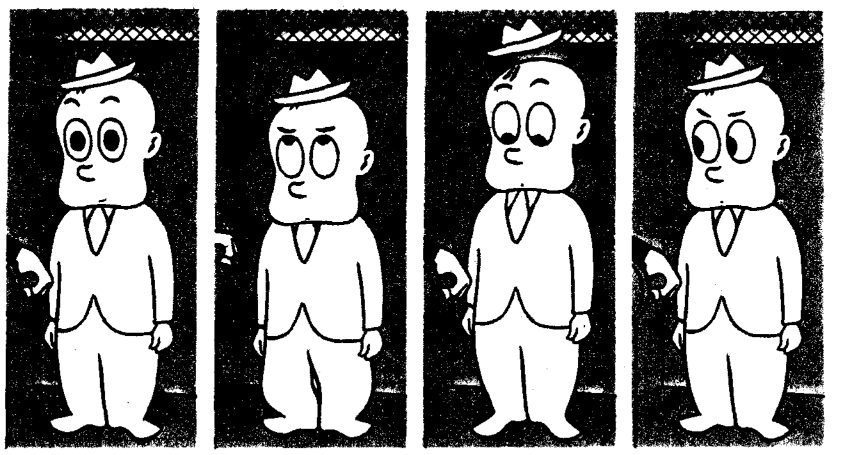
Nothing came of the graduate-school plan, its proponents deciding that they had more immediate problems to solve and the Rosenwald Fund's guardians being desirous of looking over something more than a mere theory. And you'd never have heard of it at all if Gene hadn't thirsted for an issue for 1942 and if someone hadn't remembered. A hint is all that Gene needs. Down on Sugar Creek they'll tell you that you can never tell which way Gene's a-goin' to take off a-hollerin'.

Anyway, Gene had a-hold of somethin'. He called to his office a few trusted friends within the faculty. However, *if their reports were ever* reduced to writing there is no evidence of it. A lady, Mrs. Sylla W. Hamilton, formerly a teacher in the School of Education, came forward with an affidavit that she had attended a meeting of that faculty in the spring of 1939 when Dr. Cocking said that he "wished to build a training school within thirty minutes drive of Athens, Georgia (seat of the university), where the graduates of the school could do their practice teaching—practice teaching being required of all graduates of the School of Education. This school, he said, was to be for both blacks and whites. He turned to me and said, 'What do you think of this plan, Mrs. Hamilton?' I replied: 'That you should propose to do this thing in the state of Georgia is both astounding and amazing.' "

Gene, saying that this was all the evidence any white man could ask for, forthwith demanded that Cocking and Pittman resign. When it was suggested to Gene that he ought to have a little more direct evidence, that others of the faculty had been present but had failed to hear what Mrs. Hamilton had and that some folks might wonder why Mrs. Hamilton had kept silent so long when the state of Georgia was in such a dire peril, Gene got pretty indignant.

"If one person says one thing and somebody else says another you gotta *decide who yo' going to believe and stick* to it," said he. "And that's what I'm a-doin'. Mrs. Hamilton's got the straight of it."

He demanded again that Cocking and Pittman resign. They refused, demanding a hearing by the Board of Regents. Gene said that they weren't entitled to a hearing, that neither he nor the regents had the time to listen to everybody they wanted to get rid of. Nevertheless, he said he'd be big, call a meeting of the regents and let their decision be a warning to all nigger-loving professors who were undermining Southern civilization with carpetbagger funds. Whereupon the regents voted eight to seven to retain both Cocking and Pittman. While we are not prepared to believe *it, we're told that the decision of* the regents left Gene speechless for almost ten minutes. Recovering, he said weakly that he was prepared to be knocked over with a feather, that if anybody had told him that there were eight Georgians so blind and deaf to the consequences of keeping men like Pittman and Cocking around he'd have called that man a liar. For a moment it sure looked like Gene's new furriner-nigger issue had done bust up in his face. And many a lesser politician would have dropped the issue then and there, galloping off in another direction making so much noise that the electorate would soon forget Messrs. Cocking and Pittman. But not Gene Talmadge.



Express Elevator—Up

CROCKETT JOHNSON

When *campaigning, nobody* could have been more indignant about That Man Roosevelt's tactics—particularly the Supreme Court Packing Plan. Gene had shuddered so vigorously about the Supreme Court *reorganization that* "the flo' of the platform done come loose and Aunt Sue Willie Carmichael of Ty Ty done sent him a bottle of ague syrup." But Gene wasn't to be hog-tied by any foolish consistency. He forced three members of the misguided regents to resign—three of the eight dissenters. In their places he appointed three gentlemen on whom Georgia and Gene could depend. And he did some vigorous missionary work amongst the others. Then he ordered another trial.

Fearful that something more substantial than Mrs. Hamilton's affidavit might be required, even by a packed Board of Regents, one of Gene's legmen tried to bribe an Athens photographer to superimpose the head of Cocking on the shoulders of a white man shaking hands with young Negroes who had just been drafted into the United States Army. With such evidence of Cocking's disloyalty to the white race, no board could hesitate. But the photographer wasn't enthusiastic. Anyway, it couldn't be done convincingly. Whereat, this defender of White Supremacy grabbed a colored houseboy and chauffeur who worked for Cocking and, taking him to *a tourist camp, telling him that* the place was the headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan, commanded him to rifle Cocking's desk for letters from Negro teachers—letters which Cocking as dean of the School of Education was pretty sure to have. The boy hesitated. Then his captors showed him a gun which was mighty apt to go off sudden. He signed something he didn't read and was released. The boy says that he doesn't know what the paper said. It doesn't matter. Neither the paper nor the photographs (if any were made) were produced at the trial, which seems pretty conclusive evidence that they weren't very valuable to Gene's side.

"Hit the Chair and Holler"

We shan't go into the second trial at length. And that's too bad, too, because many volumes of less astonishing stuff have been written about kindred affairs—the Reichstag fire trial, for example, and the Russian purge. Gene was present and in complete command. One of his new appointees to the board, Mr. Jim Peters, conducted the prosecution. Now and then when Mr. Peters, whom Gene intends to promote for governor should he decide to run for the United States Senate next year, showed signs of bogging down, Gene would shift his cigar and cry: "Hit the chair and holler, Jim."

Both Cocking and Pittman were more than somewhat bewildered by the proceedings, but soon caught on. When Gene produced two of the subversive books which had been found on the university library's shelves—Brown America, by Edwin R. Embree of the Rosenwald Fund, and Calling America, a symposium in which the relations of whites and Negroes were incidentally discussed—the two teachers had the nerve to inquire how they could be used as testimony of their desire to destroy white supremacy. They were told that the books, which incidentally do not advocate racial equality, were required reading in the University System. Both defendants denied this, adding that they didn't know the books were in the library—and what of it?

"Is that so?" roared Gene.

"Yes, sir," cried Mr. Peters. "Pretty soon the Negro will be wanting to sit in the same seats with us, eat at the same tables with us and ride in the same train cars with us."

"They ain't a-gonna do it," said Gene.

So the reorganized Board of Regents found Cocking and Pittman guilty of advocating racial equality or something and voted ten to five to fire them. Whereat one of the better-known regents, the Honorable Lawrence Wood Robert, Jr., of Atlanta, better known as Chip, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury in the early days of the New Deal, arose to thank Gene for his patriotism. From his pocket Mr. Robert drew a typed set of resolutions lauding Mr. Talmadge's valuable assistance to his alma mater and to the state of Georgia which he read carefully while Gene accepted congratulations, his eyes sheepishly cast down and an "aaaaw pshawww" expression on his face.

That done, Gene took a day off to write in his newspaper, The Statesman, the true account of what had happened. Further, he fired eight more members of the University System faculties. Among them were J. Curtis Dixon, vice-chancellor of the university, a former director of the Rosenwald Fund's Rural Education Program; Professor P. D. Bush of North Georgia College, also mayor of Dahlonega; C. M. Destler, head of the Social Science Department of Georgia Teachers College; Mrs. Mamie Veasey, dean of women at Georgia Teachers, and R. E. Davis of the Animal Husbandry Department, State College of Agriculture.

Had Gene wanted really to awaken Georgia and if it weren't that he insisted that the trial of Cocking and Pittman be free of prejudice, he might have risen to fret before the regents (of which he is one, ex-officio) and tell them of several other horrors that his scouts had reported. He said, however, that he didn't want to confuse the issue. There was Mr. J. R. McCain, president of Agnes Scott College for Women at Decatur, Georgia, for example. Agnes Scott is an independent school, not under the University of Georgia System. Otherwise Mr. McCain would have been fired so fast that he'd have forgotten his name, yes, sir.

Gene said that this McCain, a furriner of the worst sort, and a proved nigger-lover, done carried some of his lovely young lady pupils beyond the borders of beautiful Georgia and right onto the campus of Tuskegee Institute, a Negro school in Alabama. And there this enemy of White Supremacy, without the knowledge and consent of the fine mothers and brave fathers of these pure white Georgia belles, than which there is no finer example of saintly American womanhood, mingled with niggers on the campus, discussed questions of education and stayed overnight in one of those black dormitories. And this was not the only time that white young ladies of Georgia had visited Negro schools, getting their pretty heads filled with doubts about White Supremacy. However, this Agnes Scott-Tuskegee incident was enough to warrant the passage of some crackdown laws and Gene was thinkin' the same over.

Why Look at the Facts?

Of course, Gene had let his emotions get him down. Mr. McCain, like Messrs. Cocking and Pittman, is a mild man, a nationally known educator, a sane person with no plans for equalizing the two races. In the interests of broad education and at the request of a group of his students, he made a one-day pilgrimage with them to Tuskegee, where they ate and slept quite apart from the Negro dining rooms and dormitories. They went with the full consent of the young ladies' parents, and enjoyed themselves immensely. They shook hands with Dr. George Washington Carver, the great Negro scientist, and listened to the Tuskegee choir, this alone making the trip more than worth while.

But Gene wasn't pausing to discuss facts. Look yere, what these Rosenwalds and Rockefellers, these Cockings and Pittmans, these carpetbagger highbrows, nigger-lovers and anti-Christian furriners are doing to the libraries in our college where the mothers and fathers of Georgia young ladies and their brothers expect them to be educated into fine flowers of America. Look yere at these books found on those shelves: An American history by Albert Bushnell Hart, in which this man Hart, probably a Rosenwalder, says: "The Southern whites have an unfounded and unformulated fear that somehow White Supremacy is in danger." And this book, We Call It Human Nature, a so-called book for children, by Paul Grabbe. In this book there is a "full-page picture of a little Negro boy and a little white boy sitting together at a corner drugstore sipping soda through straws . . . gets them ready for racial intermixing." (We're quoting Gene in his The Statesman.) A shameless book, From Many Lands, by Louis Adamic, who says therein that "He knows a number of Negroes who are not inferior to any white man." And still another volume, Southern Regions of the United States, by Howard Odlum, "carries the idea that Southern people are bound down by the erroneous assumption that the white race is necessarily superior."

It's Tough on the University

Which goes to show you the insidious methods of these invading enemies of the white race. When we left Georgia twenty-three such subversive devil books had been cast out of Georgia's school libraries. And Gene wasn't through yet with similar lyin' books and nigger-lovin' professors. The Southern University Conference, a nonaccrediting association of forty-odd senior liberal arts colleges in the South, had dropped the University of Georgia from membership, saying that Gene had made it a political racket. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools was about to meet and outlaw the university, thereby depriving it of its ability to accredit its graduates. Thus legally no graduate of the University of Georgia could teach or practice a profession in Georgia, the state constitution requiring all such to be accredited graduates of schools in good standing with the SACSS. And students of the university might not transfer to other American colleges that might demand credits.

Gene said, unconvincingly, that he wasn't worried about such nonsense. Georgia would accredit her own schools. It was all a Rosenwald-Rockefeller plot anyway—a plot to discredit him, to prevent him from fighting singlehanded against the encroachments of the Negrah and his Yankee exploiters. Gene had taken his stand in Dixie Land and nobody was a-gonna budge him.

"I'm for a college education for every boy and girl in beautiful Georgia," roared Gene. "And I'm a-gonna see that they get it. How? Nev' mind how. I'm a-gonna do it."

"Negroes too?"

"The Negrah will be taken care of."

For the time being, Gene dropped the discussion. He had to write a flock of editorials and interpretive articles for The Statesman.

Gene dipped his pen in ink. His hard features softened. With a few preliminary flourishes he began to write "something right interestin' to the fine, upstandin' people of Georgia." He wrote:

"Sunday I drove over to Union Baptist Church in Wilcox County to an all-day singing and dinner on the ground. And—would you believe it?—they actually succeeded in getting me to lead two hymns: In the Land Where We Never Grow Old and The Old Rugged Cross. I did so, helped by the beautiful voices of the fine Christian brothers and sisters. . . ."

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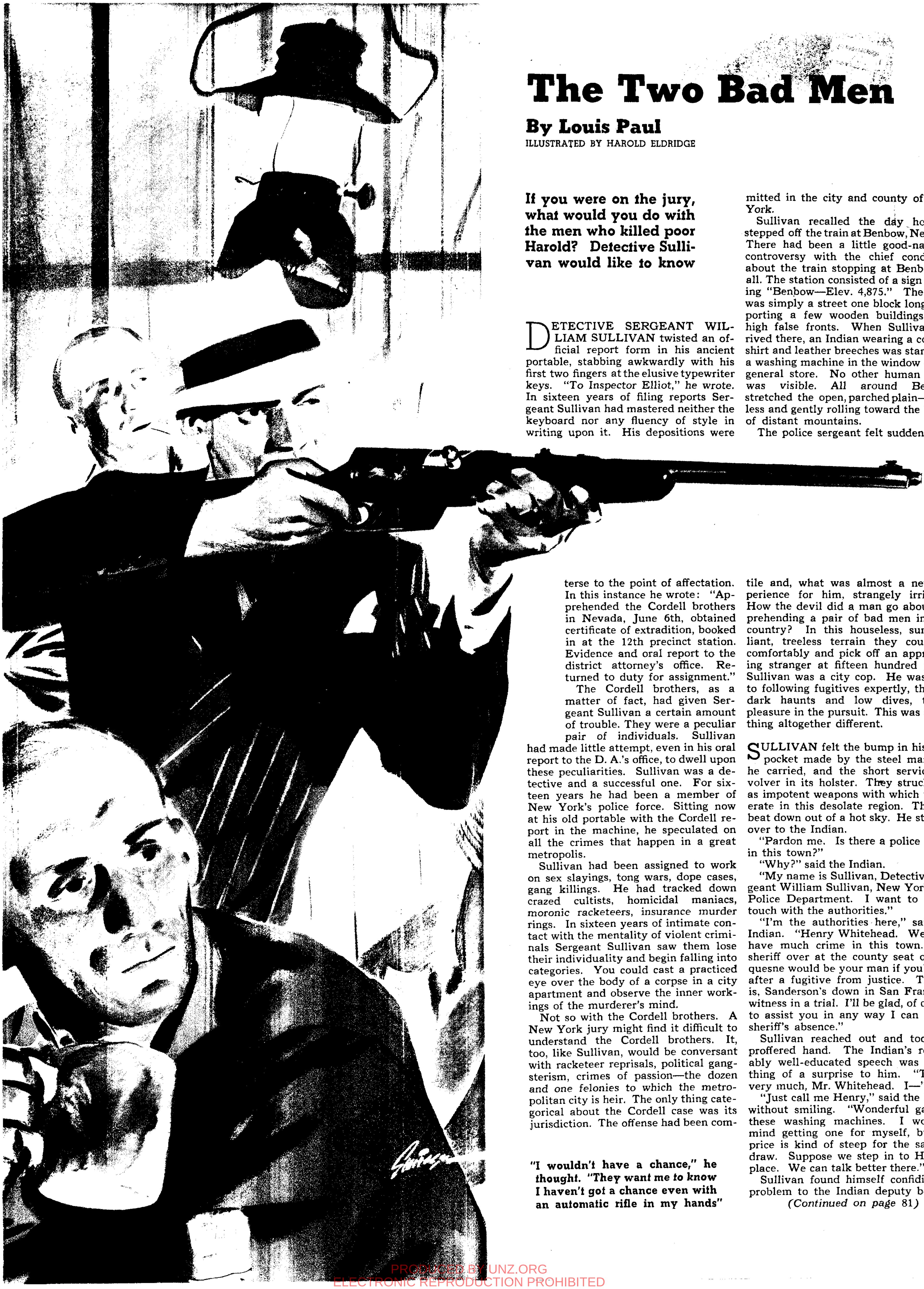
By Louis Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE



"I wouldn't have a chance," he thought. "They want me to know I haven't got a chance even with an automatic rifle in my hands"

If you were on the jury, what would you do with the men who killed poor Harold? Detective Sullivan would like to know

DETECTIVE SERGEANT WILLIAM SULLIVAN twisted an official report form in his ancient portable, stabbing awkwardly with his first two fingers at the elusive typewriter keys. *"To Inspector Elliot,"* he wrote. In sixteen years of filing reports Sergeant Sullivan had mastered neither the keyboard nor any fluency of style in writing upon it. His depositions were terse to the point of affectation. In this instance he wrote: "Apprehended the Cordell brothers in Nevada, June 6th, obtained certificate of extradition, booked in at the 12th precinct station. Evidence and oral report to the district attorney's office. Returned to duty for assignment."

The Cordell brothers, as a matter of fact, had given Sergeant Sullivan a certain amount of trouble. They were a peculiar pair of individuals. Sullivan had made little attempt, even in his oral report to the D. A.'s office, to dwell upon these peculiarities. Sullivan was a detective and a successful one. For sixteen years he had been a member of New York's police force. Sitting now at his old portable with the Cordell report in the machine, he speculated on all the crimes that happen in a great metropolis.

Sullivan had been assigned to work on sex slayings, tong wars, dope cases, gang killings. He had tracked down crazed cultists, homicidal maniacs, moronic racketeers, insurance murder rings. In sixteen years of intimate contact with the mentality of violent criminals Sergeant Sullivan saw them lose their individuality and begin falling into categories. You could cast a practiced eye over the body of a corpse in a city apartment and observe the inner workings of the murderer's mind.

Not so with the Cordell brothers. A New York jury might find it difficult to understand the Cordell brothers. It, too, like Sullivan, would be conversant with racketeer reprisals, political gangsterism, crimes of passion—the dozen and one felonies to which the metropolitan city is heir. The only thing categorical about the Cordell case was its jurisdiction. The offense had been committed in the city and county of Ne York.

Sullivan recalled the day he had stepped off the train at Benbow, Nevada There had been a little good-natured controversy with the chief conductor about the train stopping at Benbow at all. The station consisted of a sign reading "Benbow—Elev. 4,875." The town was simply a street one block long supporting a few wooden buildings with high false fronts. When Sullivan arrived there, an Indian wearing a colored shirt and leather breeches was staring at a washing machine in the window of the general store. No other human being was visible. All around Benbow stretched the open, parched plain—treeless and gently rolling toward the banks of distant mountains.

The police sergeant felt suddenly futile and, what was almost a new experience for him, strangely irritated How the devil did a man go about apprehending a pair of bad men in such country? In this houseless, sun-brilliant, treeless terrain they could sit comfortably and pick off an approaching stranger at fifteen hundred yards Sullivan was a city cop. He was used to following fugitives expertly, through dark haunts and low dives, taking pleasure in the pursuit. This was something altogether different.

SULLIVAN felt the bump in his back pocket made by the steel manacles he carried, and the short service revolver in its holster. They struck him as impotent weapons with which to operate in this desolate region. The sun beat down out of a hot sky. He stepped over to the Indian.

"Pardon me. Is there a police officer in this town?"

"Why?" said the Indian.

"My name is Sullivan, Detective Sergeant William Sullivan, New York City Police Department. I want to get in touch with the authorities."

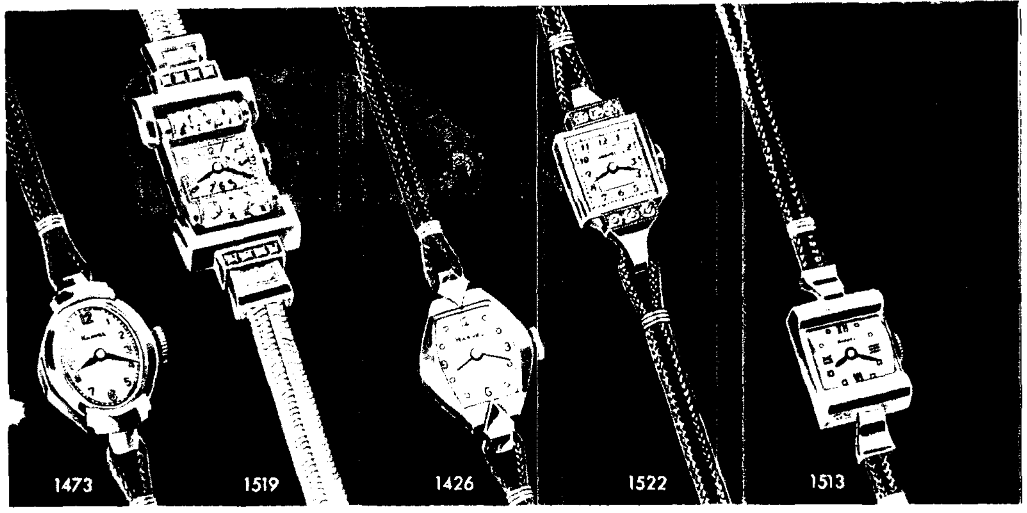
"I'm the authorities here," said the Indian. "Henry Whitehead. We don't have much crime in this town. The sheriff over at the county seat of Duquesne would be your man if you're out after a fugitive from justice. Trouble is, Sanderson's down in San Francisco, witness in a trial. I'll be glad, of course, to assist you in any way I can in the sheriff's absence."

Sullivan reached out and took the proffered hand. The Indian's reasonably well-educated speech was some thing of a surprise to him. "Thanks very much, Mr. Whitehead. I—"

"Just call me Henry," said the Indian without smiling. "Wonderful gadgets, these washing machines. I wouldn't mind getting one for myself, but the price is kind of steep for the salary I draw. Suppose we step in to Handy's place. We can talk better there."

Sullivan found himself confiding his problem to the Indian deputy because

(Continued on page 81)



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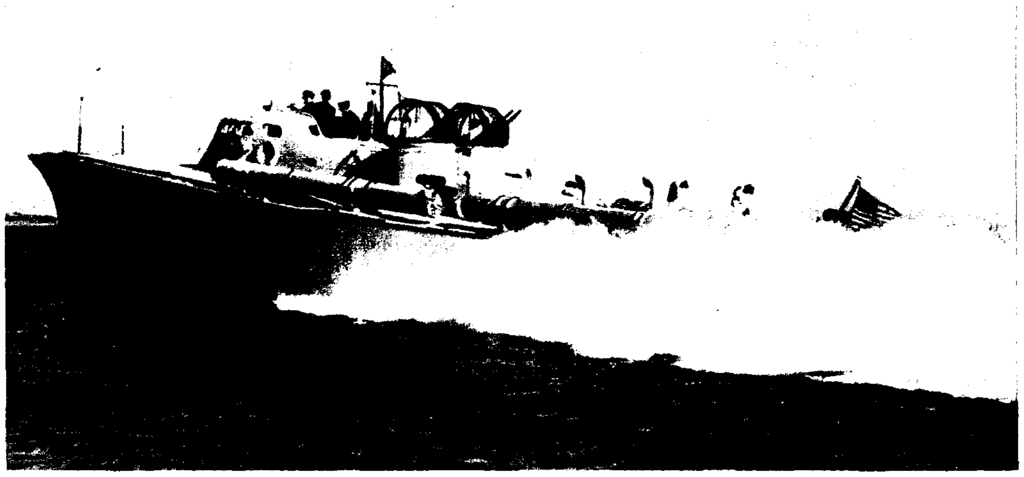
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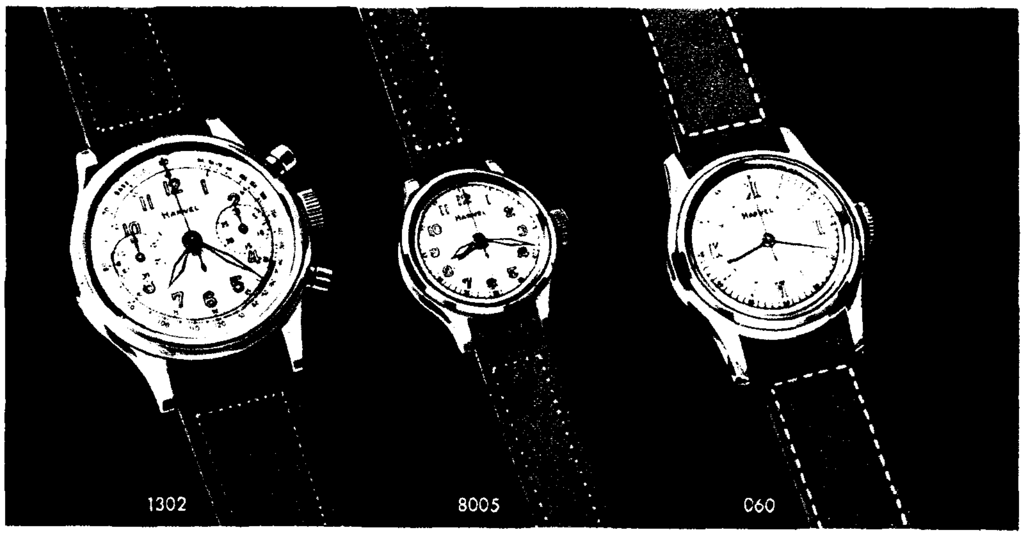

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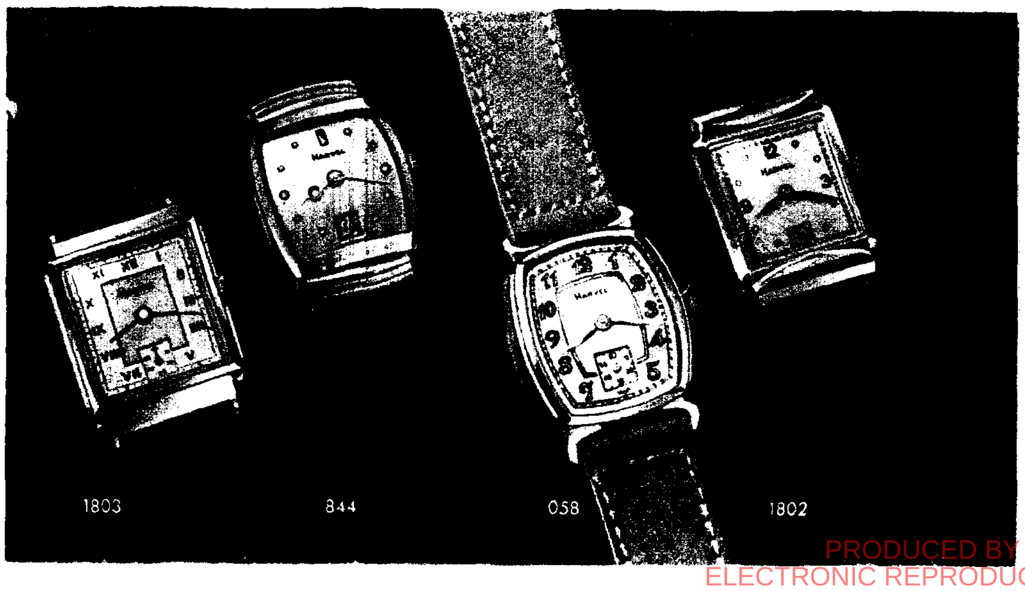

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The Scorched Red Earth

Continued from page 13

wash hanging out on lines. Down narrow, roughly cobbled streets, cars, motorcycles, trucks and little Russian wagons pulled by small, struggling horses fought for passage. The German commander's headquarters were in a gutted bank building. Outside was a truckload of Soviet soldiers just captured in the near-by forest. I talked to some of them.

Surprisingly, only one of them could speak Russian. They came from different parts of the country and only three could understand one another. The only Russian most of them understood was the commands of their officers. They were very downcast and said they never expected to see their homes again.

"If I got home and the Soviets were still there," said one, "I'd be shot for surrendering."

Down the street a junior college had been gutted by a fire set by the retreating Russians. Hundreds of half-burned books, bales of leaflets littered the courtyard. In the center of the yard stood a headless statue of Stalin—a plaster shell, painted over.

In the Ukraine, Kiev, with its peacetime population of about a million, was an example of the thoroughness with which the Soviets destroyed what they could not defend. Outside the city entire sections of woods had been cut to make tank barriers; rails had been encased in cement to block roads. Wires were strung waist-high through the trees—with a mine attached every few feet.

Russia's Desperate Defense

South of Kiev in the open fields the Soviets had constructed an intricate system of trenches, barbed-wire entanglements, tank traps and artillery emplacements camouflaged in shacks. These had all been bombed and blasted into ruins. In the city itself were formidable street barricades made of logs, sandbags, cobblestones and dirt. The outskirts showed the desperate measures to which the defenders had resorted. All railway and road bridges had been blown up, factories dynamited or burned. Streetcars stood abandoned where they were left when the power plant was destroyed along with other public facilities. Except where the Germans had managed to make repairs, Kiev was without lights, gas, water or heat. Blocks of the business section still smoked as the result of fires started by hidden mines which exploded four days after the city was surrendered.

When they left, the Soviets took all the city's fire-fighting apparatus as well as the firemen and all expert workmen who might be able to repair the power plant and waterworks. The Germans say it will take four years to rebuild Kiev after the necessary workmen and materials can be assembled.

In the hotel where I stayed, the Russians had even taken the bedclothes. Formerly called The Red Kiev Hotel, the Germans had ironically renamed it "Hotel Liberty"—but that couldn't make the elevator run or put blankets on the hard mattresses.

The citizens who remained in the town seemed friendly enough, going about their own business if they had any or to work if they could find it. Food conditions were bad, the Russians having systematically destroyed all food stores before leaving. Potatoes were generally procurable but such things as meat, coffee, tea, butter and sugar were unheard of. The Germans were issuing rations to people in long bread lines. People waited in other lines to buy newspapers. When the first paper in the Ukrainian language appeared, crowds stood on street corners around one purchaser while he read it aloud. Before this paper appeared, the only reading matter consisted of notices posted in German, Russian and Ukrainian, warning of death penalties for plundering, sabotage and acts against German soldiers.

In Kiev hearses were being used for carrying everything except corpses. They were full of booted, beshawled women with legs hanging over the sides, bumping down cobbled streets. The price of a ride was about one cent but it represented about one dollar to the Ukrainians. There were two typically American things: shoeshine boys and scooters. In the country was another familiar sight: all along the roads women were attempting to thumb rides in our car.

In Kiev and throughout the southern Ukraine the Jews wore no distinctive arm bands or markings as elsewhere. No notices had been posted concerning Jewish labor corps or registrations.

What happened in captured Russian cities long after the Red army left proved the Russians to be the world's best saboteurs. So cleverly were time and incendiary bombs and mines hidden that expert German mine removers couldn't find all of them. In Kiev alone more than 10,000 mines were discovered and removed, but this still did not prevent a large section of the city from being blasted to bits by hidden infernal machines. The commonest type had plungers like hand grenades. They were hidden in stoves, clothes closets, under chair cushions, in beds—any place where a string or wire could be attached to the plunger. When the stove or closet door was opened, the mine exploded. It was the same if you sat on a chair, attempted to sleep in a bed or even raise a window. Other bombs were hooked up with telephones, electric light lines or water pipes. In the first two types the bombs were set off simply by taking the phone off the hook or turning on the light. Sometimes turning on a light on the fourth floor would set off a mine under the basement floor. Those mines hooked up with water pipes were set off by some pressure principle when the tap was opened.

In Odessa, the entire building occupied by the Rumanian General Staff was blown sky-high as a result of someone turning on a water tap. Both in Kiev and Odessa hundreds of bombs went off automatically four days after the Soviets evacuated the town. Most of them were "two-timers," meaning they first blew out the walls and then set fire to the wreckage.

There were even teleignition bombs. The fuses of these were attached to radio-receiving sets set to a certain wave length. These bombs were exploded by the Russians miles away and days later by broadcasting a certain signal to which the set was tuned. A mine of this type with three and a half tons of dynamite inside was found and removed from the big new Lenin Museum in Kiev, but another one, undiscovered, blew the place to ruins. The greatest and most complete sabotage job I saw was in the huge Nikolaev shipyards, where 25,000 men used to be employed. Only the two-thirds-finished hull of a 35,000-ton battleship, a steel-plate-cutting plant and two small power plants remain. And in that great hulk of steel there might still be a joker. Everything else—machinery, railway yards, work and tool shops, locomotives, the hulls of an 8,000-ton cruiser and two submarines were ruined beyond repair.

Whatever the Soviet regime was able to construct in twenty years its people destroyed in just so many hours.

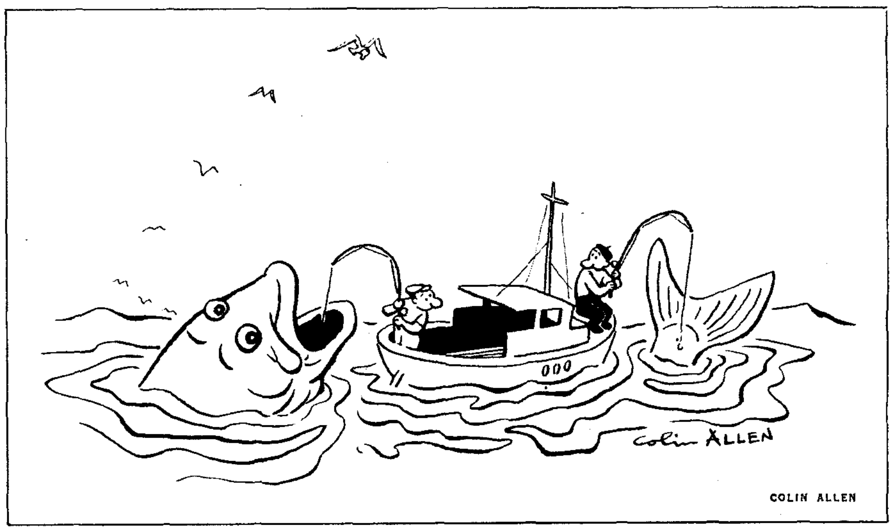
New Masters for Old

Retreating before Hitler's steam roller, the Soviets left behind much of the peasant population, although thousands of men from farm regions had been hastily conscripted for military service. Often from one third to one fourth of civil populations fled before the Germans got there. Thus, occupied Russia is suffering from a labor shortage and there is confusion in everyday life. In the north, settlers who had been transferred from other parts of Russia to territories taken from Finland showed flashes of dull resentment at the new upheaval which again overwhelmed them. They accepted their new masters, the Finns, with a shrug. Most of the peasants have seen all kinds of suffering and accept without much complaint what Providence brings.

In cities the people go about with an air of caution frosted over with reserved friendliness. Many Ukrainians are without jobs because the factories and stores in which they work were destroyed, but none seem to be worrying.

The Germans say their chief interest is in getting the country back to normal and that they are leaving the population alone as far as is possible provided they behave themselves.

As in the United States, where farmers in the great Middle West really represent American opinion, so I found it in the occupied territories. Many individuals in Soviet Russia still remember the time when the soil they tilled, however small their holding, however meager their existence, belonged to them. As the saying goes: "Take away



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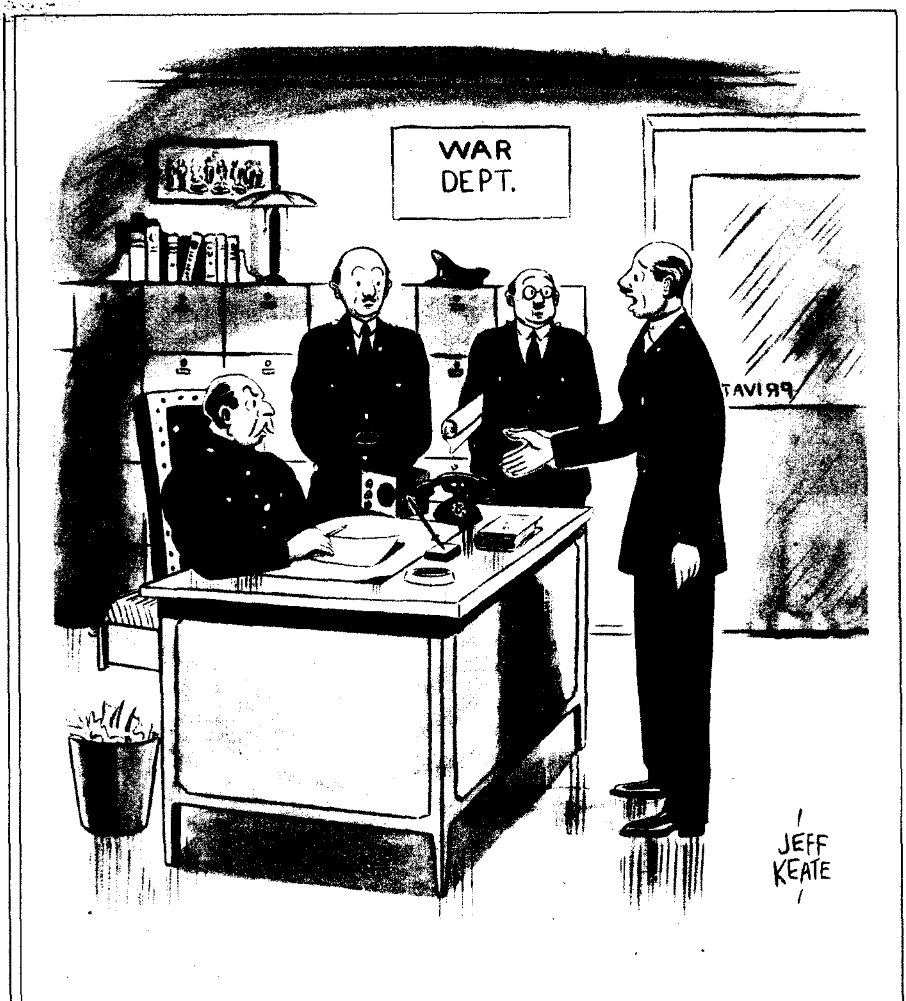


"We won't have to test our new secret plane, sir—official dispatches from six other countries say it's no good!"

JEFF KEATE

a city fellow's job and he forms a union, but take away a farmer's land and you will have shotgun trouble." The Germans realized this to a great extent and published certain rules for the Ukraine, although the war still was in progress. Small plots of land which the Soviets had allotted to peasants to plant as they pleased now become their personal property, free from taxation. On the conditions of a good harvest and successful sowing, these individual grants can be doubled. At the same time the Germans told the peasants they will be given a chance to own livestock without the heavy taxes imposed by Russia.

Full freedom of religion also is being restored. I saw many churches being reopened, especially in Kiev. The historic old St. Andrew's Church overlooking the Dneiper River was overflowing with worshipers when it was reopened after twenty years. Other churches were being reopened as quickly as the interiors could be cleared of propaganda posters, cinema screens and even bales of hay.

The most disheartening thing in an occupied country is the prisoners. Whether you see them in prison camps, marching down roads or being trucked around, they tear at your emotions. They all look the same—dirty and unshaven, none with complete uniform, their clothing tattered and torn. I remember particularly one column of about 10,000 marching south from Kiev. Dejectedly, they shuffled down the road under the eyes of a few German guards. When they stopped to eat, they bargained and fought over such choice morsels as green cabbage leaves and slices of raw pumpkin and carrot they had snatched from roadside gardens. A crust of bread thrown among them started a fight; a cigarette caused a riot. I was told they were part of the most desperate Communist fighters that had been captured at Kiev. They looked it. Once assigned to organized camps, they were given sufficient food, chiefly potatoes and some bread, and usually put to work.

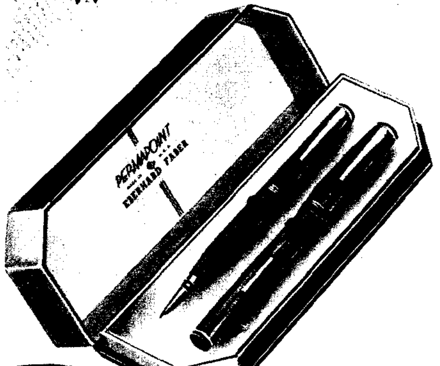
Prisoners everywhere are being used to clean up debris in destroyed cities and hundreds of such gangs are visible. When I walked through a devastated sector, they were lunching on boiled potatoes and bread and munching pieces of sugar. Everywhere they can be seen working on roads and in places like German army filling stations where they pump gas and apparently enjoy a certain amount of liberty.

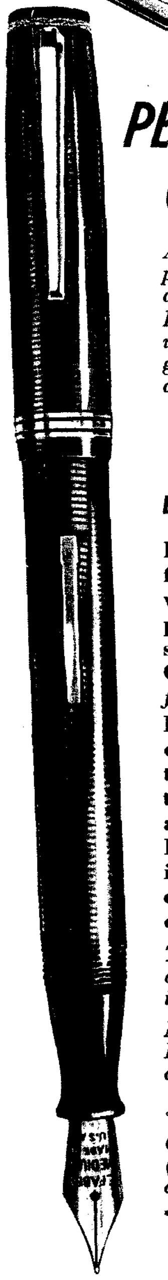
Thousands of former Russian soldiers now are in the service of the German fighting forces. They have been formed into what is called Ukrainian Militia. Most, but not all, still wear Russian uniforms and carry Russian guns. They are used for policing certain sectors in cities, guarding buildings and moving supplies. Other militiamen are actually used in the German army itself. In one long column, I saw them in Russian uniforms driving many of the supply wagons. These men are considered both traitors and lucky by their comrades, but luckiest of all are thousands of other Ukrainian soldiers who have been released.

Everywhere along the roads they can be seen walking back home, a tedious and precarious journey. The Germans are releasing hundreds daily if proof of their identity can be found and authorities are convinced they will return to their homes and go to work. As time goes on, prisoners undoubtedly will be used in many ways, but nowhere did I see any working in the fields.

Russia, except for big new blocks of army barracks, party headquarters and administrative buildings, looks rundown. Undoubtedly, production of every kind was increased through better organization, regardless of the means used. But the fruits of all that went into the mammoth war machine of the Red army. Now that this machine has been almost destroyed, the country will have to start from far worse than scratch.

With this you'll Please Everyone





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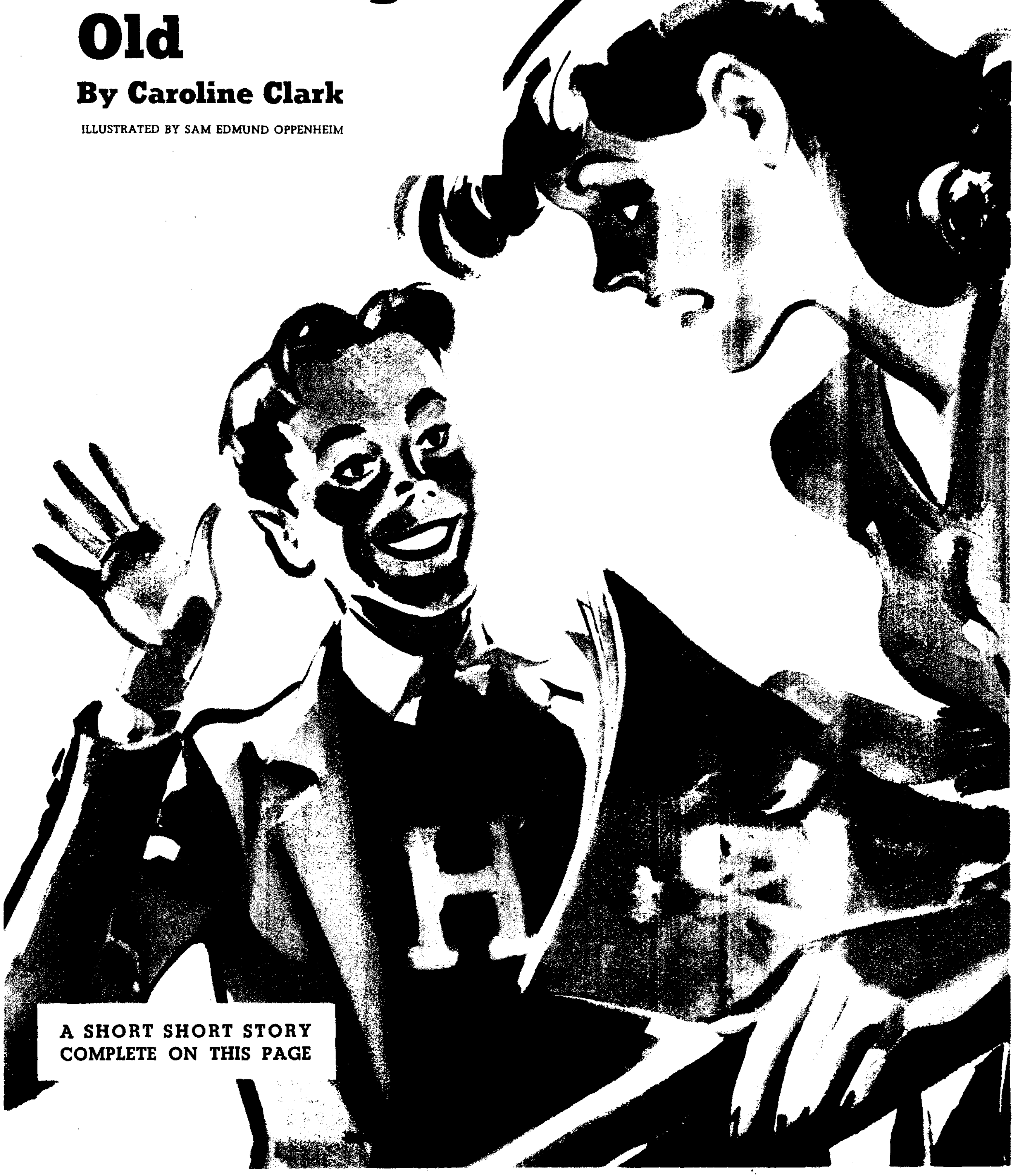
Something Old

By Caroline Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM EDMUND OPPENHEIM



"Hello, Dog-face," Polly said. "Hi, Horrible," said Jimmie. Her glance rested on Jimmie's chest and her eyes were bright and shining with thanks

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

NAN MALLORY, sitting at her desk in the living room, heard the gentle bump *bump* of saddle oxfords on the stairs and puckered her brows to show her daughter that she was deeply engrossed in the task of addressing Christmas cards. Polly had been doing a very convincing job, since her quarrel with Jimmie, of being frantically busy and gay, and it would hardly be sporting to puncture the surface with a mother's anxious glance. In the face of such fine nonchalance it was best to be properly stupid and forget that there had been a time, just a few weeks ago, when the shoulder of her nightie had been wet with a little girl's tears.

"Hey, Miss Long-Legs!" Tom, sitting in his big chair by the fireplace, grabbed his daughter by the hand and pulled her down on his knee. "Looks like you'd be paying a little more attention to me these days—or haven't you found out yet who Santa Claus is?"

Polly laughed in that new way she had that made Nan think of a rabbit hopping across a field. It was cute but a little too carefully worked out.

"Dear Mr. Claus," said Polly. "I am a little girl eighteen years old and I want a radio for my room and a black velvet house coat like Greer Garson's and a convertible coupé with numerous gadgets. Also candy and nuts." She leaned across his lap and rested an elbow on the chair arm. "Do I get the radio?"

Tom ran a finger through her necklace made of hickory-nut faces with yarn hair. "What's this for? To frighten little children?"

"Do I get the radio?" she repeated.

"Oh," said Tom. "Radio. But how do I know you've been a good girl? All I see of you these days is a skirt tail disappearing around a corner." He took his pipe out of his mouth and settled Polly back against his shoulder. "By the way, what's become of young Jimmie Blair?"

Nan shook her head at her husband, but he was looking into the fire. She wished desperately she'd told him Jimmie had said he'd never come around again until Polly sent for him. She might even have told him about the sweater which Polly had started to knit for Jimmie out of wool to match her favorite skirt. It was to be a very significant present, for it said in the language of the younger generation that Polly was Jimmie's girl; and this morning she'd found it, unfinished, in the rag bag. . . .

"He still lives next door," said Polly. "Why?"

"I've been kind of missing him the last few weeks," her father said. "He's been rather constantly underfoot since the days when you used to scrape the cake pans together, with bibs tucked under your chins."

"Polly has a date with Spencer McNeil tonight." Nan spoke so quickly that her words ran together.

"Who's he?"

"A new boy," said Polly eagerly, "and ve-ry glamor-puss. In fact, he's the prize package on my Christmas tree this year. Wait till you see him, Dad!"

Then the doorbell rang, and a moment later the undeniable McNeil glamor was in their midst. He was rather too obviously handsome but Nan reflected reasonably that he couldn't help it, and his quiet, well-bred poise was certainly not the sort of thing to which parents could object. They all sat around for a few minutes being a trifle too, too, charming to one another. Even Polly picked up Spencer McNeil's sophisticated manner and Nan thought it fitted a bit oddly with her long, sloppy sweater and bright, swinging hair and bare brown legs.

Later, when she and Tom were alone, Nan propped her elbow on the table and cupped her chin in her palm and made neat little ovals across the top of her list. Presently she said: "Tom, do you remember the Christmas when Polly was three?"

Tom leaned his head back and dropped his book in his lap. "Why *that* one?"

"We got her a new doll," said Nan, "and I dressed up all the old ones and set them around under the tree. She was wild with joy for a few minutes, and then all of a sudden she straightened up in her little pink bathrobe and said: 'Now I'll go find Betty.' "

Tom nodded. "And then I found you crying into your apron behind the kitchen door because Betty was a rag doll that hadn't come through the wash very well and you hadn't thought she was worth fixing up."

"But I *did* fix her up," said Nan, "after I'd explained that Santa was a little behind with his work that year—so everything was all right after all." She went over and sat down on a stool at Tom's feet. "Funny," she said, "how new things—even very grand new things—can't take the place of the old ones. Not with Polly, anyway."

Tom looked at her with deep affection and sudden understanding. "You mean—even something very glamor-puss?"

"Even something very glamor-puss," said Nan.

POLLY'S crowd was increasingly gay as the holidays went on. Nan had time to get all the Christmas surprises ready because Polly was seldom at home, and sometimes she found herself going around with a small, anticipatory smile on her face. Polly went skating and dancing with Spencer McNeil and her poised, sophisticated manner often lasted for a full five minutes after Spencer had brought her home; but Nan always breathed a little sigh of relief when her daughter relaxed again into her customary, almost unintelligible subdeb talk. It was very silly, of course, the way Polly and the other youngsters who were always buzzing in and out covered up their meaning under a camouflage of extravagant nonsense, but Nan found it somewhat more believable than Polly's new personality and the laugh like a rabbit hopping across a field.

And then, on Christmas Eve, Jimmie came in without bothering to knock, just as Nan was hanging the lights on the Christmas tree.

"Let me help," he said, stepping with perfect confidence across the room.

"Please do!" said Nan. "I'm getting all wound up in these things."

They worked diligently for a few minutes, telling each other all the while just how it should be done. When she heard the familiar bump *bump* on the stairs, Nan closed her eyes and sat down on the ladder and began silently to recite the multiplication table to herself. She had got as far as one-times-six when Polly spoke.

"Hello, Dog-face," she said.

"Hi, Horrible," said Jimmie.

Polly's saddle shoes bumped the rest of the way down the stairs and across the floor. They stopped beside Jimmie, under the tree.

Nan opened her eyes and looked down. Her daughter's glance rested a moment on the broad expanse of Jimmie's chest, then came quickly up to her mother, and her eyes were bright and shining with the thanks she couldn't speak. The tree sprang suddenly into a blaze of many colors, and Nan thought she had never seen anything so lovely.

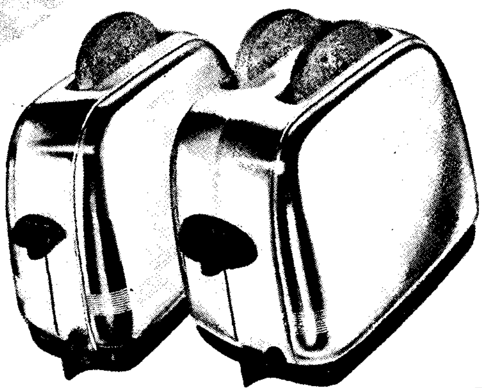
Polly looked at Jimmie again. "That's a loathsome sweater you're wearing," she said.

Jimmie kissed her firmly on the mouth. "Isn't it foul?" he agreed. "I wouldn't wear it except that it matches my best girl's skirt."

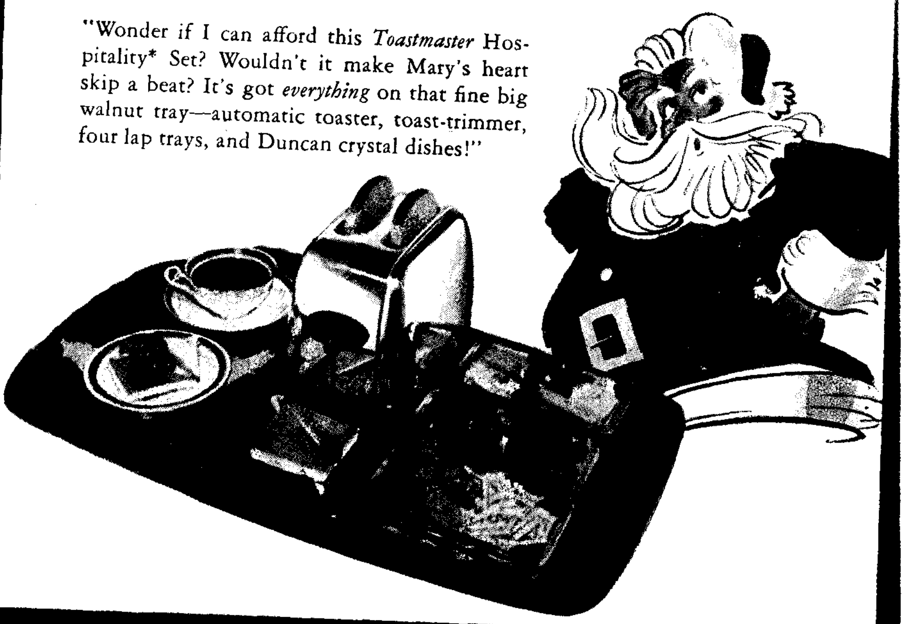
Polly smiled cryptically. "You'd better take care of it," she said. "I broke my heart over that piece of knitting—until Mom took a hand and helped me finish it."

Jimmie, full of himself, didn't know what she was talking about. But Nan did.

"Mary would love one of these! Guess everybody wants a *Toastmaster* automatic toaster, popping up perfect toast every time—with no watching, turning, or burning. *I'll* pop up a penny to decide 'tween 1-slice and 2-slice."

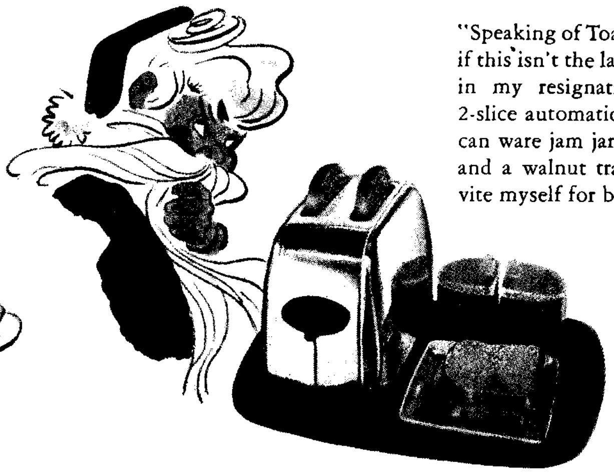


"Wonder if I can afford this *Toastmaster* Hospitality* Set? Wouldn't it make Mary's heart skip a beat? It's got *everything* on that fine big walnut tray—automatic toaster, toast-trimmer, four lap trays, and Duncan crystal dishes!"



"H-mm! Doesn't *this* complicate matters? Just when I hope I'm getting all set, along comes a *Toastmaster** automatic waffle baker she's sure to want. Bright as a Christmas tree, isn't it, with that red light signaling when to pour, when to 'take'! It's an *idea,* sure enough!"

"Speaking of Toast 'n Jam Sets . . . if this isn't the last word, I'll hand in my resignation. Yes, sirree! 2-slice automatic toaster, Franciscan ware jam jars and toast plate, and a walnut tray. Think I'll invite myself for breakfast!"



"This one's plenty smart, and inexpensive too. *Junior* Toast 'n Jam Set, it's called, because it has that nifty non-automatic Junior toaster. Nifty trimmings too—with that toast plate, jam jar, and handy walnut tray."

"This one's just my size. The *Special* Toast 'n Jam* Set's the name—and that 1-slice automatic toaster works just as slick as the 2-slice. And look at the pretty fixings! Quite a setup, strikes me. I'm *wavering!*"

....all I know TMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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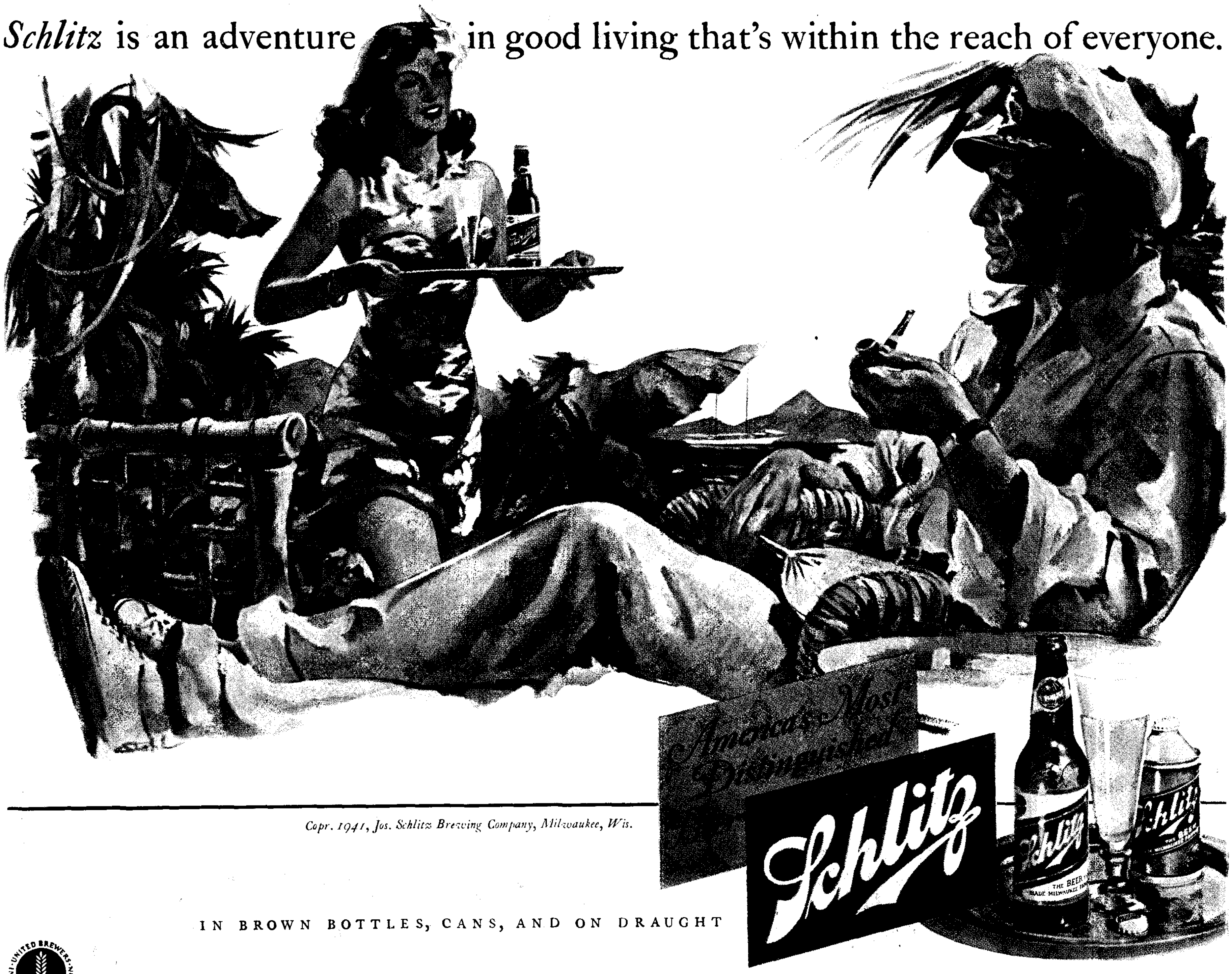

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IN BROWN BOTTLES, CANS, AND ON DRAUGHT

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

The Two Bad Men

Continued from page 74

there was apparently no other course he could take.

"This is Bill Handy," said the Indian, introducing him to the lanky storekeeper. "He runs the general store and raises a few cattle on the side."

"Howdy," said Bill Handy.

"Can we use the back room?"

"Sure thing, Henry. Welcome."

They seated themselves on kegs of nails in the storeroom. "Do you happen to know two brothers named Cordell?" asked Sergeant Sullivan.

"They're mining men, I believe. They don't get down here often. I've seen them once or twice buying supplies. They've got a place twenty miles or so up the canyon. I understand they come from Colorado. What did they do to bring a New York detective way out here?"

"They killed a man named Johnson in a hotel room."

"Johnson?" The Indian rubbed his black hair. "Killed him, you say?"

"It looked like a simple enough case to start with," Sullivan explained. "His papers and all identification marks were carefully removed, but his fingerprints showed he'd been in the Army during the last war. Once we knew who he was we turned up a safe-deposit box, from which we got the rest of the picture. He'd been a mining man in partnership with the Cordell brothers in Colorado and Nevada, that much we learned from his private papers.

"Then we did some checking on the man's partners and got positive identifications from the hotel people and others. According to our information, corroborated by the railroad, they left on the train the morning after the murder and returned to Benbow. Johnson's correspondence showed the men's mining properties were somewhere in the vicinity of Benbow. It looked like a simple matter to come out and pick the men up. But now I'm not so sure."

"No," said the Indian deputy. "This is pretty open country. Even if Sanderson were back, which won't be for four or five weeks, I don't suppose he'd care to risk having his head blown off trying to enforce a New York warrant."

"I can understand that," Sullivan admitted.

"If you can bring the fugitives into Duquesne they'll no doubt be glad to give you all the legal assistance there you require."

"DO YOU know how to get to this Cordell place?"

"A path of sorts goes up the canyon." The Indian rubbed his thick hair speculatively. "There's something queer about this business, though. Why couldn't these brothers have murdered their partner right here in Nevada?"

"That's something we haven't found out yet."

"Any objection to my making a guess?"

"On the contrary."

"They may have foreseen the difficulties a city policeman would have in effecting their capture and returning them to a distant jurisdiction. If you called in the local authorities they'd get wind of it soon enough to take to the high hills."

"You may be right," said Sergeant Sullivan. "Anyway, there's no point in wasting time. These hills right here are high enough for me. I'll go up and have a talk with them this afternoon. I suppose I can get a room in town?"

"We don't have a hotel but I've got an extra cot in my shack—it's half a mile in the same direction. I'll take you up the canyon if you like, but—"

"But you'd rather have me serve my own warrant," Sullivan smiled grimly.

"It isn't that. I don't have the authority to work beyond Benbow without instructions from the sheriff. You get these fellows down to Benbow and I'll be happy to help you take them to Duquesne."

"Well, that's something, Mr—"

"Henry. *Mister* is a kind of insult in this country. We might as well take your bag down to the shack. In the meantime I can tell you something about the lay of the canyon. It'll take you a couple or three hours by horse."

"I see," said Sergeant Sullivan, mopping the sweat from his brow with an already damp handkerchief.

THE New York detective, feeling strange and nervous on the back of Whitehead's wiry little pinto pony, sought his way up the canyon behind the Indian, who preceded him on foot. It really got hot in Nevada, he decided. The sun seemed suddenly to have developed claws.

"You carry a gun, I suppose," said the Indian.

"Yes."

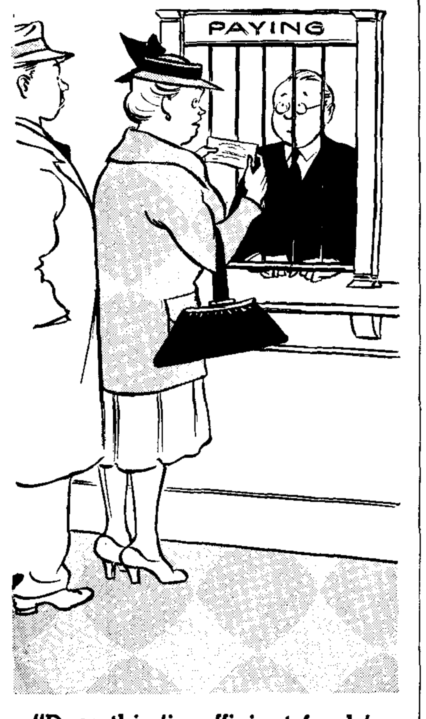
"It would be a very sound idea if you left it with me. People out here are much less likely to fire at a man who is unarmed. It's bred in us. Goes back to the frontier days."

"How am I supposed to arrest a couple of murderers and bring them back to town without a gun?"

"I don't know," said the Indian. "Maybe you can't. Myself, I just wouldn't go up there with firearms on me, that's all."

Sullivan's irritation was increasing. The sun was digging into his flesh, the jerky motion of the wiry pinto was loosening up all his bones, and now he was supposed to apprehend a couple of bad men without a gun. He trusted the Indian's instinct in the matter, however, removing his service pistol from its holster under his arm and tossing it down somewhat reluctantly.

"This is where I say goodby," said Whitehead. "The Cordell shack and the diggings lie about a mile ahead. I'll be waiting for you. If I hear any shooting going on I'll come running because shooting at somebody is against the law even in Nevada. Good luck."



"Does this 'insufficient funds' refer to me or the bank?"

BEN ROTH

"Thanks," said Sullivan. "I'll probably need it."

He urged the pony up the rough road. When he reached the Cordell cabin and dismounted, a very small man who looked like a shopkeeper greeted him.

"Lookin' for somebody?"

"Yes. I'm looking for you," said Sergeant Sullivan.

"Howdy. Come in out o' the sun." Inside the cabin the man said, "This is my brother Winfield. Win, a feller's here to see us."

The second brother was taller but no less insignificant-looking. They had apparently just finished eating. "Like to have you a plate o' bean soup, stranger? It ain't altogether cooled off yet," said the second brother. "Dish up the man a plate o' soup, George."

"No, thanks," said Sergeant Sullivan, swiftly taking in with his trained eye the details of his surroundings. Neither of the two men was armed. A modern high-powered automatic rifle in a beautiful leather case was suspended on nails in the wall. An ornamented cartridge belt with two holstered revolvers hung over the back of the chair on which Winfield sat.

"Interested in mining?" asked George.

"No," said Sergeant Sullivan. He wasn't going to try to think. They probably had pat answers for every verbal subterfuge he might attempt. "No. I'm a police officer from the East." He watched their expressions but they merely sat there, waiting for him to go on. "I've come out here to try to serve a warrant. Sheriff Sanderson is down in San Francisco, I understand."

"Who are you tryin' to serve this warrant on?" asked Winfield. "I don't think I caught your name," he added, leaning the crook of his elbow over the two-gun cartridge belt.

"Sullivan. Detective Sergeant William Sullivan, New York Police Department. According to our investigations we believe you men are implicated in the killing of Harold Johnson in the New Gotham Hotel on May tenth. Anyway, we want you to come back to New York for questioning."

George, the smaller of the two men, got up and took down the automatic rifle. "Ain't New York a kind of a far place to ask people to go back to for questioning?"

SULLIVAN thought the remark was not quite so ingenuous as it sounded. "No, I don't think so. Murder's a serious business. It doesn't depend on how far away it was committed."

George, who was much too complacent to suit Sergeant Sullivan, changed the subject: "Do you happen to have a gun on you?"

"I don't." Sullivan opened his jacket and revealed his empty armpit holster.

"Try this. We bought it in New York." He handed Sullivan the rifle. "Balanced wonderful, ain't it? Go ahead, try it. It's all loaded. It pumps itself. Try it on that tomater can."

Sullivan shouldered the rifle and pointed it through the doorway. Aiming slowly, he suddenly fired with great rapidity, making the tin can dance and bounce crazily as slug after slug tore through the soft metal. Simultaneously his brain was working. "I wouldn't have a chance," he thought. "They want me to know I haven't got a chance even with an automatic rifle in my hands."

"That's a mighty nice piece of shoot-

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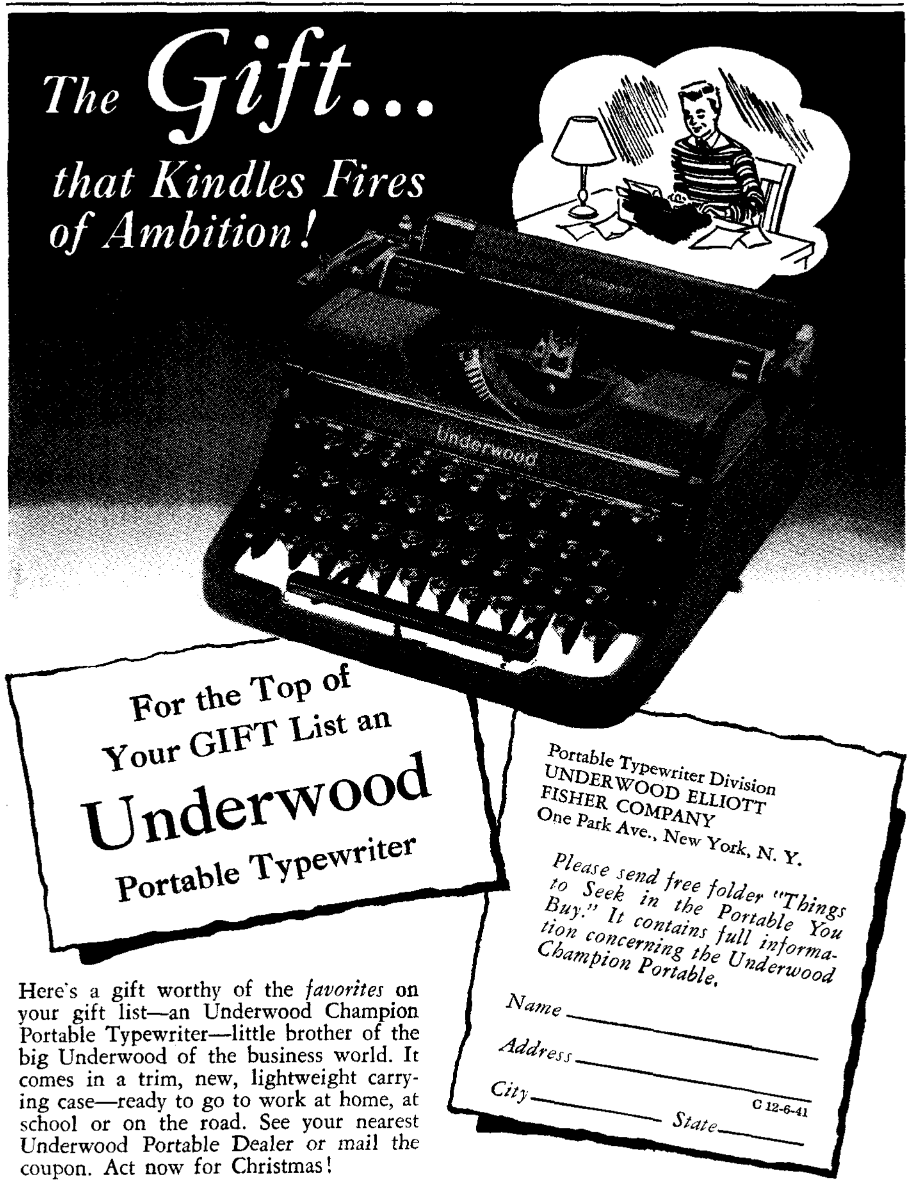

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in', Sergeant," said Winfield, the taller brother.

Then Sergeant Sullivan laughed. "Something's just occurred to me." He handed George back the rifle. "You must know Henry Whitehead, the Indian deputy at Benbow?"

George's eyelids narrowed. "Sure. Why?"

"Well, he showed me the way up here. Said he hadn't any business interfering on his own accord, but if he heard shooting it would be in his province and he'd come running. I guess he thinks you fellows have done it now."

"That's all right," said Winfield imperturbably. "Since we ain't, the joke's on him."

"No. But about Harold Johnson. I'm afraid we still have that business to deal with."

"Johnson. Now there you got a kind of a peculiar problem, Sergeant," said Winfield. "Here, take the good chair and set comfortable," he interrupted himself, offering Sullivan the chair with the gun holsters hanging over it. "There ain't no witnesses around so I guess it'll be all right to tell our side of it."

Sullivan swabbed the perspiration from his damp brow. "I'm an officer of the law. Any statement you make may be—"

"We ain't makin' no statement, Sergeant. You come up and say we're wanted for killin' our pardner, so we'll tell you how it happened. Over Colorado way a few years back we come into pardnerships with Harold. We all been grubstakin' it for years, takin' out enough stuff here and there barely to keep goin'. A feller don't make contracts in a business like this. There ain't no law out here to enforce such things. The way it is, if you take a feller into pardnerships and he inherits a old rowboat from somebody, why he wants to go ahead and saw it in half and divide it with you. Well, we took this Harold into pardnerships and staked him and all, and then he did wrong to us."

"What did he do wrong?" asked Sullivan.

"He come on to pay dirt and he wanted to keep it for himself. He tried to hide this pay-dirt streak and sneak out on us, figurin' that when we left these parts he'd come back and work the diggin's. I don't want to go into details, but when we found out what he done and where he went we follered him there and killed him."

"To New York. You followed him there and killed him," Sergeant Sullivan repeated as though taking down the statement in mental shorthand.

"We jest naturally had to kill him," said Winfield. "And now this is where the peculiar part of it comes in. When we opened up that shaft with the pay-dirt streak in it we found it run for only a few feet and then give plumb out. I guess we didn't take no more than a few hundred dollars of stuff out of that shaft, did we, George?"

"Mebby three hundred dollars," said George.

"After that we felt right sorry for Harold," added Winfield. "Goin' and gettin' himself killed on the strength of a faulty pay streak."

"That's about how the whole thing happens," George stated with gentle reasonableness. "We didn't think they'd be sendin' warrants out after us. But if they say we got to go all the way back to New York to explain it over again, why I guess we got to. Long as you don't figger to force us to, that is. Win and me, we don't like to be forced."

Just then Henry Whitehead came up, his hands resting nervously on the cartridge belt above his weapons. His hard black eyes brightened when he saw Sergeant Sullivan in the doorway. "I heard a rifle being fired."

"It was me," said Sullivan. "You know George and Winfield Cordell, I think."

NOW, staring at the official report to Inspector Elliot, he reread the sentences he had laboriously typed out: "Apprehended the Cordell brothers in Nevada, June 6th, obtained certificate of extradition, booked in at the 12th precinct station. Evidence and oral report to the district attorney's office. Returned to duty for assignment."

Then he remembered Winfield's question as they made ready to descend the canyon path to Benbow. "I don't guess them jury folks in New York'll have much trouble understandin' how we jest naturally had to go ahead and kill poor Harold, will they, Sergeant?"

He could hardly include the question in his report of the capture of the two Nevada bad men. He wished they had chosen to kill poor Harold someplace else, that was all.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

All pilots will heartily applaud the latest decision of the Civil Aeronautics Board in suspending for 60 days the private license of a Chicago airman "for falsifying in his log book his solo flying time records."

THE day will never come when our military aircraft manufacturers will be able to go along making more of the same thing without frequent interruptions for changes in the design. The changes will be due chiefly to reports constantly coming back from abroad on what the British and Germans have developed. Of course, no one wants to hold the second-best poker hand; neither do we want a handful of superairplanes and no quantity. But it irks our manufacturers, all set to get going on daily rates of production heretofore undreamed of, to stop the production lines to make a change because both the R.A.F. and the A.A.F. (Army Air Forces) discover some last-minute necessary improvements.

One prominent aircraft manufacturer, frequently delayed by last-minute changes made necessary by late word from abroad, finally lost patience and observed unhappily to the Army that if a German plane were shot down and found to have a bucket of sauerkraut back in the tail, we would immediately order a change to conform. *C'est la guerre!*

THE squadron leader of the R.A.F. Night Bomber Command had completed his plans for a night raid on Germany and on the operations board he made this notation: "E.T.R. 2:10 A.M." (Estimated Time of Return.) The squadron ran into head winds on the way back; it was out of bombs and out of ammunition due to fighting off German night fighters. It didn't arrive over its home airdrome until 2:40. Awaiting it were some German fighters that jumped on this helpless group but succeeded in knocking down only one bomber. Coincidence? The British think not, because they detected the visitors overhead exactly at 2 A.M.—ten minutes before the estimated time of return as posted on the board. F. R. N.

Boss of the Opera

Continued from page 69

know the Metropolitan would have a riot on its hands.

One night some years ago, when the Italian, Dino Grandi, was paying us a visit, he went to the Metropolitan. Indignant anti-Fascists cascaded slips of paper from the top gallery, making the auditorium look like a snowstorm. The throwaways said, "Down with Mussolini!" "Down with Grandi!" "Long Live Italy!" It took a police detail to restore harmony.

In 1939, Johnson planned to revive a Czech opera, The Bartered Bride, to be sung in German.

Czech sympathizers warned that they would consider it a mortal offense if the opera were sung in the enemy's tongue. The opera was called off; last year it was done in English. Then there is Wagner's Die Meistersinger, which ends with an apostrophe to the German race and art. Johnson is leery about that opera, and is going to hold off with it for a while.

Those International Headaches

The Metropolitan is also international as far as its singers are concerned. It is a proud Metropolitan boast that under its roof are gathered most of the great singing actors. Nice in peace, but another headache in wartime. Germans and Italians cannot be brought over because of the blockade. One singer started from Germany in October, 1939, and is still interned somewhere. Johnson has been hiring Scandinavians, and at least two Swedes have come here by the long route of Russia, Siberia, the Orient and the Pacific. The leading conductor of Italian opera, Ettore Panizza, an Argentine, happened to be in Italy in 1940 when Mussolini decided to march. It took the intercession of our State Department and the Italian government to get him back here.

People also bother Johnson to help them out in international messes. Friends of desperate musicians marooned in Europe know that the Metropolitan can pull diplomatic strings. They come to Johnson begging him to make out fake contracts so that their friends can get through to America. It does not make things easier for Johnson that his refusal is based on sound principle. It breaks his heart that he cannot do anything.

Johnson delights in giving people a lift. He has not forgotten his own slow climb to eminence as a singer, with the help of friends. Eddie was no blooming prodigy. He was twenty-eight before he made a hit in operetta. He was over thirty before he sang in opera. He was over forty before he made his debut as a tenor at the Metropolitan. He was fifty-five when he became general manager.

Eddie was born in Guelph, Ontario, sixty-one years ago. If you met him, you would be convinced that anybody who said he was sixty was libeling him. True, his hair is gray, but it is all there. His figure is streamlined—always has been. In his fifties he could play and sing Romeo more believably than some overstuffed tenor of thirty. Up to the time that he left the stage to become the boss of the opera, he was its prize romantic lead. In 1927 John McCormack, himself a pretty fine tenor, called Johnson "the best all-round operatic tenor in the world" and praised his "perfect figure."

Eddie's grandparents were pioneers. His father, James, was Welsh and a grain merchant of modest means. His mother was Irish. Eddie is genial, but when he gets riled he says, "They'd better not forget that I'm part Irish and that I love a fight." "They" are mostly temperamental prima donnas or tenors.

Eddie grew up as most kids of his day and town. He attended school, did chores around the house, went swimming and skating and tobogganing, played ball, belonged to the cadet corps of the Thirtieth Wellington Rifles. He also liked music, and since his father was a member of the town band Eddie was encouraged to study. He had piano lessons, and learned to play the flute, because his father figured that the town band could use reinforcements.

As for singing, there was the church choir. Eddie was a cute boy soprano. His first recorded appearance as a soloist occurred at Sunday school when he was five. When his voice changed, he discovered he was a tenor. He could sing high C easily. His father thought he ought to study law. Eddie thought that he wanted to be a missionary. He says that he has attained this ambition—he is a missionary of music. The other element of the missionary idea was the urge to travel. Eddie has done that too. He has sung in Europe, North America, South America, Asia, Africa and Australia.

At twenty, Eddie went to New York to try to become a singer. He had a nest egg of $100. In New York he teamed up with three Canadian boys in a tiny apartment. He spent some of his money on singing lessons. With his high C and engaging appearance, he landed a church job. Other jobs followed, with the best in the Brick Presbyterian Church. At first he barely made both ends meet. When he had something extra he put it away. He wanted to go abroad to study opera. But being practical-minded, he needed enough for a two-way ticket.

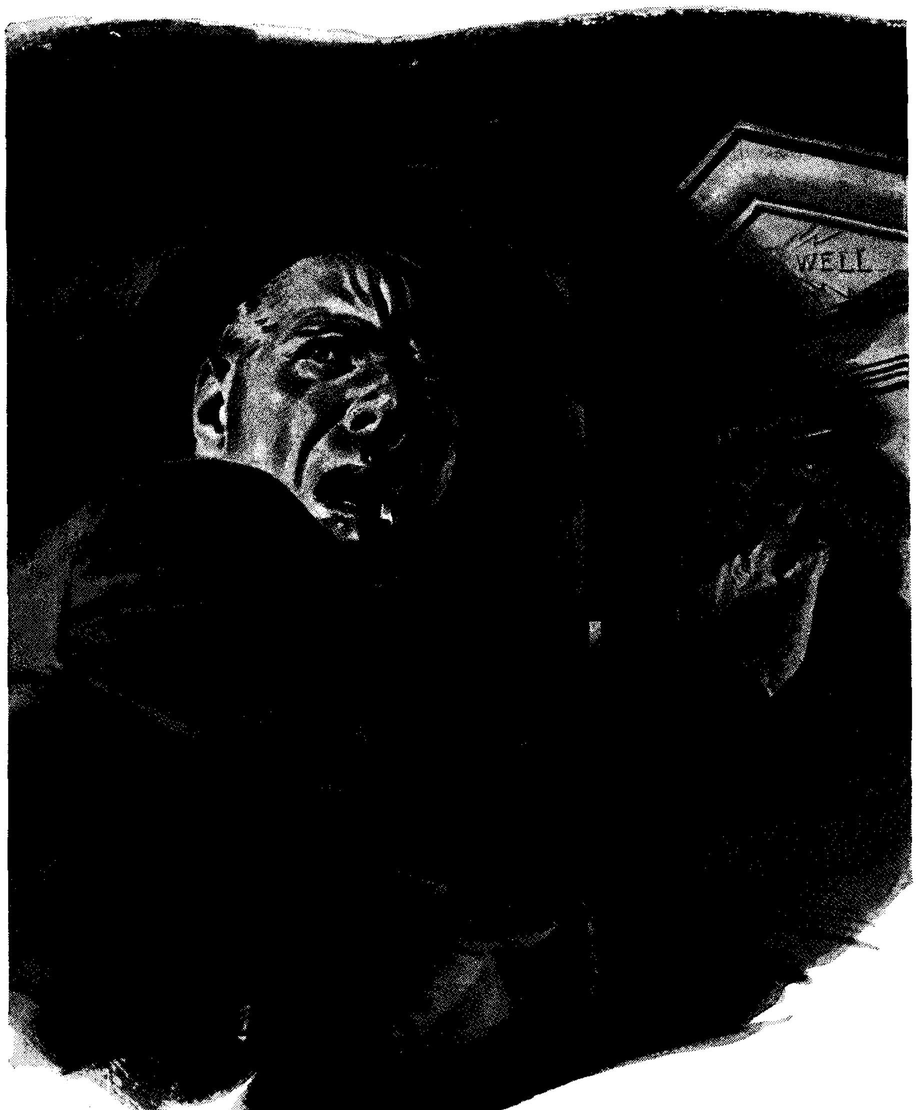
It Wasn't the Money

Even the best church jobs pay little and Eddie figured it would be years before he could go to Europe and then it might be too late. But his high C and figure saved the day. A new operetta, The Waltz Dream, by Oscar Straus, was being cast, and they were hunting for a romantic lead who could sing. Somebody who knew someone else who knew the producer mentioned Eddie. He was given an audition and landed the job.

Edward Johnson's name was featured. His salary was $600 a week. He played on Broadway for a season, and the producers begged him to go on the road. The Shuberts, who had a hand in the production, considered Eddie the find of the year. They offered him a long-term contract, starting at $800 a week. Eddie was twenty-eight. In several years, he was assured, he would be the biggest star on Broadway.

To the entreaties and golden promises, the tough-minded young hombre said, "No!" Smart show people said that the man was touched. So he was, he admits. Especially since, after a season's run at $600 a week, he had saved enough for that two-way ticket to Europe.

When Eddie arrived in Paris, he was taken in tow by a chap from his home town. At this friend's studio he met an independent-minded young lady named Beatrix da Veiga d'Arneiro, a Portuguese viscountess. Eddie sang for his friend and the young lady. The friend was ecstatic. The young lady said dryly that Eddie might go far, if he



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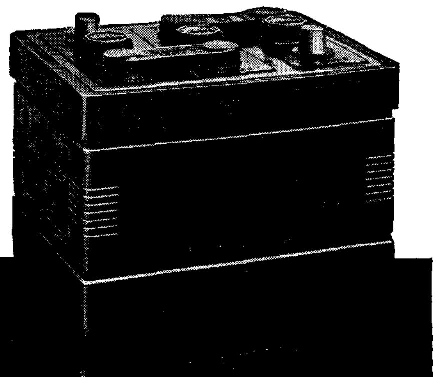

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

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Got a cold? Get *two-way* relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe throat—*then,* as it melts, releases cool menthol vapor. Your breath carries this to clogged nasal passages, helps open your "clothespin nose!"

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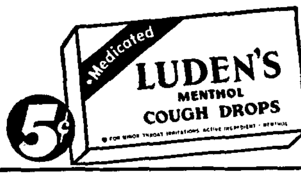


worked. She was his severest critic at the start; she became his wife. But not for a year, because Eddie didn't have the money and he didn't mean to sponge on any titled lady, even if they happened to love each other.

After returning to America to raise another jack pot through concerts, Eddie came back to Paris in the spring of 1909. In New York he got to see Enrico Caruso, and sang for him. The sunny Neapolitan told him he had the makings and wished him well. The two became friends, and when Caruso died in 1921 his widow presented Johnson with his costumes. Of course, Caruso was no sylph, but a tailor fixed that. It was a great moment when Eddie donned the master's mantle.

So Eddie came back to Paris, with two ideas in his head. First he took Bebe, as he called the severest critic, to England, where he made her Mrs. Johnson. Then they moved to Florence, where he began to study for the opera with Caruso's old teacher, Maestro Vincenzo Lombardi. For almost three years Eddie slaved. His daughter, Fiorenzina, now a Canadian Colonel's Lady, was born. Eddie had appendicitis. A straitened budget was a constant worry. But Eddie and his wife managed to save enough to go regularly to the opera, where they would sit in the topmost gallery. They watched and listened as the passionate Italians hissed tenors out of the theater and they shivered.

At last, in the spring of 1912, Eddie sang his first opera. He assumed the *nom de guerre* of Edoardo di Giovanni, because he was assured an Italian name would carry him farther. Edoardo di Giovanni he remained until he joined the Chicago Opera in 1919. His wife continued to be known as Signora Johnson. Strangers who did not know that they were married winked slyly after meeting Signor di Giovanni and Signora Johnson.

The End of the Claque

Eddie clicked in Italy. His debut was tough, because the tenor whose place he took had arranged for a claque to operate against him. But Eddie, a fighter, sang with such fierce resolution that he won the house. He never forgot the claque, however. His first act, when he ascended to the rule of the Metropolitan, was to banish it.

Eddie sang under all the maestros from Toscanini down, and became one of Italy's high-priced stars. During World War I, he lived in Italy, which was then one of the Allies, and it was possible, if one was willing to chance submarines, to cross the seas. Eddie did that unhesitatingly. He also went about singing The Star-Spangled Banner and God Save the King at scads of benefits.

Tragedy struck him in May, 1919, when his wife died. He never remarried. As she lay dying, Eddie sang a performance. Two weeks later he sang in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Turin, under Toscanini. Eddie says the maestro, who can be tougher than the orneriest top sergeant, was as sensitive and understanding as a devoted friend.

In the fall of 1919 Eddie signed with Chicago. In 1922 he joined the Metropolitan. He became the pride of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan. Gatti assigned him to glowing, youthful parts, like Romeo, Pelléas, Peter Ibbetson. Eddie did yeoman service for new American operas. After his performance in The King's Henchman, libretto by Edna St. Vincent Millay and music by Deems Taylor, the composer wrote these words: "Dear God, thank you for thinking up Eddie Johnson when you were making tenors."

Gatti became deeply attached to Eddie, because he was a tenor with brains. The old man began to groom Eddie for the succession, almost instinctively. After the show Eddie would be invited into the inner sanctum, and he and Gatti would chat far into the night. Some of the envious singers began to speak of "teacher's pet." Others who wanted a friend at court would ask Eddie to say a kind word to the old man.

Gatti-Casazza was not the only person to discern a potential manager in Eddie Johnson. Louis Eckstein, who ran the summer opera at Ravinia in Chicago, invited him to become its manager. Eddie declined. He felt that you couldn't be a singer and manager at the same time. He had watched Mary Garden try it in Chicago.

No Time for Temperament

When Gatti-Casazza resigned in 1935, he favored Eddie as his successor. The board, with minority backing for Johnson, named Herbert Witherspoon manager, and Eddie was placed in charge of a spring season for young singers. Witherspoon died suddenly in May, 1935. Eddie succeeded him. That summer in Italy, Gatti said that Eddie would make good.

Others freely predicted that Eddie was too nice a chap to be general manager, which demanded a hard, shrewd, supple mind. Eddie has fooled them all. He has been a nice guy—up to a certain point. But the temperamental boys and girls can't put anything over on him.

There was the prima donna who was preparing Carmen. The lady fancied she was indispensable. The dress rehearsal was scheduled for the day before Christmas, so the staff could have Christmas Day off. The prima donna discovered she was sick, and the rehearsal had to be held on Christmas Day. Eddie got mad. He had another singer get ready in a hurry and he alternated her with the indispensable lady. The sub received better notices. The prima donna was furious, and Eddie chuckled privately.

Johnson has been a citizen of the United States since 1922, and his attitude has been strictly American for much longer. The only sign of his residence in Italy is a rolled "r." More than fifty per cent of his singers are American. Even today he will sit down privately and coach a young American. He has engaged American scene designers. He has freshened his shows with a shot of Broadway snap. He has emphasized action and looks. He refused to sign one soprano until she had gone on a diet and lopped off fifty pounds. He refuses to have an audience giggling at a leading lady who looks like an upholstered dummy while she is supposed to be withering away from a dread ailment. He has given young artists, singers, conductors and others a chance and he has stuck to them despite criticism.

Eddie loves the opera. Having the missionary's impulse, he wants to communicate that affection to others. Since the world is at war, he wants to make the Metropolitan a place of good cheer. He is bringing back to the repertory some of the lovely comic operas. It's no sin, he says, to laugh at the Metropolitan. He recalls one night when he was singing in the outdoor season at Ravinia. He was wearing the heavy mail costume of Lohengrin, and the temperature was over ninety. Eddie felt as if he were swimming inside his costume. Feeling miserable, he opened his mouth to sing and suddenly he began to choke and then to chuckle as the conductor waved frantically. Lohengrin had swallowed a butterfly.

Our Only Hope

Continued from page 24

A butcher no longer has meat to sell. Every chop is spoken for weeks in advance and belongs to you only if your butcher has so decreed.

The French, soon facing starvation, know who they have to thank for it. They have learned too late not to show their stocks in their windows, for as the Armistice commission delegates pass through the villages and see food displayed they know where to come next.

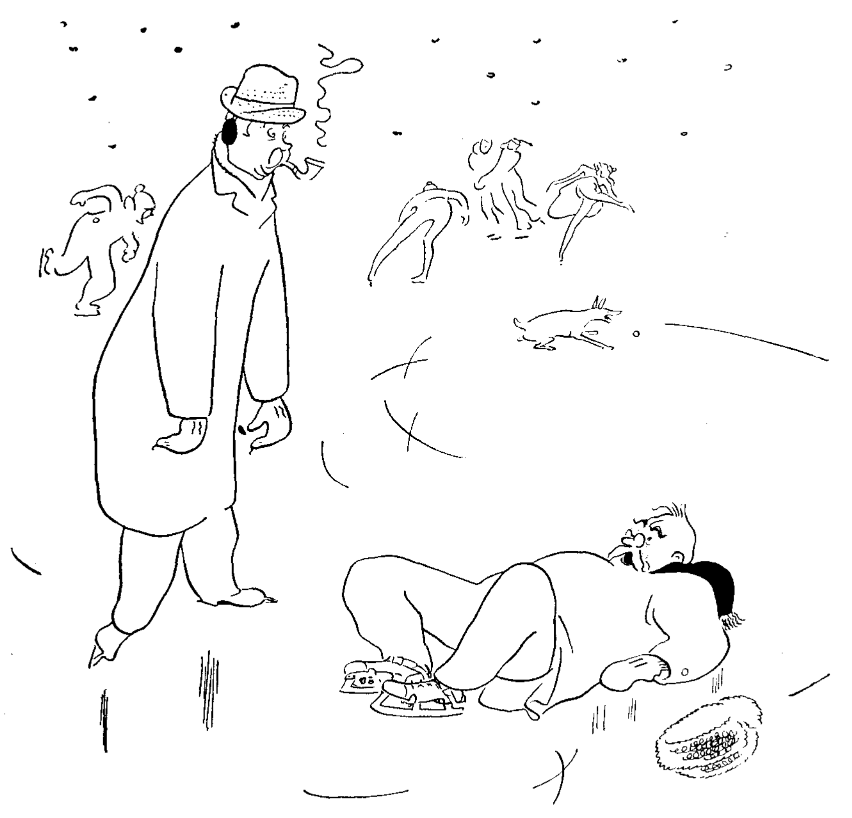
It is one thing to be entitled to rations, it is another to find them. At the end of the month, in certain regions, the potato, cheese and meat tickets have not been used. Many all over the country have not eaten potatoes for six months and have had only forty grams of meat in six weeks, though entitled to two hundred and fifty grams a week. Naturally the cities are harder hit than the towns and villages.

Grape-seed oil takes the place of linseed, and lichen oil substitutes for olive oil. Clay is used for shampoos, and soap is being made from bones from the slaughterhouse. Grape sugar is the least objectionable of the substitutes. A bit of soya flour is available and both chestnut and peanut flour are commonly used for biscuits, also casein. The national coffee, of which one is allowed a pound a month, is made up of 24 per cent coffee and 76 per cent of grilled acorns and figs. One is allowed to buy 60 grams of pure coffee instead of 150 grams of the mixture. Dental paste and other dentifrices have disappeared. People are making dental powder out of ground eggshells, mixed with chalk. Old newspapers are soaked in water, rolled into little balls, dried in the sun and used instead of coal. Nutshells and dried potato peels are covered with resin and used to light fires.

TOWNS and cities in Occupied France are continually being fined millions of francs for resistance of one kind or another. They tell the story of some particularly annoying Germans who were closed up in the icebox at the slaughterhouses in Paris, and left there overnight. The city of Paris was fined several millions and deprived of meat for many weeks as punishment. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story.

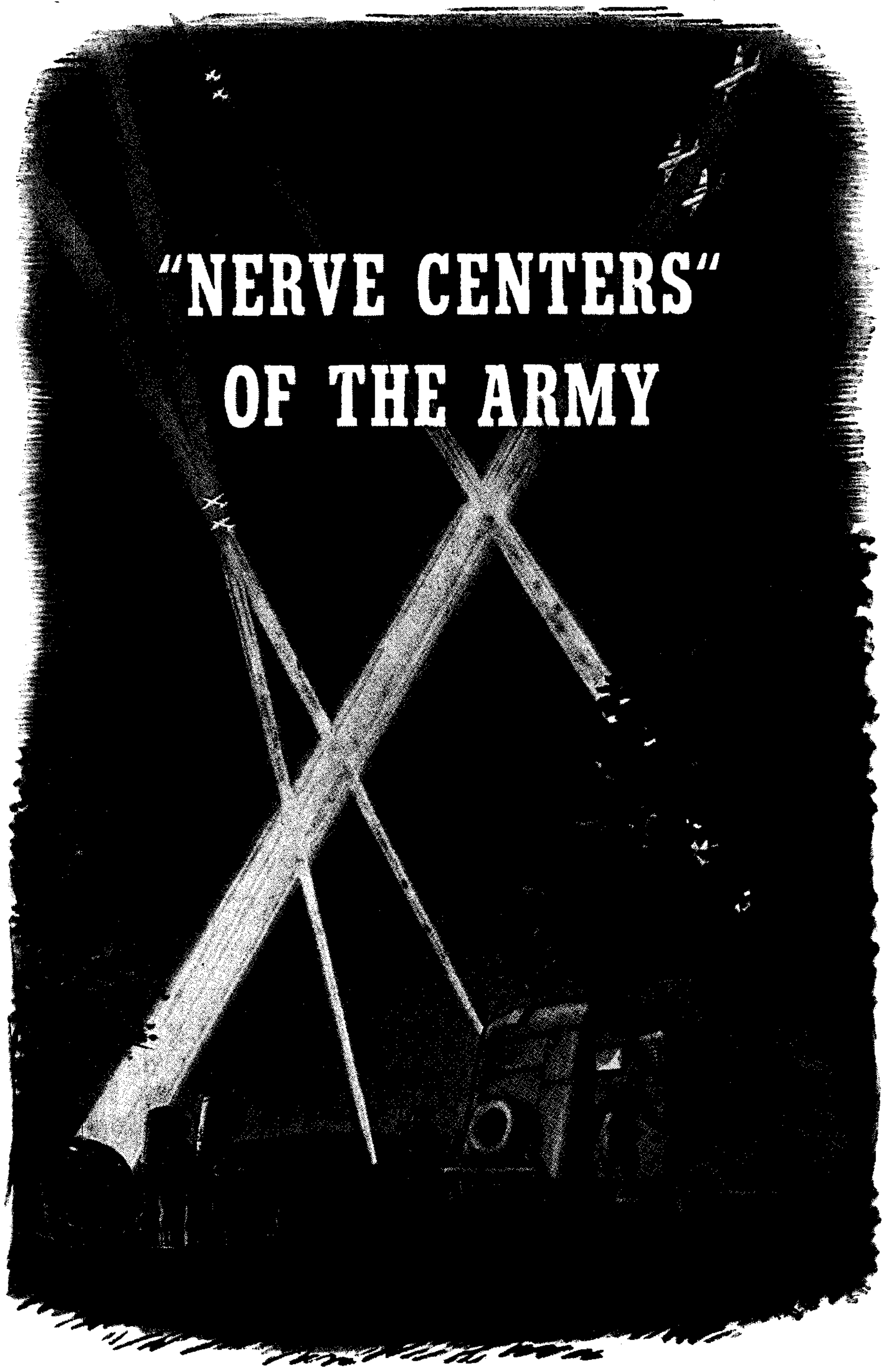
In a certain town, where the German soldiers drink very heavily, any student who inadvertently pushes a drunken soldier into the canal becomes a local hero and wears a special badge. In a bookstore window recently there were large photographs of Hitler and Goering. These caused a great deal of discussion and that pleased the Germans. They did not notice the small copy of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables between the two pictures. I was in one of the hotels requisitioned by the Armistice commission and rode up in the elevator, arms laden with bouquets tied with *Vive l'Amerique* ribbons. The elevator boy deliberately left the German officers in the elevator and carried the flowers down to my room. The officers said nothing. Maybe they wondered why it was not: *Vive l'Allemagne*."

The French consider America their only hope. An old woman expelled from Lorraine put her head on my shoulder and sobbed: "Our only hope is that the Americans will come and save us. They will, won't they, Mademoiselle?" I often found tiny bits of paper rolled up and slipped into the keyhole of my car with one message or another always ending: "*Vive l'Amerique*." In restaurants, people hearing English spoken brought children up to tell me to thank the people of America for what they had done. The Youth of France wrote and told me: "My wishes join those of the immense majority of my countrymen, who hope for an English-American victory." Even in youth camps, young fellows begged me to help them get somewhere, anywhere so they could go on fighting for their country. Evidently there was nothing I could do. I had gone to France to see, to listen, to learn what the real France felt, how it reacted. Often, when asked for an opinion, I expressed none.



"I used to jump barrels, make figure eights, write my name and, incidentally, stand up"

GARRETT PRICE



"NERVE CENTERS" OF THE ARMY

WHEN America's great new army deploys in battle formation, instant and accurate communications are vital.

That's why the communication trailers used by the U. S. Signal Corps are often called the "nerve centers" of army field operations. They house the mobile radio units which flash orders all along the front.

These trailers must be built of material both strong and light weight . . . something that can withstand salt air, sand, heat or snow-storm—and still be adaptable to high-speed production.

Tempered Presdwood* — a Masonite* wood-fibre hardboard — has passed all these severe tests and is today being used in the manufacture of army trailers. This modern, durable material takes extremes of temperature, resists moisture . . . is easy to work with, yet hard to wear out!

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- The demand for Masonite Products in National Defense increases daily. Because Masonite Corporation puts the needs of our country first, there will be occasions when normal consumer requirements cannot be filled as promptly as in the past.

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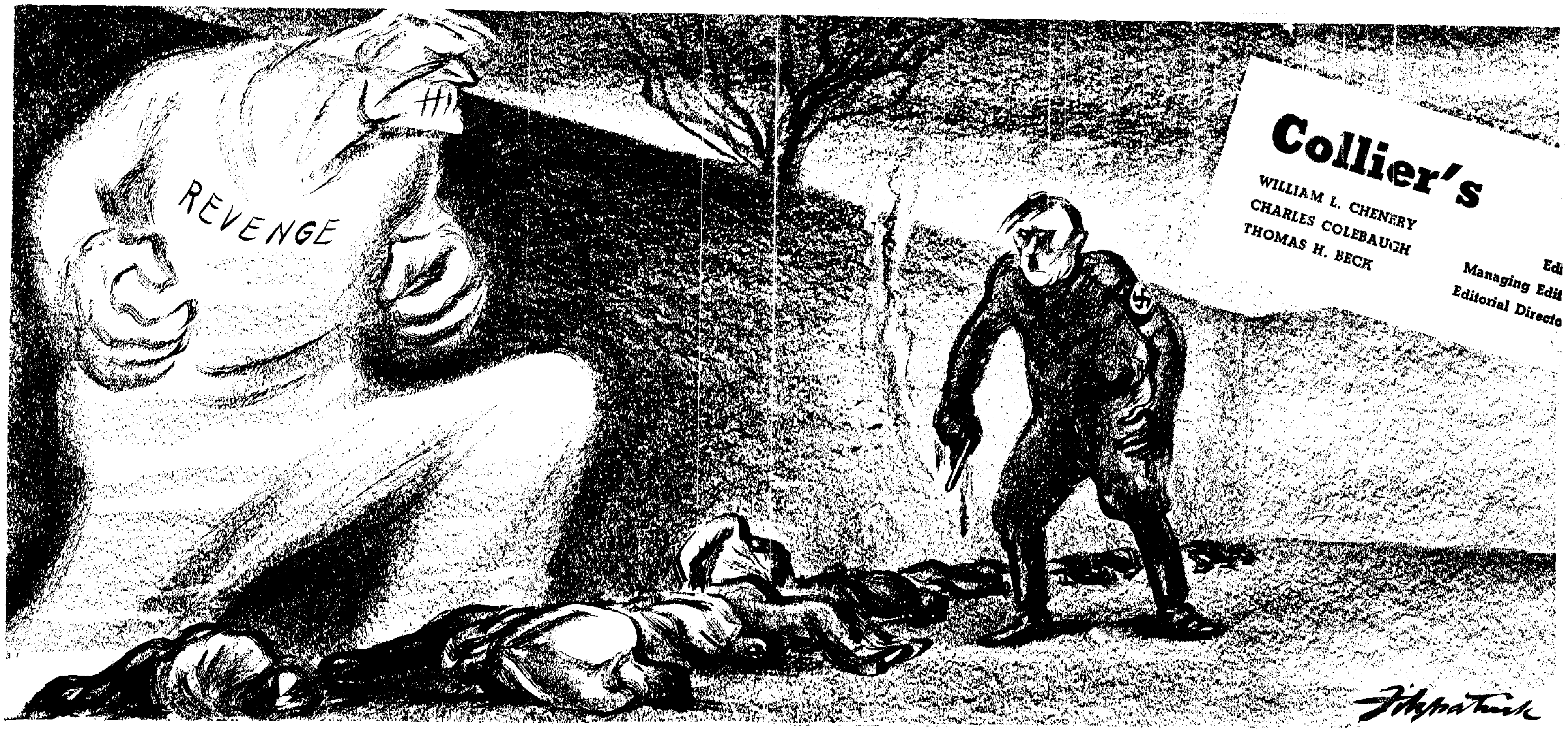


THE KAISER WAS A PIKER

MR. HITLER certainly is not making any easier the job of those of us who are trying to keep alive the hope that this war may end in a peace without hatred or revenge written into the peace treaties.

The Kaiser's men executed Edith Cavell; a great psychological blunder, but it had a shadow of legality nevertheless. Hitler's men grab from two to 100 Frenchmen at random and shoot them down when some member of the army of occupation in northern France is assassinated by a French saboteur or anti-collaborationist.

There is a cold, machinelike brutality about these reprisals that needs no propagandist's help in arousing rage and horror in other countries. Things like that may be done in Oriental countries or by savage tribes in Africa or India, but so far as we know they have not been done in western Europe since the feudal barons began to eat with forks.

The frightening feature of the bloody business is that it is building up hatred for the German people, who don't deserve it, all over the world. For dumb, idiotic cruelty, Hitler is making the Kaiser look like a piker. And the tragedy of it is that, if Hitler loses the war, the peace treaties are all too likely to make the Versailles treaty-makers look like pikers as regards hatred and revenge written on parchment. Which in turn will almost inevitably breed another war that will make this war look like a piker, and the 1914-18 affair like a mere dress rehearsal.

ANY OLD PAPER TODAY?

THIS is about conserving paper for defense . . . but please read on, because paper conservation isn't expected to turn out like the aluminum thing. You can probably make a little money out of paper conservation, in addition to helping the defense program.

Here's the situation: Defense and lease-lend are making heavy demands on producers of paper, cartons, cardboard, etc. No serious shortage is in prospect; but the increasing demand has put a premium on the salvaging of used paper for reuse. Ordinarily, Americans destroy 72% of all the paper that comes their way, only 28% of it being reclaimed as is used iron, steel, aluminum or felt. It is now proposed to raise the reclaimed 28% to 38% at least.

Waste-paper conservation headquarters have been set up in 34 cities at this writing, with special telephone switchboards in each city to handle calls from people who have 100 pounds or more of old paper on hand. Anything in the paper line is acceptable—newspapers, magazines, books, used stationery. Dealers in old paper come around, collect your collection, and pay for it. Prices range between 25¢ and 40¢ per 100 pounds, with slick-paper magazines such as Collier's bringing the best prices.

You can keep the money; or, if you wish, the Salvation Army, Boy Scouts or kindred organizations will collect the paper, sell it, and use the money for their own charitable purposes.

If the plan isn't yet operating in your city or town, write for full information to Waste Paper Conservation Campaign, 17 E. 49th Street, New York, N. Y., or to its Midwest address—645 Boatman's Bank Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

FEATHERS AND FLY-FISHING

WE'RE delighted to report that the National Audubon Society's battle against wild-bird plumage in both women's and men's hats, started about a year ago, is well on the way to complete victory. A lot of the ladies, contrary to cynical expectations, turned out to be public-spirited on this subject rather than narrowly fashion-minded.

We are glad to have endorsed the campaign as vigorously as we knew how when it began. We are now happy to endorse another recommendation of the Audubon Society; namely, that state and federal legislation be enacted promptly to end the selling in this country of fish flies incorporating feathers from rare and valuable birds.

Some of the birds now being driven toward extinction by this practice are the Orillard pheasant, red ibis, Bali duck, bird of paradise, Tragopan pheasant, and snowy egret.

The Audubon Society wants laws flatly prohibiting wild-bird plumage sales after allowing a reasonable time for present holders of such feathers to get their stocks sold and make plans for the future. It also wants the federal tariff law amended so as to prohibit importation of wild-bird feathers from other countries.

New York's new law on the subject, regarded as a model statute, also *authorizes* commercial dealings in feathers from ten kinds of plentiful domesticated fowl. That, with the help of our ingenious dye industries, ought to be sufficient to meet the desires of the most exacting fly fishermen.

The great majority of the ladies having shown themselves willing to spare a lot of beautiful and useful wild birds, it seems to us that the fishermen of the United States can gracefully do no less—and we have every confidence in their public spirit and common sense.

MORE WRITERS THAN READERS

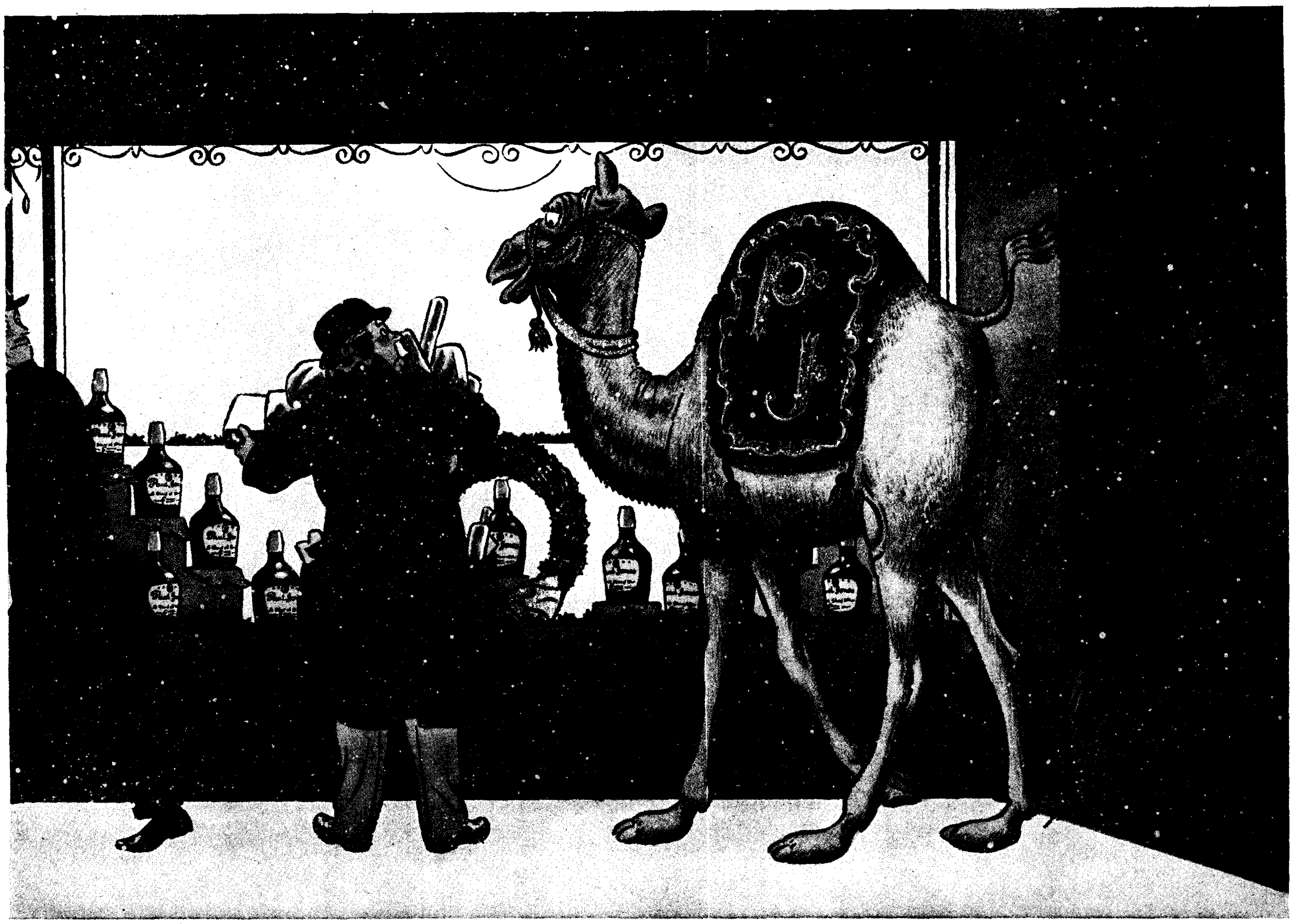
GEORGE CREEL, in his recent Collier's article, The Truth Shall Make You Free, exaggerated only a little when he exclaimed: "Government press agents, as a matter of fact, already outnumber the nation's readers." The government press agents certainly do outnumber readers who want to read their stuff—and we say that as editors across whose desks great avalanches of this material charge daily. At least 99% of it that we see is dull, flat, uninformative pap.

For more than eight years now, the Administration has been setting up these press-agent bureaus in Washington. Since the defense program started it has intensified this paper-work proliferation. First Lowell Mellett was put in charge of the Office of Government Reports; a while later Col. Wild Bill Donovan was installed as some kind of information co-ordinator; the latest as we go to press is that Archibald McLeish, who may be a good poet or a good Librarian of Congress but who has yet to be accused of being a newspaperman, has been placed at the head of the Office of Facts and Figures, or OFF. For our part, we like the shorter name better.

These bureaus are supposed to be informing the people of what their government is doing, and to be passing good will for us into other countries. They may be doing the international part of the job beautifully, though we hear murmurs to the contrary from people who ought to know. But as for the domestic end of it, they are mainly wasting paper and ink.

What's the matter with simply letting the newspapers, news services and news-alert magazines such as this one go on getting the Washington news in their own way and passing it on to the people? Why this gigantic and largely superfluous structure of peddlers of news that isn't, "facts" that conflict, propaganda that hurts as much as it helps?

The boys will never let go of these paying jobs until they are pried loose; true. But it is also true that in a time like this a democratic government's only legitimate function with regard to news is to see to it that news which might help a potential enemy of ours is kept out of print. The rest of the news-gathering job is rightfully for the press, and the government should stay out of it.



"What, Sahib! Still shopping?"

MAN: Eh? Oh! Now look, camel, I don't wish to be uncivil on Christmas Eve . . . but go away, will you?

CAMEL: Christmas present trouble, Little Brother?

MAN: You might call it that. Add Aunt Agatha, Little Jimmie, and all the rest of the relatives—this Xmas has cost me a fortune. And I still have to take care of some of the boys at the office!

CAMEL: But sahib, you're looking right *at* one of the most delightful of Christmas presents—a truly noble whiskey, master—Paul Jones. A whiskey of superb flavor and great *dryness!*

MAN: I can't afford . . . what's that? *Dryness,* camel? What's *dryness* got to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: Much, O Son of the Morning. For it is this *dryness* . . . or lack of sweetness, which permits the full, rare flavor of Paul Jones to *come through* . . . clear and undistorted for your enjoyment. Indeed, master, it is *dryness* which makes Paul Jones so rare and lustrous a jewel among whiskies.

MAN: Ah. And a jewel of pretty great price, I dare say.

CAMEL: Nay, O Gracious Prince. This Dry Paul Jones is sold for so modest a sum that connoisseurs of whiskey know it as *a great buy*. So great a buy, sahib, that the demand for *Dry* Paul Jones multiplied fivefold in less than two years. It—

MAN: Say no more, my fuzzy friend. Just tell me one thing: What are you doing December 25th?

CAMEL: Why, Effendi?

MAN: Because, my wonderful beast, I want to invite you out for the biggest, best, most marvelous Christmas dinner you ever had in your life!

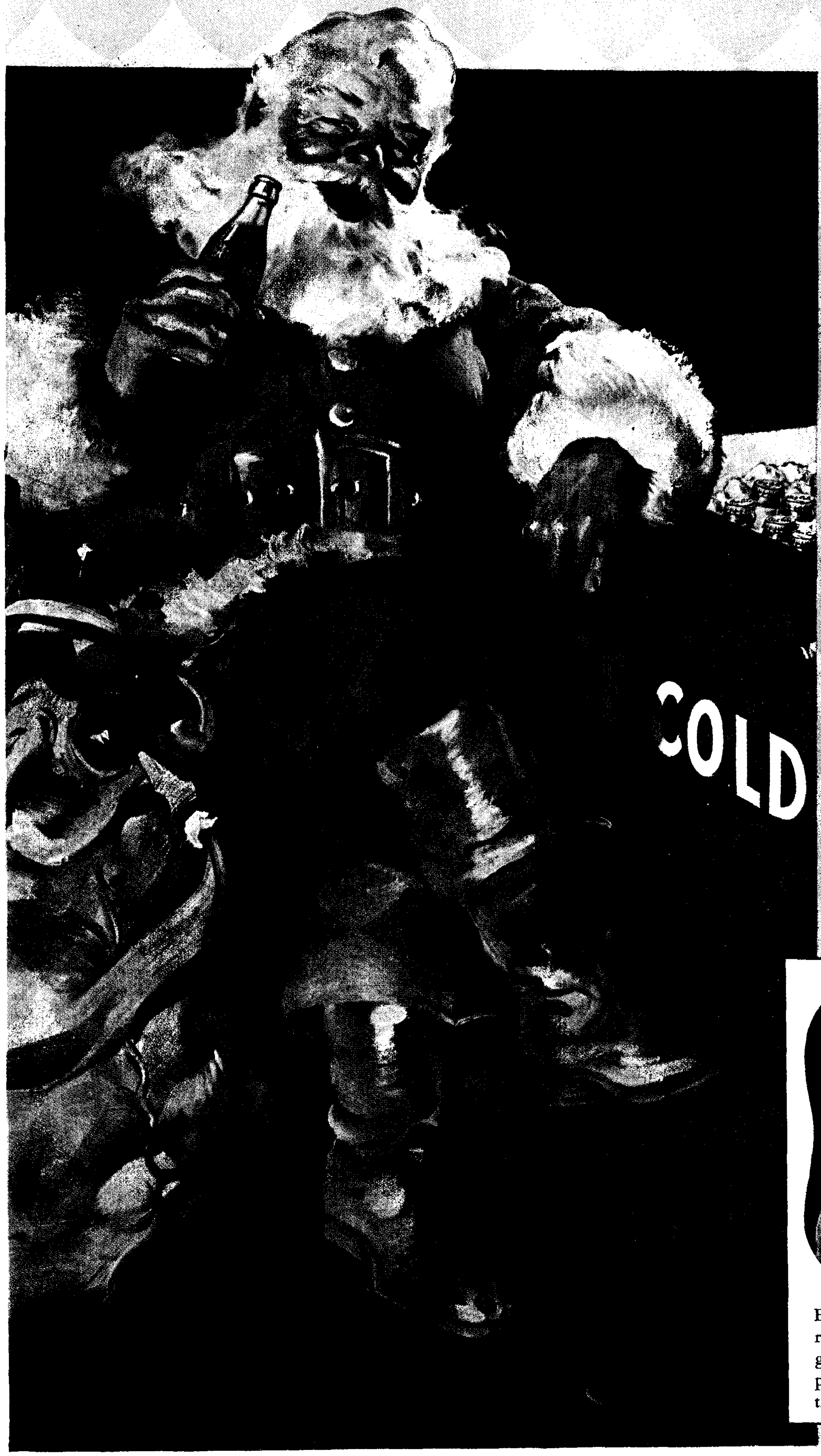
Paul Jones
SEASON'S GREETINGS
Paul Jones

The best Christmas ***buy*** *—is the whiskey that's* ***dry***

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Paul Jones are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

"Thirst asks nothing more"



Old Santa could tell you that the friendliest moment a busy man ever met with is *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. So, at this busiest of seasons, of course you often hear the familiar expression "'Coca-Cola', please" or that shorter way of saying it, "I'll have a 'Coke'." Ice-cold Coca-Cola is everything your thirst could ask for.

Pause... Go refreshed

Coca-Cola

5¢

You trust its quality

Each time you taste ice-cold Coca-Cola, you are reminded that here is the quality of genuine goodness. Experience... many a refreshing experience... has taught people everywhere to trust the quality of Coca-Cola.

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